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- ART. I.—1. *The Saint's Tragedy*. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, JUN., Rector of Eversley. With a Preface by PROFESSOR MAURICE. Second Edition. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1851.
2. *Yeast: A Problem*. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, JUN. Third Edition. Parkers. 1853.
3. *Alton Locke: Tailor and Poet. An Autobiography*. By the REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Chapman and Hall. 1856.
4. *Hypatia: or, New Foes with an Old Face*. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, JUN. Two Vols. Parkers. 1853.
5. *Westward Ho*. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, &c. Three Vols. Second Edition. Cambridge: Macmillans. 1856.
6. *Phaethon: or, Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers*. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, &c. Second Edition. Macmillans. 1854.
7. *Glaucus: or, The Wonders of the Shore*. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, &c. Second Edition. Macmillans. 1856.
8. *Alexandria and her Schools. Being Four Lectures delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh. With a Preface*. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, &c. Macmillans. 1854.
9. *Twenty-Five Village Sermons*. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, JUN., Rector of Eversley, Hants, and Canon of Middleham, Yorkshire. Third Edition. Parkers. 1854.
10. *Sermons on National Subjects, preached in a Village Church*. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, &c. London: Griffin and Co. 1852.
11. *Sermons on National Subjects*. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, &c. Second Series. Griffins. 1854.
12. *Sermons for the Times*. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, &c. Parkers. 1855.

13. *Fraser's Magazine for September, 1856. Article on Vaughan's Hours with the Mystics.* By C. K.

BRITAIN has, at the present day, no more remarkable writer than CHARLES KINGSLEY; and there are few who have more powerfully influenced the temper and opinions of the times, both for good and for evil. His profession, as every body knows, is that of an Anglican clergyman; but his performances are far more various than would be expected from such a fact; and his powers are as versatile and distinguished as his performances are various. He seems to have begun his career of avowed authorship as a dramatic poet; he has subsequently appeared as a novelist, naturalist, preacher, and lecturer on philosophy. In all these departments he has shown himself to possess no ordinary gifts. His poetry is often exquisite; his pathos as a novelist is at once manly and most deeply moving, while his dramatic power is great. As a naturalist, for truth, beauty, and vividness of minute description, he is equal to the late Hugh Miller, and far superior in the free and affluent eloquence which revels in rich discourse upon the aspects and relations of the present scene or subject. He is one of the plainest, most practical, and most powerful of preachers,—allowances being made for what we consider the grave errors of his theology; and few men can excel him as a popular expositor and historian of philosophy. In his philosophical and theological views he seems perfectly to accord with his friend Maurice, who is, we believe, several years his senior, and who introduced Kingsley's *Saint's Tragedy* to the public by a preface, which is one of his best pieces of writing. But in clearness and force of intellect, and in power of eloquence, Maurice is, in our judgment, greatly inferior to his younger friend. He is frequently misty, redundant, circuitous, and evasive; Kingsley is clear, direct, and forcible, cuts his way boldly and honestly to his meaning; and, if he is finally obscure, this arises neither from want of power to see and explain, nor from studied evasion or reserve, but from the positive obscurity of the subject. For mastery of the English language—with the exception of some small blunders in ordinary grammar, such as the use of *him* and *us* for *he* and *we*, and of *or* continually for *nor*, which philosophers like Coleridge, and university graduates like Kingsley, seem to have a special licence to make—we hardly know where to find his equal. Perhaps his too great admiration of Carlyle has somewhat tinged the style of his novels, and the vapid mannerisms of Maurice have, we think, sometimes infected that of his sermons. Occasionally, too, his earnestness is in some danger of degenerating into rant. But these are only occasional and inconsiderable blemishes.

Some of our readers, we dare say, will be scandalized at the

idea of a clergyman appearing in such a variety of characters as an author, and especially at his being a writer of novels. Mr. Kingsley, however, as we shall presently see, has his own theory as well as practice on this subject. And we must do him the justice to say, that his novels, whatever may be their faults and errors, are full of earnest moral purpose. They are intended to be auxiliary to his sermons, and to expound his philosophy; he is the preacher or teacher in those no less than in these. Indeed, one chief reason, in our opinion, of their defects as works of art is, that the writer cannot sufficiently forget his preaching purpose. He is too much in earnest about projects and theories of his own, to merge his individuality in that of his characters. Thackeray sets himself, with fixed purpose and complete self-mastery, to reflect upon his page the phases of society as it is. He controls into a rigid calm the moral impulses of his nature while he writes; his scorn at meanness, and indignation at wrong-doing, are implied in the faithful picture which his pencil draws, or concentrated into a sentence of biting satire. While he is giving permanent body and form to the scenes which glow upon the mirror of his imagination, the artist holds his own breath, for fear its warmth should dim the reflection. While he gazes upon the images on the surface of the still lake, he dreads lest any wind or gusty air should rise to disturb and distort the figures and scenery on which he looks. But Kingsley does not write fiction on this plan. His talkers and actors are intended to represent different parts and aspects of the many-sided message which he has to utter, or to exhibit the errors—as he considers them—which he has sworn to resist. Hence his own strong feelings often break forth in the speech of his characters. Some swell out a tone too grand and high, or speak what happened to strike *him* at the moment as fit to be said, but was not so likely to have been thought and said by them; or, on the other hand, are, by the caricature of his prejudice and dislike, made to utter sentiments neither consistent with their own position and character, nor with those of the party they represent. For a similar reason, when the great moral purpose of any of his works has been once brought clearly and fully out, Mr. Kingsley's patience seems to be expended; he will not take time or trouble to weave his piece fairly to an end, but breaks the threads, or winds them up in an uncouth knot, and so concludes his work. All his fictions show something, more or less, of this, in their contempt of probabilities as to plot or catastrophe; but in *Yeast* it appears most conspicuously. That Mr. Kingsley *can* conceive and carry through a powerful and consistent character, will be doubted by none who have read *Alton Locke*, with its grand Carlylish picture of the old Scotch Chartist *doctrinaire*, Sandy Mackaye. But he is too much in earnest to teach his peculiar gospel, is too powerfully pressed in spirit by the

problems of the world and of this age, to have either the calmness or the leisure necessary for the production of a profoundly truthful and consistent work of imagination. He is a preacher, an orator, a lyric poet, nay, a dramatic scene-painter of rare powers, who can enter into the hearts of other men, and even resuscitate the long-dead past in living reality, and in all its quaint bright detail of fashion and colouring; but he has not yet so schooled and mastered himself as to be a perfect craftsman of either prose or poetic fiction. The subjectivity of his deep, vivid, passionate nature will burst forth, and mar the coherency and finish of the pictured procession of characters and events in the actual world which he has essayed to draw. He fails not from defect of either knowledge or power, but of the requisite temper and self-command.

If we look at the substance and moral or philosophical character of Mr. Kingsley's writings, perhaps there is nothing by which they are so obviously and pervasively distinguished as what we may call their *humanity*,—the fellow-feeling which they show with 'all sorts and conditions of men,' and especially the sympathy which they breathe with every form of sorrow and distress. Their author knows how to *rejoice with those that rejoice*; his soul is kindled into flame by every deed or call of heroism; but most of all does he seem constrained to *weep with those that weep*, and to denounce with indignant and unsparing eloquence the different forms of neglect, oppression, and wrong under which the poor or the afflicted groan.

Akin to the human sympathy which distinguishes Mr. Kingsley's writing are the views which he everywhere inculcates as to the *beauty and sanctity of human relations*, those especially which are connected with family and national life. There is not one of his works which does not distinctly and emphatically imply how strongly he cherishes these views. In his Dedication of *Hypatia*, in particular, to 'his father and his mother,' he commends to their special consideration 'the view of human relationships which is set forth in it;' and in the Preface he speaks of 'family and national life,' as the 'two divine roots of the Church, severed from which she is sure to wither away into that most godless and cruel of spectres, a religious world.' Such a 'religious world' he finds already realized in fully developed Popery, which ignores national life, and sets aside national distinctions; which profanes the very idea of the family, and scorns, blasphemes, and tramples under foot all family ties, duties, and claims. On these, rather than upon more special doctrinal grounds,—in reference to which, indeed, Mr. Kingsley would probably be quite as likely to approximate to Popery as to agree with Evangelical Protestantism,—he shows in all his writings *a strong antipathy to the system of the Romish Church*. We need scarcely name *Westward Ho* in evidence of the intense and quasi-

puritanical abhorrence with which he regards the 'Spaniard and the Pope;' while his *Saint's Tragedy*—a work of no ordinary genius and power—was written for the purpose of showing the ruinous practical effect upon family purity and happiness, and upon national morality, of the doctrines of celibacy and auricular confession. Scarcely less intense than his dislike of Popery is his *antipathy against Calvinism*. We do not know what form Calvinism may assume in the country parishes of Hampshire among Baptists and Independents, nor have we a familiar acquaintance with the sort of doctrinal statements which constitute the staple of evangelical theology, as taught by the Calvinistic Low-Church clergyman; but to us Mr. Kingsley's descriptions of the doctrines he opposes seem like gross caricatures. And we cannot but fear, notwithstanding the favourable aspect in which he appears, in several instances,—especially in connexion with the character of Tregarva, the Cornishman, in *Yeast*,—to represent Wesleyan Methodist teaching, that his antipathy against those essential doctrines of Christianity which true Arminianism maintains, would be scarcely less vehement, and not less profound, than against any coarse material Calvinistic or quasi-Calvinistic perversions of them. Or, to put the matter still more strongly, we cannot but fear that Mr. Kingsley is as really and as deeply opposed to such liberal orthodoxy as that of the late accomplished Professor Archer Butler, as to the doctrines of the most ultra Church Calvinist of the extremest section of the *Record* school, or to those of a Gadsby or Spurgeon among Dissenters. This doctrinal bias comes out very strongly in all the volumes he has published, whether sermons or fictions, with perhaps the exception of the *Saint's Tragedy*; but in none, we think, so offensively as in *Alton Locke*.* Underlying all these characteristics, and accounting for them in some degree, is that peculiar variation of the Neo-Platonic theosophy, baptized with a Christian nomenclature, and to some extent regenerated by a Christian spirit and sympathy, which is common to Kingsley and Maurice, and which is partly a theory to justify, and partly a philosophy which dictates, the doctrinal peculiarities of these clergymen, and of their school. This theosophy is expounded in *Yeast*, *Alton Locke*, and *Hypatia*; it appears in that clever and charming, but unsatisfactory, performance, *Phaethon*; it is implied in his *Sermons*; it is pretty fully exhibited in his *Alexandrian Lectures*.

The charm which a *humanity* so intense and benevolent

* We may be reminded that in *Alton Locke* and elsewhere Mr. Kingsley must not be made responsible for all the sentiments of his characters. Our answer is, that we hold him responsible for the general lesson and tendency of his works; and for such particular statements as express the deliberate and revised judgment of those whom he represents as either the evangelists or the confirmed and purified recipients and disciples of his own special philanthropy and theosophy.

as that we have described, united to such genius and eloquence, imparts to Mr. Kingsley's writings, is very great. We do not envy the heart or the head of that man, however he may differ from Mr. Kingsley in philosophy or theology, who can read his works without feeling for him, on many accounts, both admiration and love. Nor can we hesitate to say that, in respect to the particular characteristic of which we are now speaking, we not only sympathize strongly with the spirit and purpose of his writings, but are convinced of the truth of the representations which they contain, and agree, to a considerable extent, with the views they advocate. Mr. Kingsley has used as much diligence, and shown as penetrating a keenness of insight, in observing and inquiring, in reading and making research among documents and Blue Books, as to the condition of the depressed classes of his countrymen, as when studying mediæval lore to understand the heart of mystics and Roman saints, or poring over musty, half-forgotten historians of Church and State in the fourth and fifth centuries, to acquaint himself with the struggles of the beset and dying Pagan Empire, and of the young, but already corrupt, the semi-paganized, but yet victorious, Church. He has entered into the heart of the working man, and has taken pains to know the circumstances of those who are oppressed by grinding and hopeless poverty. He has shown the pitiful hardships and cruel glaring inequalities which have driven many an honest man to bitter discontent and political Chartism,—hardships and inequalities which no man with the faith and love of a Christian ought to believe to be either right or necessary. He has taught, as no one had done before, the more fortunately circumstanced to put themselves in the place of their poor brethren, and ask themselves how, under their circumstances, they should feel and act. He has contributed to produce the conviction which is taking root deep and strong, that the condition of things to which we have referred ought to be remedied, and must. If things are now amending, this is, in some degree, due to his pleadings and example. Powerful co-worker has he been, though operating from a different angle, and in a somewhat different way, with such men as the Earl of Shaftesbury and Lord Robert Grosvenor. Poor sweated slop-workers; sempstresses and shirt-makers driven by poverty to despair or sin; stunted, degraded, hopeless field-labourers; such as these owe to him a debt which cannot be weighed. It was time, indeed, a dozen years ago, that some one should arise, in the spirit of Isaiah or Jeremiah of old, to plead the cause of the poor, and needy, and oppressed. The social and political machine was working with a force and swiftness never before approached. It was pouring wealth untold into the laps of some, and was raising many more from poverty to competence; but, at the same time, there were multitudes who, beneath its ponderous

wheels, were being crushed, and mangled, and destroyed. It seemed as if Mammon had assumed the character of Moloch; as if his priests and many of their aids and dependents grew fat and wealthy, at the cost of crowds of victims who were immolated before his shrine. And, alas! Malthusians and political economists said that thus it must be; that these were the laws of society and civilization; that is, if they believed in the name, that they were the laws of God. A shallow and heartless optimism reconciled even the just and benevolent to what they supposed to be a sad necessity, and served many as a plea for callous indifference. The famous maxim, 'We must buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest, market,' which should never have been laid down except with proper restrictions and qualifications, was exalted into a law of ethics, and quoted as if that—and not, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself'—had been the Divine summary of relative morality. Thus a formula which, nakedly put, is the maxim of an unqualified and remorseless selfishness, which ignores not only charity but equity, was constituted into the standard of commercial integrity and honour, and was used as a defence for every enormity of greedy speculation and overreaching competition. Here was a warranty for gambling in railway shares; for hoarding corn in the season of famine, till rats had consumed what starving peasants wanted; for cutting down wages as low as possible, even though the families of the workmen should starve and die, not because the masters could not themselves afford to give more, but because their helpless men had no remedy against them, if they gave less. All such things as these were, and too often are still, unblushingly justified on the principles of political economy. That is, commercial selfishness has been wrought into a system; its principles and results have been defined, and classified, and reduced to formulæ; and then these are quoted as facts and 'laws,' in justification of the evils which they represent. Meantime the Gospel, we are told, has nothing to do with political economy; and integrity is made to consist not in doing to others as we would that they should do to us, but in taking care never to go so far in selfishness and greed as to become thief or knave in legal construction.

It was against such principles of political economy and commercial morality as these that Mr. Kingsley began, a dozen years ago, to lift up his voice with almost prophetic sternness, and pathos, and power. In whichever direction he looked, he saw lamentable evils and distresses. Never does poverty appear so lean, and yellow, and withered, as in the glare of splendour and luxury. Rentals had trebled within fifty years, and yet wages to southern labourers remained unimproved. Proprietors had become more wealthy than Doges were in the times of old; farmers were advancing both in intelligence and opulence; but

the ploughman was still a serf in all but name. He was as hopelessly degraded as in the days of the Edwards, and far more consciously and painfully depressed, in comparison with all around him: he was less fully fed than his forefathers were when their diet was black bread, and they fattened their geese upon the common; not cleaner housed than in the times when dainty niceness and modern refinement were as unknown in castle and in hall as in the labourer's cot; embittered and despairing to hear of progress which he might not hope to share,—of liberty which brought scant privilege and no chance of elevation to him or his,—of education and books which if his children tasted at the village school, it would only be to render them more sadly sensible thereafter of the poverty which forbade them to hope to possess even the cheapest books worth reading, and of the drudgery which would leave them no time to keep up the little knowledge they might once have gained.

If possible, it was a yet more hideous injustice and wrong, that contractors, slop-sellers, and outfitters should be amassing immense fortunes, with an unprecedented rapidity, precisely because and by means of a system which depressed grade beneath grade of the men they employed, till the lowest stratum of those upon whose powers and labour they reared their colossal fortunes were literally reduced to starvation and to death. In the light of eternity and of God's judgment-day, some of these 'masters' will be counted far more cruel and infamous than the Tartar conqueror who left, for his monument at Bagdat, a vast pyramid of human skulls. Our readers must not suppose that we exaggerate. They will not have forgotten—though, alas! such things we too easily forget—the Letters of the correspondents of the *Morning Chronicle*. And the Reports of the *Sanitary Commission*, with the Blue Books on Education, show that, though much has been and is being done to amend the condition of things we have indicated, much yet remains to be done. It was time that these iniquities should be exposed; that property should be made to understand its Christian duties; that the law of God and His Gospel should be applied to the relations of national life. There were many landlords and employers who needed to be taught that their dependents are their brethren, and that they *are* their 'brothers' keepers; that they owe moral, religious, and charitable obligations to those around them, and this in proportion to the influence they have over them, and the benefit they derive from them; that they are *not* the absolute proprietors of their wealth or their land, but only stewards acting for God, for the nation, and for their fellows around them; and that they have *not* a right to do 'what and how they will with their own.' We who write thus are neither Communists nor Radicals; we have no faith in universal suffrage, or even household suffrage; we do not believe in

'small farms,' or expect much from the allotment system. But we do hold that no man ought to be hopelessly depressed by pinching poverty; we would contend that every British child ought to have the means of securing comfort, and of rising to the position which his character and ability fit him to fulfil. We believe that this is the purpose of the Divine Ruler, and that Christian principle, actuating all in their respective spheres,—our clergymen, our legislators, our capitalists, our tradesmen and operatives,—will bring this about. We believe in education, rightly and religiously conducted; in the need and blessing of machinery; in the duties and mission of capital; in the rights and brotherhood of labour; in 'godliness, brotherly-kindness, and charity.' We should not probably go the full length of Mr. Kingsley's views in reference to the co-operative association of labourers; but still we think that, even in this respect, his proposals have not been without a good result; that though such associations are not likely generally to succeed, or to enter at any time into extensive competition with the interests of capitalists, (nor is it to be desired that they should,) yet the influence of even a few such working associations would go far towards checking the evil effects of capitalist monopoly and middle-men oppression, and would be the means, in proportion to their success, of powerfully developing among working men honour, mutual trust and forbearance, industry and self-reliance, hope and self-respect. We rejoice, in concert with Mr. Kingsley, as he has expressed himself in some of his later writings, to know that, during the last ten years, the condition of the labouring classes has been greatly ameliorated. There are many wise heads and benevolent hearts thinking and working for them. There are not a few admirable landlords; the cottages of the poor, both in town and country, are being improved; agricultural wages have advanced; education makes progress, and is of a better quality than was formerly known; employers of labour are awaking to a sense of their responsibility. But still very much remains to be accomplished; and some that should know better are strangely and shamefully callous to the claims of humanity and duty. If it were not so, should we be hearing of villages blotted out, and populations driven away, in the Highlands, that British grandees may turn their hill and moorland estates into deer-walks?

Such are our views. We did not learn them from Mr. Kingsley; but they have been much deepened and confirmed during our study of his writings. In this article our aim is not to criticize or illustrate his genius, but to estimate aright the moral character and purpose of what he has written. As Mr. Kingsley is not a mere artist, but wishes to be a reformer, and never ceases to be a preacher, it ought to be, and it is, our main object to consider his principles and his qualifications in these

respects. Hence, in the quotations which we shall make, we shall pass by his unrivalled descriptions of scenery, his bursts of declamatory eloquence, his exquisite strains of pathetic or passionate poetry and snatches of lyric song, and all, in one word, which is merely ideal or imaginative, and confine ourselves to such passages as will directly and distinctly illustrate his moral, political, philosophical, or theological views.

The following extract from the *Saint's Tragedy* is plain, homely prose,—one of the very few prose scenes in that fine dramatic poem; but we introduce it here as illustrative of the remarks we have just been making upon Mr. Kingsley's *humanity*. It will show, too, how he hits modern blots in a drama representing events of the Middle Age. The scene is laid in Thuringia; the time is the former part of the thirteenth century. Count Walter Varila, and Count Hugo, vassals of Lewis, the Landgrave of Thuringia, together with an Abbot and Knights, are conversing in a chamber of the castle about the doings of the Landgrave during a season of famine and extreme distress.

'*Count Hugo.* I can't forget it, as I am a Christian man. To ask for a stoup of beer at breakfast, and be told, there was no beer allowed in the house,—her Ladyship had given all the malt to the poor.

'*Abbot.* To give away the staff of life, eh?

'*C. Hugo.* The life itself, Sir, the life itself. All that barley, that would have warmed many an honest fellow's coppers, wasted in filthy cakes.

'*Abbot.* The parent of seraphic ale degraded into plebeian dough! Indeed, Sir, we have no right to lessen wantonly the amount of human enjoyment!

'*C. Wal.* In heaven's name, what would you have her do, while the people were eating grass?

'*C. Hugo.* Nobody asked them to eat it; nobody asked them to be there to eat it; if they will breed like rabbits, let them feed like rabbits, say I. I never married till I could keep a wife.

'*Abbot.* Ah, Count Walter! How sad to see a man of your sense so led away by his feelings! Had but this dispensation been left to work itself out, and evolve the blessing implicit in all heaven's chastenings! Had but the stern benevolences of providence remained undisturbed by her Ladyship's carnal tenderness, what a boon had this famine been!

'*C. Wal.* How then, man?

'*Abbot.* How many a poor soul would have been lying—ah, blessed thought—in Abraham's bosom; who must now toil on still in this vale of tears! Pardon this pathetic dew—I cannot but feel as a Churchman.

'*3rd Count.* Look at it in this way, Sir. There are too many of us, too many. Where you have one job you have three workmen. Why, I threw three hundred acres into pasture myself this year,—it saves money, and risk, and trouble, and tithes.

'C. Wal. What would you say to the Princess, who talks of breaking up all her parks to wheat next year?

'3rd Count. Ask her to take on the thirty families, who were just going to tramp off those three hundred acres into the Rhine-land, if she had not kept them in both senses this winter, and left them on my hands; once beggars, always beggars.

'C. Hugo. Well, I'm a practical man, and I say, the sharper the famine, the higher are prices; and the higher I sell, the more I can spend: so the money circulates, Sir,—that's the word,—like water, sure to run downwards again; and so it's as broad as it's long; and here's a health—if there was any beer—to the farmer's friends, "A bloody war and a wet harvest."

'Abbot. Strongly put, though correctly. For the self-interest of each it is, which produces in the aggregate the happy equilibrium of all.

'C. Wal. Well, the world is right well made, that's certain; and He who made the Jews' sin our salvation may bring plenty out of famine, and comfort out of covetousness. But look you, Sirs, private selfishness may be public weal, and yet private selfishness be just as surely damned, for all that.

'3rd Count. I hold, Sir, that every alms is a fresh badge of slavery.

'C. Wal. I don't deny it.

'3rd Count. Then teach them independence.

'C. Wal. How? By tempting them to turn thieves, when begging fails? By keeping their stomachs just at desperation-point? By starving them out here, to march off, starving all the way, to some town, in search of employment, of which, if they find it, they know no more than my horse? Likely! No, Sir, to make men of them, put them not out of the reach, but out of the need, of charity.

'3rd Count. And how, prithee? By teaching them, like our fair Landgravine, to open their mouths for all that drops? Thuringia is become a kennel of beggars in her hands.

'C. Wal. In hers? In ours, Sir!

'Abbot. Idleness, Sir, deceit, and immorality are the three children of this same barbarous self-indulgence in alms-giving. Leave the poor alone. Let want teach them the need of self-exertion, and misery prove the foolishness of crime.....

'C. Wal. I heard a shrewd sermon the other day on that same idleness and immorality text of the Abbot's. 'T was Conrad, the Princess's director, preached it. And a fashionable cap it is, though it will fit more than will like to wear it. Shall I give it you? Shall I preach?

'C. H. A tub for Varila! Stand on the table, now, toss back thy hood like any Franciscan, and preach away.

'C. Wal. Idleness, quoth he,—Conrad, mind you,—idleness and immorality? Where have they learnt them, but from you nobles? There was a saucy monk, for you. But there's worse coming. Religion? said he, how can they respect it, when they see you, "their betters," fattening on church lands, neglecting sacraments, defying excommunications, trading in benefices, hiring the clergy for your puppets and flatterers; making the ministry, the episcopate itself, a lumber-room wherein to stow away the idiots and spendthrifts of your

families, the confidants of your mistresses, the cast-off pedagogues of your boys?

'*Omnes*. The scoundrel!

'*C. Wal*. Was he not? But hear again. Immorality? roars he; and who has corrupted them but you? Have not you made every castle a weed-bed, from which the newest corruptions of the Court stick, like thistle-down, about the empty heads of stable-boys and serving maids? Have you not kept the poor worse housed than your dogs and your horses, worse fed than your pigs and your sheep? Is there an ancient house among you, again, of which village gossips do not whisper some dark story of lust and oppression, of decrepit debauchery, of hereditary doom?

'*Omnes*. We'll hang this monk.

'*C. Wal*. Hear me out, and you'll burn him. His sermon was like a hail-storm, the tail of the shower the sharpest. Idleness? he asked next of us all: How will they work, when they see you landlords sitting idle above them, in a fool's paradise of luxury and riot, never looking down but to squeeze from them an extra drop of honey,—like sheep-boys stuffing themselves with blackberries while the sheep are licking up flukes in every ditch? And now you wish to leave the poor man in the slough, whither your neglect and your example have betrayed him, and made his too apt scholarship the excuse for your own remorseless greed? As a Christian, I am ashamed of you all: as a Churchman, doubly ashamed of those prelates, hired stalking-horses of the rich, who would fain gloss over their own sloth and cowardice with the wisdom which cometh not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish; aping the heartless cant of an aristocracy who made them, use them, and despise them. That was his sermon.'—Pp. 83–87.

That the political economy in the preceding extract is altogether an anachronism there can be no doubt; Mr. Kingsley knew well enough that he was putting modern ideas into the mouths of his characters; but this only makes the extract serve more aptly our purpose in introducing it.

Our next extract shall be from *Alton Locke*. The young Cockney tailor-poet had been showing his Scotch patron,—the deistical, Carlylish, Chartist bookseller,—Sandy Mackaye, some verses, the subject of which related to the South Seas. Whereupon Sandy breaks forth into the exclamation with which our extract commences.

"What the deevil! is there no harlotry and idolatry here in England, that ye maun gang speering after it in the Cannibal Islands? Are ye gaun to be like they puir aristocrat bodies, that wad suner hear an Italian dog howl than an English nightingale sing, and winna harken to Mr. John Thomas till he calls himself Giovanni Thomasino; or do ye tak yoursel for a singing-bird, to go all your days tweedle-dumdeeing out into the lift, just for the lust o' hearing your ain clan clatter? Will ye be a man or a lintie? Coral Islands? Pacific? What do ye ken about Pacifics? Are ye a cockney or a Cannibal Islander? Dinna stand there, ye gowk, as fusionless as a docken, but tell me that! Whaur do ye live?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Mackaye?" asked I, with a doleful and disappointed visage.

"Mean! why, if God had meant ye to write aboot Pacifics, He'd ha' put ye there—and because He means ye to write aboot London town, He's put ye there—and gien ye an unco sharp taste o' the ways o't; and I'll gie ye anither. Come along wi' me."

'And he seized me by the arm, and, hardly giving me time to put on my hat, marched me out into the streets, and away through Clare Market to St. Giles's.

'It was a foul, chilly, foggy Saturday night. From the butchers' and greengrocers' shops the gas-lights flared and flickered, wild and ghastly, over haggard groups of slip-shod, dirty women, bargaining for scraps of stale meat and frostbitten vegetables, wrangling about short weight and bad quality. Fish-stalls and fruit-stalls lined the edge of the greasy pavement, sending up odours as foul as the language of sellers and buyers. Blood and sewer-water crawled from under doors and out of spouts, and reeked down the gutters among offal, animal and vegetable, in every stage of putrefaction. Foul vapours rose from cowsheds and slaughter-houses, and the doorways of undrained alleys, where the inhabitants carried the filth out on their shoes from the back-yard into the court, and from the court up into the main street; while above, hanging like cliffs over the streets,—those narrow, brawling torrents of filth, and poverty, and sin,—the houses with their teeming load of life were piled up into the dingy, choking night. A ghastly, deafening, sickening sight it was. Go, scented Belgravian! and see what London is! and then go to the library which God has given thee—one often fears in vain—and see what science says this London might be!.....

'He stopped suddenly before the entrance of a miserable alley—

"Look! there's not a soul down that yard but's either beggar, drunkard, thief, or warse. Write anent that! Say how ye saw the mouth o' hell, and the twa pillars thereof at the entry—the pawnbroker's shop o' one side, and the gin-palace at the other—twa monstrous deevils, eating up men, and women, and bairns, body and soul. Look at the jaws o' the monsters, how they open and open, and swallow in anither victim and anither. Write anent that."

"What jaws, Mr. Mackaye?"

"They faulding-doors o' the gin-shop, goose. Are na they a mair damnable man-devouring idol than ony red-hot statue o' Moloch, or wicker Gogmagog, wherein thae auld Britons burnt their prisoners? Look at thae bare-footed, bare-backed hizzies, with their arms roun' the men's necks, and their mouths full o' vitriol and beastly words! Look at that Irishwoman pouring the gin down the babbie's throat! Look at that rough o' a boy gaun out o' the pawn-shop, where he's been pledging the handkerchief he stole the morning, into the gin-shop, to buy beer poisoned wi' grains o' paradise, and cocculus indicus, and saut, and a' damnable, maddening, thirst-breeding, lust-breeding drugs! Look at that girl that went in wi' a shawl on her back and cam' out wi'out ane! Drunkards frae the breast!—harlots frae the cradle!—damned before they're born! John Calvin had an inkling o' the truth there, I'm a'most driven to think, wi' his reprobation deevil's doctrines!"

“Well—but—Mr. Mackaye, I know nothing about these poor creatures.”

“Then ye ought. •What do ye ken anent the Pacific? Which is maist to your business?—thae bare-backed hizzies that play the harlot o’ the other side o’ the warld, or these—these thousands o’ bare-backed hizzies that play the harlot o’ your ain side—made out o’ your ain flesh and blude? You a poet! True poetry, like true charity, my laddie, begins at hame. If ye’ll be a poet at a’, ye maun be a cockney poet; and while the cockneys be what they be, ye maun write, like Jeremiah of old, o’ lamentation and mourning and woe, for the sins o’ your people. Gin ye want to learn the spirit o’ a people’s poet, down wi’ your Bible and read thae auld Hiebrew Prophets; gin ye wad learn the style, read your Burns frae morning till night; and gin ye’d learn the matter, just gang after your nose, and keep your eyes open, and ye’ll no miss it.”

“But all this is so—so unpoetical.”

“Hech! Is there no the heeven above them there, and the hell beneath them? and God frowning, and the deevil grinning? No poetry there! Is no the verra idea of the classic tragedy defined to be, man conquered by circumstance? Canna ye see it there? And the verra idea of the modern tragedy, man conquering circumstance?—and I’ll show ye that, too,—in mony a garret where no eye but the gude God’s enters, to see the patience, and the fortitude, and the self-sacrifice, and the luv stronger than death, that’s shining in thae dark places o’ the earth. Come wi’ me, and see.”

‘We went on through a back street or two, and then into a huge, miserable house, which, a hundred years ago, perhaps, had witnessed the luxury, and rung to the laughter, of some one great fashionable family, alone there in their glory. Now every room of it held its family, or its group of families,—a phalanstery of all the fiends; its grand staircase, with the carved balustrades rotting and crumbling away piecemeal, converted into a common sewer for all its inmates. Up stair after stair we went, while wails of children, and curses of men, steamed out upon the hot stifling rush of air from every doorway, till, at the topmost story, we knocked at a garret door. We entered. Bare it was of furniture, comfortless, and freezing cold; but, with the exception of the plaster dropping from the roof, and the broken windows patched with rags and paper, there was a scrupulous neatness about the whole, which contrasted strangely with the filth and slovenliness outside. There was no bed in the room—no table. On a broken chair by the chimney sat a miserable old woman, fancying that she was warming her hands over embers which had long been cold, shaking her head, and muttering to herself with palsied lips about the guardians and the workhouse; while upon a few rags on the floor lay a girl, ugly, small-pox-marked, hollow-eyed, emaciated, her only bed-clothes the skirt of a large handsome new riding-habit, at which two other girls, wan and tawdry, were stitching busily, as they sat right and left of her on the floor. The old woman took no notice of us as we entered; but one of the girls looked up, and, with a pleased gesture of recognition, put her finger up to her lips, and whispered, “Ellen’s asleep.”

“I’m not asleep, dears,” answered a faint, unearthly voice; “I was only praying. Is that Mr. Mackaye?”

"Ay, my lasses; but ha' ye gotten na fire the night?"

"No," said one of them, bitterly, "we've earned no fire to-night, by fair trade or foul either."

The sick girl tried to raise herself up and speak, but was stopped by a frightful fit of coughing and expectoration, as painful, apparently, to the sufferer as it was, I confess, disgusting even to me.

I saw Mackaye slip something into the hand of one of the girls, and whisper, "A half-hundred of coals;" to which she replied with an eager look of gratitude that I never can forget, and hurried out. Then the sufferer, as if taking advantage of her absence, began to speak quickly and eagerly.

"O, Mr. Mackaye,—dear, kind Mr. Mackaye,—do speak to her; and do speak to poor Lizzy here! I'm not afraid to say it before her, because she's more gentle like, and hasn't learnt to say bad words yet; but do speak to them, and tell them not to go the bad way, like all the rest. Tell them it'll never prosper. I know it is want that drives them to it, as it drives all of us; but tell them it's best to starve and die honest girls, than to go about with the shame and the curse of God on their hearts, for the sake of keeping this poor, miserable, vile body together a few short years more in this world o' sorrow. Do tell them, Mr. Mackaye."

"I'm thinking," said he, with the tears running down his old, withered face, "ye'll mak a better preacher at that text than I shall, Ellen."

"O, no, no; who am I, to speak to them?—it's no merit o' mine, Mr. Mackaye, that the Lord's kept me pure through it all. I should have been just as bad as any of them, if the Lord had not kept me out of temptation in His great mercy, by making me the poor, ill-favoured creature I am. From that time I was burnt when I was a child, and had the small-pox afterwards, O, how sinful I was, and repined and rebelled against the Lord! And now I see it was all His blessed mercy to keep me out of evil, pure and unspotted for my dear Jesus, when He comes to take me to Himself. I saw Him last night, Mr. Mackaye, as plain as I see you now, all in a flame of beautiful white fire, smiling at me so sweetly; and He showed me the wounds in His hands and His feet, and He said, *Ellen, my own child, those that suffer with Me here, they shall be glorified with Me hereafter, for I'm coming very soon to take you home.*".....

"Ah," said Sandy, at length, "I tauld ye ye were the better preacher of the two; ye've mair comfort to gie Sandy than he has to gie the like o' ye. But how is the wound in your back the day?"

"O, it was wonderfully better! the doctor had come and given her such blessed ease with a great thick leather he had put under it, and then she did not feel the boards through so much. "But O, Mr. Mackaye, I'm so afraid it will make me live longer to keep me away from my dear Saviour. And there's one thing, too, that's breaking my heart, and makes me long to die this very minute, even if I didn't go to heaven at all, Mr. Mackaye." (And she burst out crying, and between her sobs it came out, as well as I could gather, that her notion was, that her illness was the cause of keeping the girls in "*the bad way*," as she called it.) "For Lizzy here, I did hope that she had repented of it after all my talking to her; but since I've been so bad,

and the girls have had to keep me most o' the time, she's gone out of nights just as bad as ever.".....

'Sandy and I went down the stairs.

"Poetic element? Yon lassie, rejoicing in her disfigurement and not her beauty, like the nuns of Peterborough in auld time,—is there na poetry there? That puir lassie, dying on the bare boards, and seeing her Saviour in her dreams, is there na poetry there, callant? That auld body owre the fire, wi' her *an officer's dochter*, is there na poetry there? That ither, prostituting hersel to buy food for her freen,—is there na poetry there?—tragedy—

With hues as when some mighty painter dips
His pen in dyes of earthquake and eclipse.

Ay, Shelley's gran'; always gran': but Fact is grander—God and Satan are grander. All around ye, in every gin-shop and costermonger's cellar, are God and Satan at death grips; every garret is a hail Paradise Lost or Paradise Regained: and will ye think it beneath ye to be the *People's Poet*?"—Pp. 67-74.

Alas! that such scenes as Mr. Kingsley has thus painted should represent but 'an owre-true tale.' So it was, at least, but a few years ago, in sadly too numerous instances; and we fear that, even yet, such lamentable evils are not extinct.

Nor is the condition of the southern farm-labourer—'worse housed than the dogs and the horses, worse fed than the pigs and the sheep'—less truly depicted in the following brief quotations. The principal speaker is Tregarva, the Cornish gamekeeper, and the interlocutor is Lancelot Smith, the hero of the story.

"I'm beginning to fancy strangely, in spite of all the preachers say, that before ever you can make them Christians, you must make them men and women."

"Are they not so already?"

"O, Sir, go and see! How can a man be a man in those crowded styes, sleeping packed together like Irish pigs in a steamer, never out of fear of want, never knowing any higher amusement than the beer-shop?.....Go and see! Ask that sweet, heavenly angel, Miss Honoria, and she, too, will tell you. I think sometimes, if she had been born and bred like her father's tenants' daughters, to sleep where they sleep, and hear the talk they hear, and see the things they see, what would she have been now?"—*Yeast*, pp. 78, 79.

"Can't they read? Can't they practise light and interesting handicrafts at home, as the German peasantry do?"

"Who'll teach 'em, Sir? From the plough-tail to the reaping-hook, and back again, is all they know. Besides, Sir, they are not like us Cornish; they are a stupid, pig-headed generation at the best, these south-countrymen. They're grown-up babies, who want the parson and the squire to be leading them, and preaching to them, and spurring them on, and coaxing them up, every moment. And as for scholarship, Sir, a boy leaves school at nine or ten to follow the

horses; and between that time and his wedding-day* he forgets every word he ever learnt, and becomes for the most part as thorough a heathen savage at heart as those wild Indians in the Brazils used to be.....As for reading, Sir, did you ever do a good day's farm-work in your life? If you had, man or boy, you would not have been game for much reading when you got home; you would do just what these poor fellows do,—tumble into bed at eight o'clock, hardly waiting to take your clothes off, knowing that you must turn up again at five o'clock the next morning to get a breakfast of bread, and perhaps a dab of the squire's dripping, and then back to work again.....There's many a boy, as their mothers will tell you, comes home, night after night, too tired to eat their suppers, and tumble, fasting, to bed, in the same foul shirt which they've been working in all day, never changing their rag of calico from week's-end to week's-end, or washing the skin that's under it once in seven years."—*Yeast*, pp. 214-216.

With one extract more we close this part of our subject. Lancelot Smith has been asked what limit he would put to education, and replies as follows:—

"The capacities of each man. If man living in civilized society has one right which he can demand, it is this, that the State which exists by his labour shall enable him to develope, or, at least, not hinder his developing, his whole faculties to their very utmost, however lofty that may be. While a man who might be an author remains a spade-drudge, or a journeyman while he has capacities for a master; while any man able to rise in life remains by social circumstances lower than he is willing to place himself, that man has right to complain of the State's injustice and neglect."—*Yeast*, p. 110.

Mr. Kingsley has done excellent service by the views which he delights to give of the sanctity and blessedness of family duties and relationships; but as his ideas on this subject are not, as to their substance and practical meaning, peculiar either to himself in particular, or to the school to which he belongs, we shall not dwell upon them.† As to 'national life,' Mr. Kingsley's views are no more to be considered peculiar and distinctive than as to the family-institute. What the single banyan pillar-stem is to the pillared and multitudinous banyan tree, such is the family to the nation. As each man, worthy to be called a man, has his peculiar genius and character, as families and clans, if not degenerate and worthless, have their hereditary and distinctive spirit and temperament, so each nation, each

* Ten or a dozen years ago,—how it may be now, we know not,—in most of the southern and south-midland counties there were from forty-eight to fifty *per cent.* of the married couples who could not sign their names in the parish register.

† Dr. Harris, in his *Patriarchy*, has shown how an orthodox Christian divine and philosopher can write upon this theme. All, and more than all, that others have said, is there said by him, and better said than by any other. The main subject of the volume is the family-institute, as affording a life-discipline for the individual, and furnishing the conditions and the training necessary for the education and development of the race.

aggregate of families belonging to one race, has its national life and idiosyncrasy, of which it is blind folly in rulers to take no note, and which it is infatuated oppression to attempt by force to suppress, coerce, or destroy. Such views as these are expounded not only by Anglican Neo-Platonists, like Maurice and Kingsley, but by such a high-churchman as Bishop Wilberforce, and by so popular and well known a journal as the *Illustrated News*. They do not, indeed, go so far as to assert the permanence and inconvertibility of nationalities. Even the *Leader* newspaper, with all its admiration of Kossuth and Mazzini, would perhaps hardly go this length. The history of the past, from the extinction of the nation of Nimrod, to the fall of the Roman Empire, is sufficient to confute such a view. And perhaps we should be mistaken if we were to infer from Mr. Kingsley's language that this is his belief. But what is certainly peculiar in his opinions as to the points we have referred to is, that he looks upon 'the offices of husband, wife, and parent, as spiritual, sacramental, *Divine, eternal* ;'* that he believes that in heaven the angels both marry and are given in marriage, mystically and spiritually; † and that he asserts 'national life' to be 'a spiritual and indefeasible existence.' ‡ All this will be recognised by the initiated as a part of the same Neo-Platonic mysticism which teaches that the invisible and archetypal world, of which 'the visible world is in some mysterious way a pattern or symbol,' is 'the cause and the ground' of all outward things; that 'it was the cause of them at first, and is the cause of them now, even to the budding of every flower, and the falling of every pebble to the ground; and therefore, that having been before this visible world, it will be after it, and endure just as real, living, and eternal, though matter were annihilated to-morrow.' § Hence Mr. Kingsley, in his dedication of *Hypatia* to his parents, significantly speaks of his own relationship to them as [only] 'seeming to have begun with birth,' as that 'which cannot die with death,' but is 'spiritual, indefeasible, eternal in the heavens with that God from whom every fatherhood in heaven and earth is named.' In perfect consistency with all this, in the first paragraph of his *Lectures on Alexandria and her Schools*, he gives a definition which implies that whatever will endure for ever must have been without a beginning.

We have already indicated the special grounds upon which Mr. Kingsley opposes and denounces Popery. Merely upon these grounds we think that he is fully warranted in his dislike of that unclean and oppressive system; and we have no disposition to inquire how far upon certain points of doctrine he is pro-

* 'Saint's Tragedy,' p. xxiii.

† 'Are united in pairs in some marriage bond,' &c.—*Yeast*, p. 120.

‡ 'Alexandria,' &c., p. xxii.

§ Article by Kingsley, on Vaughan's 'Hours with the Mystics,' in *Fraser* for September, 1856.

bably disposed to sympathize with the teachings of the Romish Church. Those who know the history of Origen's opinions, and how far, 'heretic' though he might be, he contributed towards moulding patristic and Romanist theology, will easily understand whereabouts the points of approximation will be found between Romish doctrine and the speculations of one who has so much in common with Origen as Mr. Kingsley. But we cannot pass over his antipathy to evangelical theology, which is not less intense than his abhorrence of ecclesiastical Popery, without a few remarks upon this very obvious and prevalent characteristic of his writings. The best thing we can hope is, that he is really unacquainted with the theology which he caricatures. We are not concerned, indeed, to defend Calvinism, high or low. Yet we are bound to stigmatize as utterly false and unworthy such pictures of Baptist Ministers and Missionaries as those contained in *Alton Locke*. How could Mr. Kingsley write as he has there done, while the names of Robert Hall, and of Carey and Marshman, still live in brightness, and their memories in undying fragrance? High and antinomian Calvinism we abominate as heartily as Mr. Kingsley. We grieve, too, over the prevalent Calvinism, narrow, weakly sentimental, and ill-informed as it is, of the evangelical section of the Church of England, from which we cannot but consider Broad Churchism to be in part a reaction. Nevertheless, we cannot forget that Howe and Owen, that Bishop Hall as well as Baxter, that Doddridge and Chalmers, were Calvinistic theologians. God send us such masters as these to rule and order the strife of the present age! Our quarrel with Mr. Kingsley is, that—Calvinism apart—he misrepresents evangelical theology, as such. He knows no type of evangelical orthodoxy but one; and that is so far from being the normal type, that it is an extreme and unwarrantable caricature. There will, indeed, remain awful and insoluble difficulties and mysteries, whatever theological system may be adopted; while, if all are rejected, heaven and earth, time and eternity, will become a universal seething chaos of mystery. Mr. Kingsley's faith, with its eternal archetypal and invisible world, its Divine emanations, its quasi-panthestic identification of God and man, its unbeginning life, its angel marriages, its 'spiritual, Divine, and eternal' human relationships, will scarcely be supposed to be encumbered with fewer difficulties than that of ordinary Christians. Indeed, even with regard to the special mysteries which environ the doctrines of guilt and of redemption, Mr. Kingsley is compelled, in spite of all his struggles, to settle substantially upon much the same ground as evangelical Christians. They believe in the fall and depravity of universal man as indisputable facts. He avouches, distinctly and emphatically, and in not a few places, his belief in the same doctrines. In this respect, indeed, his theology favourably contrasts with that of Mr. Jowett. Nor could evangelical

Christians easily find more bold and impressive descriptions of the temper and temptations of the 'flesh with its affections and lusts,' than are given by him in several of his sermons. Such being his views, he surely cannot object if they, following the language of Scripture, should speak of mankind as *children of disobedience*, and, in a just sense, *children of wrath*. But they, no less than he, believe that *where sin abounded, grace did much more abound*, and that these *children of wrath* are also children of mercy. Let us add, further, that they, no more than he, if—with John Wesley, Richard Watson, and Robert Hall—they have accepted the theology of John Howe's *Living Temple*, believe, as he in several places implies that they do, that men are born 'children of the devil;'^{*} although they cannot hesitate to believe that our Lord spoke truly and justly, when He thus denominated those who resolutely hardened themselves against His truth and grace. (John viii.) The most profound evangelical theologians have, with one consent, regarded human depravity as a disease and perversity of the will, infecting, from that centre, the whole nature; the faculties, susceptibilities, and passions in themselves being not evil, but, if wielded by a right and holy will, if sanctified and controlled by the Spirit of God, right and good. It is the sinful and selfish will which disorders and depraves the nature. The Holy Spirit, casting out self-will, and implanting the victorious love of a pardoning God and Father, regenerates the man, transforms Saul of Tarsus into Paul the Apostle, and brings forth to view, and out into life and deed, that ideal man, that 'good creature of God,' which exists under the mask of 'the old man' in every human being. Thus is renewed that image of God in man which even sin and the fall had not absolutely and utterly obliterated. With these views evangelical Christians can heartily adopt those lines of Kingsley's own, in which he opposes the Romish system of making saints by trampling ruthlessly on all the passions and feelings of our kind.

'Yet why so harsh? why with remorseless knife
Home to the stem prune back each bough and bud?
I thought, the task of education was
To strengthen, not to crush; to train and feed
Each subject toward fulfilment of its nature,
According to the mind of God, revealed
In laws, congenital with every kind
And character of man.'—*Saint's Tragedy*, p. 134.

Another cardinal doctrine of evangelical theology is, that man is an intelligent and moral being, the conscious and responsible subject of Divine government, and, as such, liable to reward or punishment, according to his behaviour. No one supposes that the knowledge of his duty would be of itself sufficient to secure the obedience of fallen man. Motives must be super-added, to deter from disobedience, and to induce to righteousness.

^{*} 'Yeast,' p. 247.

Government is not conceivable except under these conditions. The Gospel reveals no glimmer of hope beyond the bounds of this probationary state to those who die impenitent and rebellious. On the contrary, it threatens all such with *everlasting punishment, with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and the glory of His power*. All this is undeniable. There can be no doubt, indeed, that Mr. Kingsley, mystic as he is, leans to the doctrine of the mystics on the subject of obedience without respect to any hope of reward. He pours contempt on that piety which is nourished by the blessed hope of heavenly rest and happiness, as is natural for one who has no heaven of rest and consummation to preach. He caricatures and sneers at the doctrine of eternal punishment. But yet, in all this, he is ever contradicting himself. He dares not apply to the training of children the same principles which, *at times*, he seems to advocate for the training of men. He preaches, more emphatically and eloquently than most men, the *present* rewards of godliness, and the necessary curse and punishment which, even in the present life, attend upon sin. He not only admits, but proclaims, that the consequences of our conduct in this life must follow us into the life to come. Nay, when preaching directly from the text of Scripture,—and he is a closer and more faithful expositor than most writers of sermons among the Anglican clergy;—when explaining and enforcing to village congregations the very words and message of the Gospel; when thus, as a ‘preacher of righteousness,’ confronting, in its coarse reality, the sin, and vice, and selfishness of the land; he finds himself compelled to put aside the cloudy veil of his philosophy, and to address the sinners before him in that broad and common-place ‘Galilean dialect,’ which alone they could understand and feel. On these occasions he too must preach *righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come*. Nay, however inconsistent it may be with his philosophy, or with the anti-evangelical sneers in which elsewhere he indulges, he does most plainly and emphatically denounce ‘eternal damnation,’ and ‘everlasting punishment,’ against impenitent sinners. To this point we may have occasion to refer again presently.

By the foregoing remarks we have cleared the way for that which is to be the central topic of the present article,—an examination of Mr. Kingsley’s philosophy, especially as related to his theology. The bearing of the one of these upon the other has been already implied, and will appear more distinctly as we proceed. Our readers, generally, are aware of the relation in which Mr. Kingsley stands to Mr. Maurice. The two names are commonly, and justly, coupled together. Their philosophy is one. We do not know one particular in which they disagree. Mr. Kingsley, indeed, speaks out more plainly than his more cautious and cloudy friend. His philosophy is more strongly defined; and yet, strange to say, his theology has far more of evangelical

savour and spirit. As a necessary consequence, he is more frequently and obviously inconsistent. His philosophy and his theology are often at variance. Mr. Maurice is only able to avoid this by 'putting a veil upon his face,' whether he appears as the philosophical *mystophantes*, or as the theologian. He has set himself, moreover, to produce a systematic synthesis of his philosophy and theology, in the form of a volume of *Essays*; the result of which could only be such an amalgam as, if it were to retain any colour or semblance of Christianity, could not but be full of ambiguity and obscurity. Mr. Kingsley's attempts at the same kind of thing, which are to be found in *Yeast*, *Alton Locke*, and *Hypatia*, are fragmentary and partial. In his lectures on *Alexandria and her Schools*, he is distinctively a philosopher, and his theology only slightly appears. In his *Sermons* he is *mainly* a practical Christian preacher, and his philosophy only 'crops out' in places, or is recognisable here and there in tints and veins. Notwithstanding, however, such differences of form and manner in these two writers, we doubt if there is a single doctrine distinctive of the one which is not also taught, expressly or by implication, in the writings of the other.

We have, in a former article, drawn a distinction between the Neo-Platonized Christianity of Messrs. Maurice and Kingsley, and the pantheistic idealism of Mr. Jowett. That distinction is both just and important. The Neo-Platonizers do, it must be conceded, believe in a personal, living, loving, God and Father. Nevertheless, it is not to be supposed that their philosophy is free from that pantheistic spirit which is so characteristic of modern transcendentalism. Indeed, we do not see how any Neo-Platonized philosophy can be free from Pantheism. All ancient physical philosophy was at least implicitly pantheistic, as all philosophy must be which knows nothing of proper creation. All speculation upon the causes and laws of life and being must be pantheistic, which does not take as its first postulate the principle implied in the sublime saying of the Psalmist: *He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast*. Incapable of the idea of a true creation, the unaided human mind vainly attempts, by theories of emanation, participation, diffusion, and the like, to bridge the gulf between the Eternal Self-Existent and the phenomenal and changing world. Mere philosophy could never conceive of a creation out of nothing, and therefore imagined that all things must be *developed out of God*. So the world was but the Divine Being coming forth from darkness into light, and from quiescence into activity. Thus, as Coleridge has put it; 'the inevitable result of all consequent reasoning, in which the intellect refuses to acknowledge a higher or deeper ground than itself can supply, and weens to possess within itself the centre of its own system, is—and from Zeno the Eleatic' (he might have said, from Thales the Milesian) 'to Spinoza, and from Spinoza to the Schellings, Okens,

and their adherents of the present day, ever has been—Pantheism under one or other of its modes, *the least repulsive of which*—these are weighty and memorable words—‘*differs from the rest, not in its consequences, which are one and the same in all, and in all alike are practically atheistic, but only as it may express the striving of the philosopher himself to hide these consequences from his own mind.*’* Platonism is by no means an exception to this rule. Indeed, its pre-existent archetypal world, its doctrine of ‘participation,’ its ‘soul of the world,’ its metempsychosis, mark it out as affording a most congenial basis for a fully developed system of Pantheism. And when this philosophy had been impregnated by the oriental theory of emanations, such as we now find in the Brahminical and Persian theosophies, no wonder that there grew up, under the hands of subtle Alexandrian speculators, so artificial and complete a pantheistic philosophy as that of the Neo-Platonists. That this philosophy was essentially and characteristically a Pantheism, none can dispute; least of all, the author of *Hypatia*,† though this fact is kept a good deal out of sight in the *Alexandrian Lectures*. The philosophy of Schelling, ‘the Plotinus of Germany,’ as he has been called, was, in many respects, identical with that of the Neo-Platonists, and, as we have the just cited authority of his follower, Coleridge, for affirming, was not less truly pantheistic. Coleridge himself endeavoured to combine and harmonize the Neo-Platonism of Schelling with Christianity; but that in this he failed is, we think, very evident from his own admissions in his comments on Schelling’s philosophy, written in his later years, and published posthumously by his daughter, as an Appendix to the *Biographia Literaria*. These comments show, that he shrunk from the logical consequences and development of those very principles of Schelling’s philosophy which, in his earlier years, he had adopted as his own, perceiving them to be inconsistent with the personality of God, and with the free-will of man. On this point the remarks of his accomplished and lamented daughter are very important. They occur in a note to chapter ix. of the *Biographia Literaria*, and are as follows:—

‘In the preceding chapter Mr. C. speaks of Schelling’s philosophy as if it had his entire approval, and had been adopted by him in its whole extent. Yet it is certain that, soon after the completion of the *Biographia Literaria*, he became dissatisfied with the system, considered as a fundamental and comprehensive scheme, intended to exhibit the relations of God to the world and man. He objected to it as essentially pantheistic.....To Mr. C. it appeared, as originally set forth, to labour under deep deficiencies,—to be radically inconsistent with a belief in God, as Himself moral and intelligent—as

* *Biographia Literaria*. Aldine Edition, vol. i., p. 154, note. Also ‘The Friend,’ vol. iii., p. 214. Edition of 1844.

† See the philosophical prelection which Mr. Kingsley has put into the mouth of the celebrated virgin philosopher of Alexandria, in the first volume of *Hypatia*, pp. 177–190.

beyond and above the world—as the Supreme Mind to which the human mind owes homage and fealty,—inconsistent with any just view and deep sense of the moral and spiritual being of man.’—*Biographia Literaria*, vol. i., p. 170.

This is a monitory paragraph, especially as Coleridge was never able to find a better transcendentalism to substitute for that which, being weighed in the balances, was found wanting. The only extant ‘system of philosophy of S. T. C.’ is that which he at length confessed to be ‘essentially pantheistic.’ It is clear in what ‘succession’ of philosophical teachers Mr. Kingsley must take his place. Plato, Plotinus, the pseudo-Dionysius, Erigena, Schelling, and Coleridge,—these are the links in his chain of philosophical descent. His predecessors, at least, have all been in the pantheistic vein, down to Coleridge himself. Will he be better able to reconcile his philosophy with his Christianity than was such a mind as Coleridge?

Our last words, however, have assumed the fundamental Neo-Platonism of Mr. Kingsley. Of this we shall now proceed to exhibit the proofs, referring for this purpose, principally, to his *Lectures on the Schools of Alexandria*, where, as might be expected, he teaches his philosophy most distinctly and expressly.

‘The father of Neo-Platonism,’ says Mr. Kingsley, ‘was Philo the Jew.’ Of his philosophy it is said by Mr. Jowett, who is better able than most men to give a judgment upon such a point as this, that ‘it was Judaism and Platonism at once; the strangest eclectic philosophy that the world ever saw; the belief in a personal God assimilated to the doctrine of ideas;’ adding, most significantly, ‘*Like modern theologians* who have fallen under the influence of systems of philosophy in the interpretation of Scripture, Philo applied the Neo-Platonism of his day to the interpretation of the Mosaic writings.’* Philonism was, in fact, a compound of Platonism, Orientalism, and Judaism; and if its author were not singly and absolutely ‘the father of Alexandrian Neo-Platonism; he was at any rate one of its earliest and most distinguished pioneers. Now, to the master-principle of Philo’s philosophy Mr. Kingsley gives in his adhesion, with sufficient distinctness, at page 79 of his *Lectures*, implying there his agreement with Philo when ‘he seemed to himself to find in the sacred books of his nation that which agreed with the deepest discoveries of Greek philosophy; which explained and corroborated them.’ What were these ‘deepest discoveries of Greek philosophy,’ to obtain for which the sanction of his sacred books Philo put to so much torture the writings of Moses and the Prophets? What but the really pantheistic idealism of Plato? Accepting this, Philo gave up, *ipso facto*, the doctrine of a true creation, which he most elaborately yet absurdly explains away, after a fashion which Mr. Maurice has

* Jowett, vol. i., pp. 367, 369.

not disdained servilely to follow, and launched forth into a shoreless sea of wild speculation about 'ideas,' and 'archetypes,' and 'powers,' exchanging the glory of the Creator for such shadowy subtleties of thought as that the 'Logos' was the 'idea of ideas' and 'archetype of archetypes.' How bold and far gone Mr. Kingsley is in his quasi-Christian Philonizing, may be judged from the following extract:—

'I cannot think that he' (Philo) 'was unfair in supposing that he might hold at the same time the Jewish belief concerning creation, and the Platonic doctrine of the real existence of archetypal ideas, both of moral and of physical phenomena. I do not mean that such a conception was present consciously to the mind of the old Jews, as it was most certainly to St. Paul, a practised Platonic dialectician; but it seems to me, as to Philo, to be a fair, perhaps a necessary, corollary from the Genetic philosophy both of Moses and of Solomon.' —*Alexandria and her Schools*, p. 89.

But, further, it is well known that the heathen Neo-Platonism of Alexandria early infected and corrupted—though it may at the same time have, in some respects, disciplined and expanded—the doctrinal development of Christianity. Justin Martyr and Pantænus were Platonists before they were converted to Christianity. Origen and Clement at Alexandria succeeded to the teaching and ideas of Pantænus, and carried them to a fuller development. As in the days before the Flood, so now, in a figurative sense, *the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair*: the doctrines of Christ were wedded to plausible human philosophies, and the progeny were gigantic growths of error. All the learning and piety of Origen can scarcely throw into shade the perilous heresies of which he was the father. It is precisely, however, with these half-paganized Christian 'philosophers' that Mr. Kingsley sympathizes and accords. 'They absorbed,' he thinks, 'into the sphere of Christianity all which was most valuable in the philosophies of Greece and Egypt,'*—the theories, that is to say, of archetypal ideas and of Divine emanations. They 'presented Christianity to the minds of cultivated and scientific men in the only form in which it would have satisfied their philosophic aspirations; they 'made the best, perhaps the only, attempt yet made by men, to proclaim a true world-philosophy.'† In other words, and to borrow the language of Coleridge in reference to another subject, they 'paganized Christianity to christen paganism.' The words which we have quoted from Kingsley—and others, full to the same effect, will occur in future quotations—imply not only a general approbation of the philosophized Christianity of these Alexandrian teachers, but a particular approval and acceptance of those philosophical theories, derived from Greece and Egypt, which they adopted from their predecessors and

* 'Hypatia,' Preface.

† 'Alexandria and her Schools,' p. 131.

contemporaries of the heathen school of Neo-Platonism. It becomes important, therefore, to ascertain what, in the judgment of Mr. Kingsley, was the philosophical substratum common to both the Christian and the heathen schools of Alexandrian Neo-Platonism; for this must also be the foundation of his Neo-Platonized theology.

Now it is one purpose of Mr. Kingsley's *Lectures* on the Alexandrian Schools to define the distinctions which separated the Christian from the heathen Neo-Platonists. He admits that the two schools had 'a common ground,' that they had 'many points in common,' and that 'during the whole period of their existence' they were 'mutually borrowing from each other.'* The question then forces itself upon us, What could the Alexandrian Christians borrow from the heathen Neo-Platonism,—above all, how could they agree with it on many points,—without introducing into Christianity elements essentially pantheistic? Mr. Kingsley, indeed, keeps out of sight altogether the great and glaring fact,—elsewhere very distinctly admitted by him in several of his works, and otherwise indisputable,—that the heathen Neo-Platonism was essentially and thoroughly pantheistic. In a course of Lectures on the great fountain of scientific and fully-developed Pantheism, he scarcely ever refers to the subject of Pantheism. A casual and otherwise uninformed reader would certainly go through these Lectures without any other idea but that the Alexandrian Neo-Platonist philosophers were generally, like Philo the Jew, believers in a personal God; and that their philosophy included the most characteristic doctrines of Christianity, and approached it very nearly in purity and elevation. This defect in Mr. Kingsley's treatment of the subject, whether it proceeds from an intentional reserve or from inadvertence, is very significant. In any case, it obliges us to conclude that his sympathies in favour of heathen Neo-Platonism are too strong, and his sense of its essential heathenish deficiency is far too weak.

It would have been well if Mr. Kingsley had expressed himself more definitely as to the 'many points in common' by which the Christian and the heathen Neo-Platonisms were allied to each other. One common point is found in the belief that 'the Logos or Dæmon speaks to the Reason of man;' but then this point, it is also implied, was common to Hindooism as well as to the Alexandrian schools.† If so, of course it is not a Christian idea of a personal Teacher of persons, but a principle of Oriental Pantheism. Connect with this that principle of Philo's philosophy already referred to,—that 'the Logos' (whether personal, as Philo *inconsistently* believed, or impersonal, as heathen Alexandrians and Hindoos believed) was the great Pan-Archetype, 'the idea of ideas,' in whom or in which the super-sensible world

* 'Alexandria and her Schools,' pp. 80-82, 100.

† *Ibid.*, p. 97.

subsisted,—and we shall obtain another 'common point' in the two Alexandrian Platonisms. And then, if we add to these points what is contained in the following passage, we shall have a view of all 'the common ground,' so far as Mr. Kingsley describes it, pertaining to these schools.

'I do not say that there is, or ought to be, a Christian Metaphysic. I am speaking, as you know, merely as a historian, dealing with facts; and I say that there was one; as profound, as scientific, as severe, as that of the Pagan Neo-Platonists; starting, indeed, as I shall show hereafter, on many points from common ground with theirs. One can hardly doubt, I should fancy, that many parts of St. John's Gospel and Epistles, whatever view we may take of them, if they are to be called anything, are to be called metaphysic and philosophic. And one can no more doubt that before writing them he had studied Philo, and was expanding Philo's thought in the direction which seemed fit to him, than we can doubt it of the earlier Neo-Platonists. The technical language is often identical; so are the primary ideas from which he starts, howsoever widely the conclusions may differ. If Plotinus considered himself an intellectual disciple of Plato, so did Origen and Clemens. And I must, as I said before, speak of both, or of neither. My only hope of escaping delicate ground lies in the *curious fact, that rightly or wrongly, the form in which Christianity presented itself to the old Alexandrian thinkers was so utterly different from the popular conception of it in modern England, that one may very likely be able to tell what little one knows about it, almost without mentioning a single doctrine which now influences the religious world.*

'But far greater is my fear, that to a modern British auditory, trained in the school of Locke, much of ancient thought, heathen as well as Christian, may seem so utterly the product of the imagination, so utterly without any corresponding reality in the universe, as to look like mere unintelligible madness. Still, I must try; only entreating my hearers to consider, that how much soever we may honour Locke and his great Scotch followers, we are not bound to believe them either infallible, or altogether world-embracing; that there have been other methods than theirs of conceiving the Unseen; that *the common ground from which both Christian and Heathen Alexandrians start, is not merely a private vagary of their own; but one which has been accepted undoubtedly, under so many various forms, by so many different races, as to give something of an inductive probability that it is not a mere dream, but may be a right and true instinct of the human mind.* I mean the belief that the things which we see—nature and all her phenomena—are temporal, and born only to die; mere shadows of some unseen realities, from whom their laws and life are derived; while the eternal things which subsist without growth, decay, or change, the only real, only true existing things, in short, are certain things which are not seen; inappreciable by sense, or understanding, or imagination, perceived only by the conscience and the reason. And that, again, the problem of philosophy, the highest good for man, that for the sake of which death were a gain, without which life is worthless, a drudgery, a degradation, a failure, and a ruin, is to discover what those unseen eternal things are, to know them, possess them, be

in harmony with them, and thereby alone to rise to any real and solid power, or safety, or nobleness. It is a strange dream. But you will see that it is one which does not bear much upon "points of controversy," any more than on "Locke's philosophy:" nevertheless, when we find this same strange dream arising, apparently without inter-communion of thought, among the old Hindoos, among the Greeks, among the Jews; and lastly, when we see it springing again in the Middle Age, in the mind of the almost forgotten author of the *Deutsche Theologie*, and so becoming the parent, not merely of Luther's deepest belief, or of the German mystic schools of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but of the great German Philosophy itself as developed by Kant, and Fichte, and Schelling, and Hegel, we must at least confess it to be a popular delusion, if nothing better, vast enough and common enough to be worth a little patient investigation, wheresoever we may find it stirring the human mind.

'But I have hope, still, that I may find sympathy and comprehension among some, at least, of my audience, as I proceed to examine the ancient realist schools of Alexandria, on account of their knowledge of the modern realist schools of Germany. For I cannot but see, that a revulsion is taking place in the thoughts of our nation upon metaphysic subjects, and that Scotland, as usual, is taking the lead therein. That most illustrious Scotchman, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, first vindicated the great German Realists from the vulgar misconceptions about them which were so common at the beginning of this century, and brought the minds of studious men to a more just appreciation of the philosophic severity, the moral grandeur, of such thinkers as Emmanuel Kant, and Gottlieb Fichte. To another Scotch gentleman, who, I believe, has honoured me by his presence here to-night, we owe most valuable translations of some of Fichte's works; to be followed, I trust, by more. And though, as a humble disciple of Bacon, I cannot but think that the method both of Kant and Fichte possesses somewhat of the same inherent defect as the method of the Neo-Platonist school, yet I should be most unfair did I not express my deep obligations to them, and advise all those to study them carefully, who wish to gain a clear conception either of the old Alexandrian schools, or of those intellectual movements which are agitating the modern mind, and which will, I doubt not, issue in a clearer light, and in a nobler life, if not for us, yet still for our children's children for ever.'—*Alexandria and her Schools*, pp. 81-85.

Here Mr. Kingsley details very distinctly what is the pedigree of his philosophy. Undoubtedly, for reasons we have before intimated, a pantheistic philosophy—often idealist as well—has prevailed wherever unaided heathenism has pushed its speculations far. This was to be expected; but no more proves this wide-spread dream to be truth, than the coincident moral abominations of heathenism in different lands are to be presumed, because of their recurrence and coincidence, to be the standard of morality and virtue. It will be observed that the very philosophies, ancient and modern, which Coleridge declared to be pantheistic,—which the ripe reflection and extended expe-

rience of his later years condemned as unsatisfactory and immoral,—are quoted by Mr. Kingsley with the highest respect, and without intimating more than a shade of disapproval here and there. He *chooses*, without exception or caveat, to fraternize with that 'illustrious Scotchman, Mr. Carlyle,' and with such thinkers as Fichte.*

Moreover, in the passage we have quoted, philosophy and religion are plainly identified, and the 'unseen, eternal things' of which St. Paul speaks in 2 Cor. iv. 18, (for the allusion to this passage is too plain to be doubted,) the knowledge of which is 'the highest good for man, for the sake of which death were a gain,'—the truths which sustained Paul under all his *affliction*, and made him count it *light* in comparison of the *exceeding and eternal weight of glory* to which he looked forward,—these are the things which it 'is the problem of philosophy to discover,' and which 'the German philosophy, as developed by Kant, and Fichte, and Schelling, and' (let there be no shrinking) 'Hegel,' has mainly contributed to define and certify! Verily, St. Paul is here placed in strange companionship! He, who taught that the *world by wisdom knew not God*, who protested that he had no fellowship with the *wisdom of this world*, which is *foolishness with God*; he, the great antagonist of *science, falsely so called, of philosophy and vain deceit*,—made to be the patron of Brahminical theosophy, Persian Soofism, and Alexandrian subtlety; he,—a 'practised Platonic dialectician!' he,—the father of German philosophy, the prototype and pioneer of 'Kant, and Fichte, and Schelling, and Hegel!'—why not add at once, of Oken and Strauss? Carlyle is a follower, or at least a fellow-disciple, of Paul: why not, also, Emerson and Parker? It is in perfect consistency with such sentiments as these for Mr. Kingsley to say, of the 'form of Christianity' which he approves, and which he attributes to that school of Christian Neo-Platonists with which he has identified his own views, that he may tell all he knows about it, '*almost without mentioning a single doctrine which now influences the Christian world.*' If this is true, it will be held by most persons to be a strong presumption, that 'the form of Christianity' in question must be considered as more properly and essentially heathen, than Christian,—the conclusion to which we have been reluctantly driven by all our other investigations.

What, in fact, according to Mr. Kingsley's own statement, is

* Carlyle is best known by his *Memoirs of Sterling*. No one can read that book and suppose him to be a Christian. But his Pantheism might be decidedly inferred from what is stated of the later opinions and career of Sterling by Julius Charles Hare in his *Memoirs* of that unhappy man. What Sterling was Carlyle is proud to teach us that he made him. And as to Fichte, what Kingsley says of him may with advantage be compared with the testimony of Coleridge, that his 'theory degenerated into a crude *egotism*, a boastful and hyperstoic hostility to Nature, as lifeless, godless, and altogether unholy; while his religion consisted in the assumption of a mere *ordo ordinans*, which we were permitted *exoterice* to call God,' &c.—*Biog. Lit.*, vol. i., pp. 159-161.

the sole essential distinction between the Christian and the heathen schools of Neo-Platonism? Merely this:—

‘Plotinus said, “I am striving to bring the God which is in us, into harmony with the God which is in the universe.” Pantænus, Origen, Clement, and Augustine’ [whose name is very unfairly brought into this connexion, as he was not of the Alexandrian school, but of a different country, age, genius, and sympathies] ‘would have answered, “And we, on the other hand, assert that the God which is in the universe, is the same as the God which is in you, and is striving to bring you into harmony with Himself.” There is the *experimentum crucis*. There is the vast gulf between the Christian and the heathen schools, which when any man had overleaped, the whole problem of the universe was from that moment inverted.’—*Alexandria, &c.*, p. 100.

So this is *all* the difference between Christianity and Neo-Platonism. A few pages farther on, however, Mr. Kingsley, who does not appear to have very completely premeditated the points, or very accurately laid out the plan, of these *Lectures*, brings into view what seems to be presented as another point of difference, and yet may, perhaps, be intended to be regarded as subordinate to the former.

‘The Neo-Platonists said, that there is a Divine element in man. The Christian philosophers assented fervently, and raised the old disagreeable question, “Is it in every man? In the publicans and harlots, as well as in the philosophers? We say that it is.” And there again the Neo-Platonist finds it over hard to assent For the herd, Plotinus cannot say that there is anything Divine in them.’—*Ibid.*, pp. 104, 105.

We have now laid before our readers the agreement and the difference between the ‘two schools’ of Alexandria, according to Mr. Kingsley’s presentation of the case. Let us, then, ask,—If the one of these is heathen, on what ground is the other to be called Christian? The heathen was a pantheistic philosophy, and *as such* taught that ‘God was in man.’ Where is the protest against this Pantheism on the part of the Christian school? For all that appears from Mr. Kingsley’s exposition and criticism, the Christian and the heathen ideas, as to the immanence of the Deity, agreed; the only question being as to the extent and impartiality of the Divine influence. Where are the Christian doctrines of creation, of the separate personality and individual responsibility of man, of atonement and redemption, of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in their mutual relations, and in their respective offices towards man? Mr. Kingsley, indeed, makes a forced and ineffectual attempt, at pages 107–8, to hang on the doctrine of the personality of the Logos to that of the universality of Divine influence. But this is plainly an after-thought, and no just inference from the distinctions he has so emphatically and so definitely stated.

It is proper to say, however, that Mr. Kingsley’s distinctions are not just either to the heathen or to the Christian Neo-

Platonists. He has not informed his readers of that which was an essential and universal principle of a heathen Platonism, and particularly of Neo-Platonism,—the belief in the necessary defect and evil of matter. *This* was supposed to limit the power and benefit of the Divine life in all things, in the Kosmos, in animals, in man. The heathen Neo-Platonists believed as fully, as Mr. Kingsley says that their Christian rivals did, in the universal immanence and pervasiveness of the Divine (τὸ θεῖον) in man, and in the universe; but they believed that the defect and vice of matter limited its *prevalence*. Hence they came to the conclusion, that in many men it was altogether neutralized and submerged in the flesh; and that only the philosophers who, by temperance, study, and self-denying asceticism, sought to subdue the flesh, could become truly illuminated and Divine. Whereas Clement and Origen, while retaining many Platonic ideas about the essential evil of matter, as they also believed in its eternity, taught that by repentance and faith in Christ all men might become partakers of the Holy Ghost, and thus be, by grace, more and better than the Neo-Platonists could become by their philosophy. The strong tincture of Neo-Platonic views which they retained, in reference to matter and the flesh, and the virtue of asceticism, passed from them, with certain modifications, into the general faith and practice both of the Eastern and Western Churches, and contributed powerfully to form and fix the doctrines of monasticism and priestly celibacy. Now *here*, it is important to remark, is a point of contrast between those Alexandrian Neo-Platonists and their modern disciples. Messrs. Maurice and Kingsley do *not* believe in the independent existence of matter, or the *virus* of the flesh. They are spiritualists and transcendental idealists. With them ideas and archetypes are all, or the causes of all. The tough and stubborn material on which the spiritual energies of Neo-Platonism were supposed to work is taken out of the way, and the super-sensible and the spiritual have absolute lordship. There is only one source of opposition to the true and Divine, and that is self-will. Self is the only sphere out of which the Divine may be excluded; self-will the only ultimate and efficient antagonist to the universal Spirit. Self-will, in fact, with Messrs. Maurice and Kingsley, takes the place of the flesh and of matter in the system of their ancient prototypes.

Passing from negations and distinctions, we find that Mr. Kingsley thus defines positively the 'Christian Neo-Platonist' principle, which he adopts as the philosophical basis of his theology:—

'The Logos, the Divine Teacher in whom both Christians and heathens believed, was the very archetype of men, and he had proved that fact by being made flesh, and dwelling bodily among them, that they might behold His glory, full of grace and truth, and see that it was at once the perfection of man and the perfection of God; that that which was most Divine was most human, and that which was most human, most Divine. That was the outcome of *their* meta-

physic, that they had found the Absolute One; because One existed in whom the apparent antagonism between that which is eternally, and that which becomes in time, between the ideal and the actual, between the spiritual and the material, in a word, between God and man, was explained and reconciled for ever.'—*Alexandria and her Schools*, p. 123.

We need not say that we have here the 'root-idea' of the Kingsley and Maurice theology. Some time ago, in an article on the writings of Mr. Maurice, we showed how this idea unfolds, and how it affects his theology throughout. Let us now adduce the strongest confirmation of the truth of our former conclusions, and the most luminous illustration of the essential character of this theology, that we have met with. In reading Mr. Vaughan's *Hours with the Mystics*, we came to a passage in which he describes one of the main principles of the theology of Ruysbroek, (A.D. 1350,) a German Mystic. This passage struck us as containing the very pith and quintessence of the Maurician gospel, and as such we transcribed it into our note-book. A few days after, taking up the September number of *Fraser's Magazine*, we observed that it contained a review of Mr. Vaughan's work, which, as we expected, proved to be from the pen of Mr. Kingsley, there being not only the unmistakeable identity of his style, but also the signature of his initials; and in this article we had the satisfaction of finding that Mr. Kingsley appropriated the paragraph in question as embodying his own theology.

Mr. Vaughan supposes Ruysbroek to be explaining his theology to Tauler (who has been currently, but, it now seems, erroneously, supposed to be the author of the *Deutsche Theologie*, referred to in a previous extract from Mr. Kingsley); and he makes him thus express his fundamental belief as a Christian divine; the authorities for this representation being Engelhardt and Arnswaldt, whom Mr. Vaughan quotes in his Appendix.

'I believe that the Son is the Image of the Father, that in the Son have dwelt from all eternity, foreknown and contemplated by the Father, the prototypes of all mankind. We existed in the Son before we were born. He is the creative ground of all creatures,—the eternal cause and principle of their life. The highest essence of our being rests, therefore, in God,—exists in His image in the Son.'—*Hours with the Mystics*, vol. i., p. 275.

Of this 'utterance' Mr. Kingsley speaks as 'containing the very key-note and central idea of mysticism;' he characterizes it as 'essentially true,' and 'inexpressibly important,' so that 'twenty pages of comment upon it would not have been misdevoted;' and complains that Mr. Vaughan 'has passed it over without a word.' If Mr. Vaughan, however, has not thought fit to comment on this 'utterance,' he has on another, which is precisely equivalent to it. He remarks, in reference to Angelus Silesius, a pantheistic monkish versifier of the seventeenth century, that—

'He seems to believe that through Christ, in some way, every man is a Divine son of God, if he will only think so. All he has to do is to realize this sonship; then he becomes, *by grace*, all that the Son of God is by *nature*. The obvious result of this mysticism is to identify man with the Son.'—*Hours with the Mystics*, p. 341.

So old is this Maurician heresy. Its roots derive from pantheistic heathen philosophy; its very form and flower flourished congenially in the Middle Ages; it re-appeared, with some modifications, in the dark and turbid systems of Behmen and Fox; it is now adopted and expounded by the *alumni* of Trinity College, Cambridge. It is a regression to the darkness which revelation had dissipated, and is the result, at least in its present form, of self-centred and self-sufficient philosophizing on the part of those who refuse to accept the plain discoveries of creative power and redeeming holiness and love.

The last clause in our latest quotation illustrates the point which we have had in view throughout all our remarks on Mr. Kingsley's philosophy. His doctrine so far approximates to Pantheism as it tends to confound the human and the Divine personality. With pantheistic materialism Mr. Kingsley has no sympathy; he is thoroughly a spiritualist. He is in no danger of being led, by his philosophy, to merge God in an objective universe; but he sums up the universe in God. He is in danger of absorbing all proper human personality into the Divine. In this sense he misapplies the passage, *In Him we live and move and have our being*, to suit his own philosophy, remarking, at the same time, that the text does not say that He is in all things. This distinction, however, is without a difference, on the Platonic theory of participation, fit root for the oriental schemes of emanation; and we fear that, logically, the distinction between Mr. Kingsley and a pantheist is not very great. The difference between his philosophy and confessed Pantheism is not so much 'in its consequences,' to adopt Coleridge's words, but mainly 'as it may express the striving of the philosopher himself to hide these consequences from his own mind.'

We do not, however, mean to charge Mr. Kingsley with being actually a pantheist. There is Pantheism in his premises and in his principles, but he rejects Pantheism in his conclusions and in his practice; just as High Church Evangelicals let in Popery with their pet pride of apostolical succession, but reject it in their doctrines of justification and sanctification. Clement and Origen held some principles which, logically followed out, implied Pantheism; nevertheless they worshipped a personal God and Father no less truly than they believed in a personal Christ. The writings of the pseudo-Dionysius are rankly pantheistic; yet, for many centuries, he passed with true saints of God, such, for instance, as Bernard of Clairvaux, for an all but inspired Christian teacher, and his high-sounding phrases were quoted by such saintly men with the highest reverence and in a

truly pious sense. That mighty logician of the ninth century, John Scotus Erigena, was unquestionably a Neo-Platonizing pantheist in philosophy; yet a recent able critic says that 'several of the pantheistic consequences logically derivable' (from his premises) 'were so traversed by Christian principles and spiritual agencies, that Scotus never lost his faith entirely, either in the personality of God, or in the supernatural teaching of the Bible; the holy influences of childhood, the affectionate lessons of some gentle teacher, or the prayers, it may be, of an Irish Monica, had never been forgotten; they still guided, softened, and restrained him where he seems to totter on the brink of unbelief.' Most of the leading Middle-Age mystics, influenced by such writers as the pseudo-Dionysius and Erigena, held pantheistic principles, and some, there is reason to believe, pushed these principles to their blasphemous and immoral consequences; but many of them, unaware of the real purport of the forms of speech which they admired, were undoubtedly men of spotless purity, and of Christian piety and faith. Coleridge, as we have seen, embraced and taught a philosophy which, by his own later testimony, was essentially pantheistic; yet that very record in which this is testified seems to warrant us in concluding that he himself was never consciously a pantheist. And so, although the philosophy of Mr. Kingsley is, as Neo-Platonism always has been and must be, radically and essentially pantheistic, he himself is no pantheist. Indeed, he speaks very strongly against Pantheism, as if his approximation to it in many points made him the more sensitively afraid of being identified with it; and it is only just to him to say that there is, perhaps, no man living who so zealously, so frequently, and so eloquently insists upon the personality and present rule and providence of God, as the eternal and the living God, and as essentially *holy, just, and good*. This is a marked characteristic of most of his writings. We may here remark that especially in *Alton Locke* and in *Phaethon* he exposes and opposes that form of Pantheism which would merge man, nature, and God in one vast ocean-like All, which possesses, indeed, unity, law, universal sympathies and harmonies, and a rule of progress and development, but includes no all-ruling, intelligent Personality. *Phaethon* is expressly anti-Emersonian and, in this sense, anti-pantheist. Nevertheless, though Mr. Kingsley denounces the degraded Neo-Platonist Pantheism of Proclus and the latest Alexandrians, and the corresponding school, as he considers it, of American spiritualism, he cannot shake off his own quasi-Pantheism. This must, in part, explain his remarkably strong sympathetic admiration of Carlyle, whom he will not allow to be an unbeliever, and whom he, himself confessedly a 'mystic,' magnifies as 'the only real mystic of any genius who is writing and teaching,' and as 'exercising more practical influence, infusing more vigorous life into the minds of thousands of men

and women, than all the other teachers of England put together.* Hence, too, he even ventures upon an attempt, in that article in *Fraser's Magazine* to which we have already referred, to vindicate the Hindoo Yogi's 'pantheistic identification of subject and object, worshipper and worship,' as bringing into view, as 'the ideal goal of man,' that which 'we confess it to be in the Communion Service,' where we say that 'we dwell in Christ, and Christ in us; that we are one with Christ, and Christ with us!' With such a form of Pantheism as we lately described, Mr. Kingsley has little sympathy; but it is no less really a form of Pantheism to lose man in God, than to merge God in the All: he is perpetually upon the verge of sinking the personality of individual man in 'the great all-entering, all-pervasive, all-controlling Personality of God; or, as it has been well said of Neo-Platonic mysticism, of 'transubstantiating the whole universe into God.' Enough has already been said to justify this observation, and its truth will appear yet more clearly, as we proceed to show how Mr. Kingsley's philosophy affects his manner of stating the doctrines of the Gospel.

The central question in Christian theology is that which relates to the ground and nature of man's union with God in Christ. The solution of this question determines that of every other. Essential opposition here implies opposition throughout all the circumference of theology. Here, then, we find the root and centre of all the heresies of the Maurice-Kingsley school of baptized realism. Christian orthodoxy, notwithstanding all its minor varieties, has from the beginning held that Christianity is a remedial and restorative plan and work of grace,—an economy of Redemption. Mr. Kingsley holds, on the contrary, that the root from which Christianity is the legitimate and orderly development, 'the bright, consummate flower,' was planted before the Fall or the Creation, the apostasy of man being but a subordinate parenthesis in the history, progress, and destinies of the race. Thus Christianity is made to be, only in a subordinate and accommodated sense, a means and power of redemption. The reconciliation of *man* to God was never needed, seeing that the Eternal Word, ever and essentially one with the Father, has been from eternity and is essentially the Root and Archetype of humanity. As the Word or Son is by necessity of nature one with the Father, so, it is the doctrine of Mr. Kingsley, man is always one with the Son. What Christianity does is, by the manifestation of this truth in the person and mission of Jesus Christ, revealed as God in man and man in God, to make known to *men*, individually and distributively, their position and their

* See *Alton Locke*, pp. 135, 230, 231, and *Fraser for September*, 1856. Mrs. Sara Coleridge, in her edition of her father's *Biographia Literaria*, vindicates for Carlyle the character of a truly 'religious' man. This reminds us of *Novalis*, who calls Spinoza a 'God-intoxicated man.' He who sneers at the doctrines of the Old Testament as 'Hebrew old-clothes,' is scarcely a religious man.

privileges, and to exhibit before their eyes the actual life of their Divine-human Ideal and Exemplar, thus bringing into practical realisation and effect that union of God with men which has always virtually subsisted. Thus the at-one-ment, to use the word in the etymological sense which our modern philosophers affect, is not, according to their view, the union of estranged man to an offended but merciful God; it is simply the manifestation of a oneness which never was, or could have been, violated. As surely as the seed, sown in fruitful soil and under a kindly sky, implies the fruit that is to be, or as the root involves the future flower, so surely did the necessary and constitutive relations of God and man imply, from eternity, the coming and incarnation of the God-man. From eternity, necessarily and naturally,—not in virtue of any decree or pre-arrangement of grace,—He has been and is the Mediator between God and man. Hence it follows, that all men are sons of God, not by grace or by adoption, but by nature,—all are sons of God *in Christ*; and Christian baptism becomes the sign of a fact existing prior to birth, existing from the beginning. All men, by constitution of nature, are ‘members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.’* Mr. Kingsley distinctly ridicules the idea that only ‘when we have been convinced of sin, and converted, and received the earnest of God’s Spirit, by which we cry, Abba, Father, *then* we shall have a right to call ourselves God’s children.’† And, in perfect consistency, he claims for all men, as men, the position of being *risen with Christ*. (Col. iii. 1.)‡ So he repeatedly indulges in such sarcasms as that in *Phaethon*, (page 71,) where such a lady as he likes to call ‘a Low-Church saint’ is represented as ‘making the children every week-day pray that they may become God’s children, and then teaching them every Sunday evening the Catechism, which says that they are so already.’ And in another place he says, in language too explicit to allow of any doubt as to his meaning,—

‘You have a right to believe that, *as human beings*, you are dead with Christ to the old Adam, the old, sinful, brutal pattern of man. Baptism is the sign of it to you. And the Lord’s Supper also is a sign to us, that, *as human beings*, we are risen with Christ to a new life. A new life is our birthright. We have a right to live a new life. We have a duty to live a new life. We have a power, if we will, to live a new life; such a life as we never could live, if left to ourselves; a noble, holy, godly, manful, Christlike, Godlike life, bred and nourished in us by the Spirit of Christ. The Lord’s Supper is the pledge and token to us, that we all have a share in the likeness of Christ, the true pattern of man; and that if we come and claim our

* ‘Sermons on National Subjects,’ First Series, p. 14.

† ‘Sermons for the Times,’ p. 256.

‡ ‘Sermons on National Subjects,’ First Series, p. 86. In a just sense the orthodox Evangelical holds as strongly as Mr. Kingsley, that all men are the children of God, and not, as he says they hold, ‘the children of the devil.’ But not all men, only true believers, are ‘in Christ,’ and ‘children of God by faith in Jesus Christ.’

share, He will surely bestow it on us..... He who is the eternal life of men will nourish us, body, soul, and spirit, with that everlasting life of His, even as our bodies are nourished by that bread and wine.—*Sermons on National Subjects, Second Series*, pp. 136, 137, 139.

This is indeed the staple, substantial, and characteristic doctrine of Mr. Kingsley's Sermons, except his *Village Sermons*, the earliest, most earnest and practical, and decidedly most beautiful and powerful of his volumes. Here, as he wrote more exclusively for the poor and unlettered, his philosophy and his heresies come far less into view, and he might pass muster, if not very closely challenged and scrutinized, as an orthodox divine. But though the doctrine just stated is an obvious corollary from his philosophy, and a fundamental and pervasive principle of his theology, it would not be difficult to produce passages, from nearly all his theological writings, which might seem to contradict it. In one passage which we have noted, Mr. Kingsley so far imitates the disingenuousness of Mr. Maurice (with whom such language is not unusual) as to speak, in High-Church phrase, of the 'Holy Spirit, by which you were regenerate in holy baptism.* We presume that this is intended to mean, 'the Holy Spirit, by which, at the time of receiving the baptismal ordinance, which declares your participation of this Spirit, you were already regenerate.' We need hardly explain that the doctrine of his school, explicitly put, is that all men have been from the beginning *created in Christ*, (though this is really a contradiction in terms,) and that when the Son of God, the Head of the race, came forth into the world, as the incarnate Word, then in Him, the Christ, all men were begotten and born again into the fuller participation of the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Christ, and into the possession of a better hope. Thus humanity, which subsisted in the Son of God, the Word, was regenerated,—'born again,' and 'risen again,'—in the same Word, as the Son of Man.†

Elsewhere truth and practical earnestness for the good of his fellow-men seem to break down Mr. Kingsley's scheme and fence of philosophy, and to hurry him into evangelical language,

* 'National Sermons,' Second Series, p. 186.

† Some of our readers may wonder that we do not, in this article, discuss and defend the cardinal doctrine of vicarious atonement. Our explanation is, *first*, that we have already pretty fully dealt with that subject in previous articles on the writings of Messrs. Maurice and Jowett, and that we wish, and indeed are compelled by our limits, to confine ourselves in this article principally to what is specially characteristic in Mr. Kingsley's writings, as compared with others of our modern philosophic theologians; and, *secondly*, that the discussion is one which Mr. Kingsley himself almost entirely ignores. He does not argue against the doctrine, but supplants and supersedes it by the view which we have exhibited in the text: indeed, in his *Village Sermons*, and sometimes elsewhere, he so far adapts himself to popular notions and feelings, as to use language which, to all ordinary apprehension, would seem to teach the doctrine itself in its orthodox and evangelical sense. (See *Village Sermons*, pp. 158, 159). Let us add, at the same time, that the subject of atonement and sacrifice is one which demands a fuller and more searching treatment than can be given in a section of an article, or than it has recently received.

precisely such language as that which he upbraids Calvinists and 'Low-Church saints' for using. Thus he writes :—

'God must pardon us before we can have mercy on ourselves; God must change us before we can come right; God must give us eternal life in our hearts, before we can feel and enjoy that new life in us.'—*Sermons on National Subjects, First Series*, p. 94.

And again :—

'There is but one hope for us all,.....to cast ourselves utterly on His boundless love and mercy.....And then, my friends, how or why we cannot understand; but it is God's own promise, who cannot lie, that He will really and actually forgive these sins of ours, and blot them out as if we had never done them, and give us clean hearts and right spirits, to live new lives, right lives, lives like His own life; so that our past sinful lives shall be behind us like a dream,' &c.

Who now would suppose that such a preacher as this is the same man who wrote the early chapters in *Alton Locke*, or the extracts which were given before? It is, however, a significant fact that, in proportion to the simpleness and moral destitution of those whom he addresses, and to his own direct and earnest purpose to reform and elevate them, Mr. Kingsley, like most other heterodox teachers, approximates to orthodoxy and evangelical colouring in his sentiments and manner of address.*

Since, according to Mr. Kingsley, all men are one with the Son, and in Him are *always* children of the Father; since all men, as men, are 'created and redeemed in Christ,' and in Him are justified, adopted, and regenerate, though all do not know it, and even those who have learnt to recognise it, are far from acting always worthily of their position and privileges; it follows, as a necessary consequence, that there is no real or essential distinction between the Church and the world. The Church is the world viewed under a certain aspect. The world is called the Church, when it recognises its relation to God in Christ, and acts accordingly. The Church is the world lifting itself up into the sunshine; the world is the Church falling into shadow and darkness. When and where the light and life that are in the world break out into bright, or noble, or holy word or deed, then and there the world shows that the nature and glory of the Church live within it. Every man of the world is not only potentially, but virtually, a member of Christ's Church, whatever may, for the present, be his character or seeming. Like the colours in shot silk, or on a dove's neck, the difference of hue and denomination depends merely upon the degree of light, and the angle of vision. In conformity with this principle, Mr.

* With the passages quoted above may be connected one at p. 174 of the *Village Sermons*, where he affirms that 'baptism is nothing without holiness;' and another in the Second Series of *Sermons on National Subjects*, at p. 247, where he says, that 'if we fall from grace, we shall be lost, as if never baptized.' Nevertheless, simple readers need to be warned that, as the former says no more than that baptism is but a sign, not a cause or means, so the latter does not really mean that any man, baptized or unbaptized, will be judicially rejected or finally lost.

Kingsley's theology altogether secularizes 'the kingdom of Christ.' It is too plain for controversy that, in the New Testament, this kingdom is exclusively one of holy men and holy principles. Its members are such, and such only, as, in character, purpose, and influence, agree with the description given by our Lord, in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. Its powers and principles are *righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost*. (Rom. xiv. 17.) Genius, heroism, science, and art, *as such*, have no relation to this kingdom. Its triumphs are to be won by means of a Spirit, whose office it is, not to teach and inspire these things, but, distinctly and expressly, to *convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment*. (John xvi. 8.) His special office, as the Teacher of Truth, in this dispensation, is limited to one department,—he was to revive and illuminate the doctrine of Christ, and to lead into that truth which respects the glory of His person and work. In this sense was He to *guide into all truth*. Such is the plain scriptural account of the 'kingdom of Christ and of God,' as it was to be established upon earth; and such has hitherto been the common faith of Christians. They have believed that this kingdom shall rule over all, and that principles of heavenly righteousness,—love to God and man,—shall be made to triumph over the principles of selfishness and sin, in every department of human influence and activity, in every relation of life. But they have not been accustomed to identify abstract or scientific truth with moral righteousness, heroism with holiness, (though holiness be the highest heroism,) genius with devotion, inductive philosophy with Divine revelation, or the beauties of art with *the beauty of holiness*. A creed which does this, according to the common feeling of Christians hitherto, must, to this extent, be pantheistic rather than Christian. Here, notwithstanding all his struggles and reclamations, Mr. Kingsley does, in fact, attach himself to the same 'Church' of 'reformed Catholic Christians' as Emerson, or 'Professor Windrush.' But let us hear him for himself. The speaker, in the extracts which are to follow, is Eleanor, Lady Ellerton, the heroine of *Alton Locke*, who was the means of converting the Chartist tailor-poet from infidelity (bred of Calvinism) to Christianity, and from enmity against society to universal love. She is one of the *illuminate* of the Maurice-Kingsley school.

'She paused.—"Go on, go on," cried Crossthwaite and I in the same breath.

"That state, that city, Jesus said, was come,—was now within us, had we eyes to see. And it is come. Call it the Church, the Gospel, civilization, freedom, democracy, association, what you will,—I shall call it by the name by which my Master spoke of it,—the name which includes all these, and more than these,—the kingdom of God. 'Without observation,' as He promised, secretly, but mightily, it has been growing, spreading, since that first Whitsuntide; civilizing, humanizing, uniting this distracted earth. Men have fancied they found

it in this system or in that, and in them only. They have cursed it in its own name, when they found it too wide for their own narrow notions. They have cried, 'Lo here!' and 'Lo there!' 'To this communion!' or 'To that set of opinions!' But it has gone its way,—the way of Him who made all things, and redeemed all things to Himself. In every age it has been a Gospel to the poor. In every age it has, sooner or later, claimed the steps of civilization, the discoveries of science, as God's inspirations, not man's inventions. In every age, it has taught men to do that by God which they had failed in doing without Him. It is now ready, if we may judge by the signs of the times, once again to penetrate, to convert, to re-organize the political and social life of England, perhaps of the world; to vindicate democracy as the will and gift of God. Take it for the ground of your rights. If, henceforth, you claim political enfranchisement, claim it not as mere men, who may be villains, savages, animals, slaves of their own prejudices and passions; but as members of Christ, children of God, inheritors of the kingdom of heaven, and therefore bound to realize it on earth. All other rights are mere mights,—mere selfish demands to become tyrants in your turn. If you wish to justify your Charter, do it on that ground. Claim your share in national life, only because the nation is a spiritual body, whose king is the Son of God; whose work, whose national character and powers, are allotted to it by the Spirit of Christ. Claim universal suffrage, only on the ground of the universal redemption of mankind,—the universal priesthood of Christians. That argument will conquer, when all have failed; for God will make it conquer.... Learn a new lesson. Believe at last that you are in Christ, and become new creatures. With those miserable, awful farce-tragedies of April and June, let old things pass away, and all things become new. Believe that your kingdom is not of this world, but of One whose servants must not fight. He that believeth, as the prophet says, will not make haste. Beloved suffering brothers!—are not your times in the hand of One who loved you to the death, who conquered, as you must do, not by wrath, but by martyrdom? Try no more to meet Mammon with his own weapons, but commit your cause to Him who judges righteously, who is even now coming out of his place to judge the earth, and to help the fatherless and poor unto their right, that the man of the world may be no more exalted against them,—the poor man of Nazareth, crucified for you!"

'She ceased, and there was silence for a few moments, as if angels were waiting, hushed, to carry our repentance to the throne of Him we had forgotten.

'Crossthwaite had kept his face fast buried in his hands; now he looked up with brimming eyes,—

"I see it,—I see it all now. Oh, my God! my God! What infidels we have been!"—*Alton Locke*, pp. 288, 289.

'An influence has been, unseen though not unfelt, at work for ages, converting, consecrating, organizing, every fresh invention of mankind, and which is now on the eve of Christianizing democracy, as it did Mediæval Feudalism, Tudor Nationalism, Whig Constitutionalism; and which will succeed in Christianizing it, and so alone making it rational, human, possible; because the priesthood alone, of all human institutions, testifies of Christ the King of men, the Lord of all things, the inspirer of all discoveries; who reigns, and will reign, till He has put all things under His feet, and the kingdoms of the world have become

the kingdoms of God and of His Christ. Be sure, as it always has been, so will it be now. Without the priesthood there is no freedom for the people. Statesmen know it; and, therefore, those who would keep the people fettered, find it necessary to keep the priesthood fettered also. The people never can be themselves without co-operation with the priesthood; and the priesthood never can be themselves without co-operation with the people. They may help to make a sect-Church for the rich, as they have been doing, or a sect-Church for paupers, (which is also the most subtle form of a sect-Church for the rich,) as a party in England are now trying to do,—as I once gladly would have done myself: but if they would be truly priests of God, and the priests of the Universal Church, they must be priests of the people, priests of the masses, priests after the likeness of Him who died on the cross.*—*Alton Locke*, p. 301.

Since, according to Mr. Kingsley's philosophy, Christ, the Logos, the Word, is the ground of human consciousness, the archetypal exemplar, cause, and ever-living spring of our life, the 'Inspirer of all discoveries,' the Infinite Reason manifesting Himself in each and all of our souls, it is difficult to understand what place is left for the Holy Spirit in his theology. Nor is his common manner of speech such as to help us in our difficulties. It is evident that he feels his own confusion. His Sermon on 'Books,' for example, is full of it; and, in one sentence, it comes out rather remarkably, when he says of the Prophets, that 'when the Spirit of God stirred them up, the Word of God gave them speech.' The Word is necessarily conceived by all Neo-Platonic Realists as *in* us, not by the Spirit, but Himself; and we are ever in, of, and by Him. There is no room left for an intermediate power, for the Holy Spirit to be 'sent into our hearts.' The Spirit, rather than the Word, is represented by Mr. Kingsley as present in and with the inanimate and irrational creation: the Word, rather than the Spirit, as with and in man. But the whole tenor of the word of God prevents his adhering to this distinction. Scripture too plainly says, that the Spirit is now, in a pre-eminent and glorious sense, given to the world, that He dwells in and sanctifies the saints, that Christianity is the dispensation of the Spirit. It would relieve Mr. Kingsley's theology of incongruity and superfluity, if he could adopt the Unitarian tenet on this point. But he cannot do this. It is only justice to him to say, that in his Sermon on 'The Work of God's Spirit' (*National Sermons*, Second Series) he distinctly teaches the proper personality of the Holy Ghost. Leaving him, however, to deal with his own inconsistencies and perplexities, we have only here to remark, that his doctrine of the Spirit's influence, as already, indeed, intimated, accords with his views of the nature of Christ's kingdom. The special office of the Holy Ghost, under the Christian dispensation, is lost sight of. Things

* Compare, also, *Yeast*, p. 264.

to which our Lord could have had no reference in His very specific promise of the gift of the Comforter, are placed within His sphere. He is represented as operating all things in nature, and inspiring and consummating all science, art, and holiness. He is made to be the inspirer of 'every separate act of induction,* in the discovery of truth; and the promise to the disciples that 'mouth and wisdom' should be given to them, is interpreted to signify that true 'poetry and philosophy' are the gift of the Word by the Spirit.† How different is such teaching as this from that of St. Paul,—that 'practised Platonic dialectician,' as Mr. Kingsley is pleased to style him. His dialect of Platonism differs considerably, at any rate, from that of Mr. Kingsley. The Apostle's words are, *But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, temperance.* How much more nearly does the doctrine of our modern pseudo-Christian Neo-Platonists correspond with that of Hypatia, a heathen priestess of pantheistic Neo-Platonism, as it is represented by Mr. Kingsley himself, in the passages following, where she rhapsodizes on the subject of the 'world-soul!'

'An energy, a soul, an idea, one and yet millionfold, rushing through all created things, like the wind across a lyre, thrilling the strings into celestial harmony; one life-blood through the million veins of the universe, from one great unseen heart, beating for ever in the abysmal solitude, beyond the heavens and the galaxies, beyond the spaces and the times, themselves but veins and runnels from its all-teeming sea.'—*Hypatia*, vol. i., p. 187.

'The universal soul thrills through the whole creation, doing the behests of that Reason' [Logos] 'from which it overflowed;..... warring with the brute forces of gross matter, crushing all which is foul and dissonant to itself, and clasping to its bosom the beautiful, and all wherein it discovers its own reflex; impressing on it its signature, re-producing from it its own likeness, whether star, or dæmon, or soul of the elect.'—*Ibid.*, p. 186.

Such being his views, in general, as to the work and office of the Holy Spirit, it may easily be anticipated what is Mr. Kingsley's doctrine as to the work of man's sanctification. This cannot, on his theory, be conceived of as a special, separate, and supernatural work of the Holy Ghost within us; and cannot, therefore, be a matter of explicit and peculiar self-consciousness. Our Lord indeed says that *except a man be born again*, and born of the Holy Ghost, *he cannot see the kingdom of God*. He taught His disciples to *watch and pray, lest they should enter into temptation*. The whole Scripture represents the life of the saint as a conscious and life-or-death struggle against *the world, the flesh, and the devil*. *The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh*. Christians are enjoined to *examine and to prove their own selves, whether they be in the faith, to lay*

* 'Sermons on National Subjects,' First Series, p. 150; 'Alexandria,' &c., pp. 28, 29.

† 'Village Sermons,' pp. 233, 231.

aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset them, to crucify the old man, to mortify the flesh with its affections and lusts. All such watching and praying, however, all self-examination, all thought of subduing the flesh, are, in *Westward Ho*, represented as mere Jesuitism and Popish work-bondage; and the hero is brought before us expressly as an instance of unconscious godliness, native Christianity, practical piety separated altogether from 'the religious sentiment,' as Mr. Kingsley would sneeringly say.

'I have tried to hint to you,' he says, 'two opposite sorts of men. The one' [the Jesuit] 'trying to be good with all his might and main, according to certain approved methods and rules, which he has got by heart; and like a weak oarsman feeling and fingering his spiritual muscles all over all day, to see if they are growing. The other not even knowing' [the sense and logic of the paragraph require him to mean, not even *caring*] 'whether he is good or not, but just doing the right thing without thinking about it, as simply as a little child, because the Spirit of God is with him.'—*Westward Ho*, vol. i., p. 92.

Truth, however, dramatic truth and every-day experience, as well as the truth of the Scriptures, is too strong for Mr. Kingsley in this very novel, and practically breaks down his theory. Unconverted Amyas Leigh, great, good, and simple as he tries to paint him, proves but a sorry Christian. The 'old Adam' works strong within him; fierce, implacable revenge takes terrible possession of him, and envenoms all the natural charities of his heart; nor can the novelist devise any newer or better method of mastering this Satanic passion, than by bringing, through blindness and the chastening stroke of God upon him, this model of an unconscious child of grace, at the very end of his active career, and at the end of the third volume of the novel, to true contrition and conversion. Instead of a demonstration of his own hypothesis, the novelist conducts us to a *reductio ad absurdum*. It is still more remarkable that the best and, really the noblest character in this work, one admirably conceived and depicted *con amore*, is that of a Calvinist and Baptist, whose repentance, conversion, and faith are described most beautifully, and who is made to close his own account of his conversion in these sweetly evangelical words:—

'Falling into very despair at the burden of my heinous sins, I knew no peace until I gained sweet assurance that my Lord had hanged my burden upon His cross, and washed my sinful soul in His most sinless blood. Amen.'—*Westward Ho*, vol. i., p. 262.

Such representations as this, with which may be compared the account of the conversion of Tregarva, the Wesleyan Cornishman, in *Yeast*, we cannot but regard as involuntary tributes to evangelical truth, wrung from Mr. Kingsley by its Divine authority and power, in spite of his philosophy. We could point, also, to several passages in his *Sermons*, in which he finds himself

similarly constrained to speak of the special and sanctifying power of the Spirit, and even of the necessity of 'conversion' and a new heart.

The same theory which degrades the sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit from its 'sole pre-eminence' above all other powers and influences, by including within its direct and proper scope and sphere the dreams and fancies of poetry, the discoveries of science, the inventions of machinery and art;* and which, so far, approximates to Pantheism; further shows its kinship to the same kind of philosophy, by reducing the inspiration of the Hebrew Prophets to a level with that of heathen seers. Indeed, the same principle which leads to the one result must also, manifestly, require the other. On this point Messrs. Kingsley and Maurice are in perfect agreement with Mr. Jowett. Their differences are but circumstantial, their agreement is substantial. The Neo-Platonists have the higher positive reverence for the Prophets and Apostles of Scripture, and are disposed unduly to elevate the heathen philosophers that they may not greatly depress the Bible teachers. And in order that Paul, in particular, may not suffer by a comparison with the heathens whom they raise to the rank of Prophets, he is represented as 'knowing thoroughly the writings (*sic*) of Socrates (?) and Plato,'† and as being 'a practised Platonic dialectician.' Mr. Jowett, however, has no such delicacy of feeling as to the intellectual reputation of the sacred writers. He is, therefore, content to leave the heathens at their own level, does not scruple plainly to disparage the inspiration of the Hebrew Prophets, and seems to feel a peculiar gust in depicting Paul as an illiterate enthusiast. But all agree that there was nothing peculiar in the inspiration of the Bible Prophets, and that proper foresight was not within their gift. The following extracts present an epitome of that doctrine which is common to Messrs. Kingsley and Maurice, and which the latter teaches most expressly in the latter part of his *Prophets and Kings*.

'As I believe, one common Logos, Word, Reason, reveals and unveils the same eternal truth to all who seek and hunger for it. Therefore we can, as the Christian philosophers of Alexandria did, rejoice over every truth which their heathen adversaries beheld, and attribute them, as Clement does, to the highest source, to the inspiration of the one and universal Logos.'—*Alexandria, &c.*, pp. 98, 99.

The following is given in *Yeast* as the teaching of that mythical personage, Barnakill, 'the Prophet' of the grand new

* Mr. Kingsley tells us that the 'spiritual' is 'the moral,' not 'the intellectual,' and again, that 'to confuse the moral with the notional, and finally the notional with the material, is Pantheism.'—*Alexandria, &c.*, pp. 115, 95. It would be very instructive to the common crowd if our philosopher would try clearly to distinguish and exhibit the difference between Pantheism, thus defined, and his own philosophy as illustrated in the text. We claim a rule *sic*; let him show cause.

† 'Sermons for the Times,' p. 239.

Catholic Church that is to be. *Claude Mellot*, the artist, retails it to Lancelot Smith, at first as if it were his own, but confesses immediately after that he learnt it from 'the prophet.'

'Prophetes means, not a foreteller, but an out-teller,.....and he became a foreteller, among heathens, at least, as *I consider*, among all peoples whatever, because, knowing the real bearing of what had happened, and what was happening, he could discern the signs of the times, and so had what the world calls a shrewd guess—what I, like a pantheist, as I am denominated, should call a divine and inspired foresight—of what was going to happen.'—*Yeast*, p. 295.

It is well to have a plain-speaking colleague like Mr. Kingsley, to tell what a misty writer like Mr. Maurice does not choose clearly to speak out. The last quoted sentence throws light upon what comes next:—

'There was an infinite difference between them' (the Rabbis) 'and the old Hebrew writers. They had lost something which those old Prophets possessed. I invite you to ponder on the causes of this strange loss; bearing in mind that they lost their forefathers' heirloom, exactly in proportion as they began to believe it to be their exclusive possession, and to deny other human beings any right to, or share in, it.....It may have been that the light was there all around them still as bright as ever, but that they would not open their eyes and behold it; or rather could not open them, because selfishness and pride had sealed them. It may have been that inspiration was still very near them too, if their spirits had been willing to receive it. But of the fact of the change there was no doubt. For the old Hebrew seers were men dealing with the loftiest and deepest laws: the Rabbis were shallow pedants. The old Hebrew seers were righteous and virtuous men: the Rabbis became, in due time, some of the worst and wickedest men who ever trod this earth.'—*Alexandria, &c.*, pp. 72, 73.

'In such a state of mind it was impossible for them to look on their old Prophets as true seers, beholding and applying eternal moral laws, and, therefore, seeing the future in the present and the past.'—*Ibid.*, p. 76.

This is the principle on which Mr. Kingsley expounds prophecy.* We need not say that it is nothing more or less than a part of pantheistic naturalism and rationalism. Push it to its conclusion, and our adorable Saviour's predictions must be similarly interpreted and explained away. Is Mr. Kingsley himself aware how far and how fast he is going?

The Neo-Platonist theosophy is founded on the principle that the Logos, in whom all things subsist, and the archetypal world of all things has ever subsisted, is Himself the original of all being and life, and that the living link which binds them to Him never can be severed. In particular, His personality is the 'root and ground' of all personality, and all intelligence the actual effluence of His. It follows from this, that no beings can be wholly severed or absolutely and utterly estranged from Him. How this principle applies to the case of sinful men we know

* See also 'National Sermons,' Second Series, pp. 27, 28, 83.

from Mr. Maurice's *Essays*. But what is to be inferred in regard to the estate of 'Satan and his angels?' The necessary conclusion must be that these also are not utterly lost or to be finally damned. We have often been disposed, indeed, to doubt whether either Mr. Maurice or Mr. Kingsley believes in the existence and operation of evil spirits. Nor are our doubts by any means set at rest, at least as regards Mr. Maurice. We incline to think that self-will personified is his Satan, his spirit of evil, tempting all mankind.* Mr. Carlyle can talk as easily and glibly as Mr. Maurice of 'real devils,' and of every man having a 'world,' a 'flesh,' and a 'devil' to contend against. What he means by this sort of phrase we pretty well understand. Nearly all who have been tinctured with Pantheism have denied the existence of the devil. Erigena and Coleridge are but instances of a general rule. So far as Mr. Kingsley is concerned, however, our doubts on this point have been almost removed, while reading some of his sermons. He repeatedly speaks as if he believed in a personal devil; and in the sermon *Hell on Earth*, in particular, he speaks so plainly and so strongly, that all subterfuge or *double entendre* would seem to be out of the question. He declares distinctly that 'evil spirits are persons,' and that 'vast numbers' of them are 'continually tempting man.' One thing, however, even here, somewhat staggers us. He seems to go too far to mean all he says in its obvious sense. He says that particular evil spirits tempt to each particular sin: one to worldliness, another to filthiness, others to falsehood, to pride, to covetousness, to cruelty, under the name of law, to idleness, to meanness and unfairness in trade and in controversy, and so on. Of *these* spirits he says, 'These are the devils which haunt us Englishmen—sleek, prim, respectable fiends enough; and truly *their* name is Legion.' We know not how to believe that Mr. Kingsley is serious and literal in such a statement as this. If he is, it reminds us of the climax of Alexandrian Neo-Platonism, which, in the hands of Proclus, while thoroughly pantheized, had yet come to have a boundless faith in spirits, and genii, and, so to speak, personal essences.

We must be forgiven, indeed, if we have come to suspect that Mr. Kingsley himself knows something of that *disciplina arcani* of which, as subsisting among Alexandrian Christians, he speaks so indulgently. With every predisposition to think him as sincere in his speech as he is certainly both benevolent and earnest in spirit, we know not how to avoid the conclusion that even he has his exoteric and esoteric doctrine. It could hardly be believed that the same man wrote the *Village Sermons* and the novels, or even the *Lectures*. He who is perpetually sneering, in *Yeast*, *Alton Locke*, and *Hypatia*, at the evangelical doctrine of everlasting punishment, speaks in these *Sermons* of 'the gate of everlasting death and misery,' of 'suffering God's will in

* A hint to this effect is given in Maurice's *Essays*, Second Edition, p. 162.

eternal woe,' of the 'resurrection of damnation to burn as chaff in unquenchable fire.' He says, in plainest words, that 'as the tree falls, so it lies;' that 'if a beast can be changed into a man, then death can change a sinner into a saint;' that 'if under the present state of things we cannot be holy, we shall never be holy;' and that, 'at the second coming of Christ, He shall appear to take vengeance on those who know not God, and destroy the wicked with the breath of His mouth;' adding a closing warning as the last sentence of the volume, that all should beware of the 'wrath of the Lamb.'* This is his ordinary style throughout this volume; and even in his other series of *Sermons*, though by no means so plain or stirring as this, he can now and then express himself in language little less strong or clear. Yet this same man can close his preface to *Alexandria*, &c., by warning his brother clergy against 'instilling' into their 'countrymen selfish and superstitious fears, and a theory which represents God, not as a Saviour, but as a tormentor;' and goes on to teach the boldest and most unqualified universalism: in particular, imitating in this respect those Romish monks who preached a holy crusade, he assures his readers that whoever, in the late conflict with Russia, 'died like a man' in defence of the right, should be highly rewarded in the life to come.

There is no reproach which Mr. Kingsley is more fond of casting against evangelical religion, than that it teaches men to value the Gospel 'chiefly as affording them the means for obtaining pleasure and escaping pain after they die.'† He would fain renew the old quibble of the mystics, and insist that God and virtue are to be loved merely for their own sake, and altogether independently of any hope of future reward. But, however we may logically distinguish, it is impossible to separate, in fact, the love of God and holy obedience to His law from the hope of future reward. It is no more possible that we should cherish a purely abstract love of God, than that a child should feel a purely abstract love for its father. As the hope of a smile is a part of the child's love, and his delight in his father necessarily implies a desire of his presence and favour, so is it with the Christian in his feeling towards God, and his unquenchable desire of one day beholding His glory, and being made partaker of the riches of His grace. Besides which, the idea of reward as connected with obedience is inseparable from the very conception of a Holy Creator and Governor as related to His intelligent and moral creatures, and will be seen necessarily to imply its converse, punishment, as connected with disobedience. These principles Mr. Kingsley himself cannot but recognise and respect, even while he is engaged in misrepresenting and condemning one mode of their expression. Indeed, there is no system either of theology or moral philosophy but is grounded upon them.

* 'Village Sermons,' pp. 31, 172, 206, 207, 212, 213, 244.

† Preface to 'National Sermons,' Second Series.

Only utter scepticism and atheism (or Pantheism) can reject them. And therefore we look upon the mystic quibble on this point as equally unmeaning and unprofitable with that of those who have raised a question, whether God's omnipotence includes the power of performing contradictions. At the same time, there is no doubt that the truth on this point may be most perniciously perverted. As the doctrine of justification by faith may be taught in an antinomian sense, and that of the necessity of practical holiness in a Pharisaic sense, so, no doubt, the promise of *eternal life* to those *who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory, honour, and immortality*, as well as the threatening of *indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish*, against the *disobedient*, though a part of the teaching of Christ and His Apostles, may nevertheless be perverted into selfish motives to servile externalism and task-work. But surely this is no necessary consequence of these doctrines rightly taught. Evangelical theologians know how to guard their teaching by distinctly and emphatically inculcating that such externalism and task-work form no part of that holiness which God will reward; and that a grateful love to that God who *first loved them* is the only source of acceptable obedience. We could cite passages from the most popular modern evangelical divines, in which Christians are as clearly and pointedly warned against supposing that true religion consists merely in aiming at the salvation of their own individual souls from hell, as even Mr. Kingsley himself could warn them. We repel, then, as utterly groundless and untenable, the imputation that 'evangelical' Christians are the teachers of a selfish religion. And if *a tree is known by its fruits*, we may surely point to the history of all noble and philanthropic enterprises in refutation of such a charge. The religion of the 'Clapham sect' was not one of selfishness. The faith of Wesley and Whitefield, of Howard and Elizabeth Fry, of Wilberforce and Buxton, of Bickersteth and Noel, of Shaftesbury and Robert Grosvenor, is not grounded upon selfish principles. The annual meetings in this metropolis, which add a moral beauty and promise to the natural spring-time of the year, have all their root in evangelical philanthropy; and certainly this can be no root of selfishness. It is because of the religious motive and direction of this benevolence that the secular philanthropist has no sympathy with its spirit, and takes no share in its labours; and under the shelter of such authority it has come to pass that the small-wit and the worldlyling presume to sneer at 'Exeter Hall,'—because forsooth the sublime charities of which it is an eminent centre and symbol, are not doled forth on mere poor-house principles, but flow over into all the world, and reach on beyond the limited necessities of time.

We do not disparage the benevolence of such generous and warm-hearted men as Maurice and Kingsley; but we confess that we do not attribute this in any degree to their peculiar philosophy. We do not look for a new Pentecost of zeal and brotherly love to

come forth from the college cloisters where Neo-Platonism has found its modern home: a philosophy so near akin to that of him who wrote the 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' and who has taught his admirers to sneer at Howard, is not likely to overflow with pity for man, or to lead the way in enterprises of charity.

Let us say, in conclusion, that we have no apprehension that the positive opinions of Mr. Kingsley's school will prevail to any considerable extent. His philosophy is too abstruse and complex, too inconceivable and unmanageable, to be accepted by English common-sense, even if it were not too heathenish to be accepted by English Christianity. And his theology cannot be understood till his philosophy has first been mastered. A few cultivated men may fancy that they believe this new-fangled amalgam; but what are plain, hard-working sinners to make of it? Mr. Kingsley's own words in reference to Emersonian Pantheism will apply well enough to *his* theology:—

'If you had not been a cultivated man, Templeton, a man with few sorrows, and few trials, and few unsatisfied desires; if you had been the village shop-keeper, with his bad debts, and his temptations to make those who can, pay for those who cannot; if you had been one of your own labourers, environed with the struggle for daily bread, and the ale-house, and hungry children, and a sick wife, and a dull taste, and a duller head; in short, if you had been a man such as nine out of ten are, what would his school have taught you then? You want some truths which are common to men as men, which will help and teach them, let their temperament and circumstances be what they will, do you not?'—*Phaethon*, p. 81.

But the negative and destructive tendencies of his writings—the writings of a man of so splendid a genius and so much heart—will, we fear, do extensive harm. Mr. Kingsley does not mean it so; but his philosophy and philosophized theology sow the seeds of scepticism and pave the way to Pantheism. He is helping his friend Carlyle 'to set rolling a ball which may in the next half-century gather into an avalanche, perhaps utterly different in form, material, and direction from all which he expects.' Our voice will have no power with him; or, if it had, we would entreat him to consider, before his youth is past, what he is doing. All his works, noble though they be, are poisoned; and this poison will, ere long, hasten their passage into oblivion. Meanwhile, let Christians not be afraid of such 'vain wisdom and false philosophy.' The effect will surely be, first to precipitate the dregs of error, and then to separate the pure wine of truth. We ourselves have *suffered* not a little in mind and heart while engaged in studying the writings of our Christian (?) Platonists and Pantheists; but the end has been a more confirmed assurance of the truth and authority of the Scriptures, and of the essential correctness of that evangelical theology which is the common faith and hope of orthodox and spiritual Christians.

- ART. II.—1. *Remarks on the Production of the Precious Metals, and on the Depreciation of Gold.* By M. MICHEL CHEVALIER, Translated by D. FORBES CAMPBELL, Esq. London. 1853.
2. *Land, Labour, and Gold: or, Two Years in Victoria, &c.* By WILLIAM HOWITT. Two Volumes. London. 1855.

WE are not about to treat of gold as the passion *auri sacra fames*, or after the manner of a prize essay against covetousness;* but our aim will be to bring before our readers in one view what we have been enabled to learn from many quarters respecting the natural sources of gold, the geological and mineralogical conditions which appear to govern its deposition, and the mode of its occurrence, together with its geographical distribution in various parts of the world. It is only within the last few years that opinions worthy of scientific name have prevailed on some of these points. These opinions, however, are scarcely known to the general public, nor should we be able to conceive of the wide and gross ignorance of the mass of people on such matters, if we did not see how extensively certain Companies just expired have been able to win *golden opinions* from all sorts of men. Of these Companies we shall have a word to say at the end of our paper. It is singular that, out of the numerous recent travellers' books on the Californian and Australian discoveries of gold, scarcely one that we have seen has much scientific information of value. It will be as well, too, to indicate the probable limits of auriferous repositories, so that men may at least know in what kinds of places gold *may* be found, and where it will certainly not be found. To this we shall add some notices of the modes of extraction from the soil and the rock, and the most reliable statistics of the actual produce of gold in our day, especially from Australia and California. In the present paper we shall confine our observations to gold, only referring to silver in some statistical statements of the returns of the precious metals collectively. Incidentally we shall glance at some topics of special interest.

And first, it will be interesting to learn how far gold was known to the ancients, and whence they gathered it. Gold, being always found in its native or metallic state, and being

* Had Pliny been living at the time, he might have competed for Dr. Conquest's prize, since, in commencing a chapter on gold, he speaks thus: 'O that the use of gold was clean gone! Would God it could possibly be quite abolished among men, setting them, as it doth, into such a cursed and excessive thirst after it,—if I may use the words of most renowned writers,—a thing that the best men have always reproached and railed at, and the only means found out for the ruin and overthrow of mankind. What a blessed world was that, and much happier than this wherein we live, when, in all the dealings between men, there was no coin handled, but their whole traffic was managed by bartering and exchanging ware for ware and one commodity for another, as the practice was in the time of the Trojan war, as Homer, a writer of good credit, doth testify!'

remarkable for its beautiful yellow colour, would attract the eye of the most uneducated and thoughtless traveller, while other metallic substances lying in his path would offer no positive attraction to the eye, and would therefore not awaken his observation. In its superficial accumulations, borne as they have been by floods into valleys, and disseminated in minute particles amongst rolled pebbles, the eye of the curious would soon discover the glittering scales and particles, especially where summer heats, by drying up the water, rendered those beds which had formed river channels, and the courses of river torrents, dry paths for the journeys of migratory man. In the first records, therefore, of man's progress, it is indicated as the standard of his social position, as, alas! it is to too great an extent at this day. The sacred historian, in speaking of the river Pison, (probably the Euphrates,) observes that it *encompasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold, and the gold of the land is good*. Job mentions gold (chap. xxviii. 1, 15, &c.) five times in one chapter; and further informs us that *the earth hath dust of gold*, a phrase which shows that he was acquainted with the distribution of gold in sands and soils. It does not appear that up to this period gold had been employed as money, and we find both it and silver passing from hand to hand by weight; but when, after his trials, the wealth of Job was restored, we are informed that in addition to the cattle and money which his visitors brought him, each of them also brought an *ear-ring of gold*, thus proving the early use of this metal for personal ornaments. We also gather from Scripture that gold must have been beaten into thin plates at a very early period, since *the ark of shittim wood was covered with gold, both on the outside and the inside*, as were also the staves, the *wooden table with its staves*, the altar of burnt incense, &c.

In the history of ancient times we remark periods when gold was accumulated in great abundance. The reign of Solomon was apparently the first of these periods, and that Hebrew King collected in a single year six hundred three-score and six talents, (1 Kings x. 14, &c.) which we may conjecture to amount in our money to about £300,000. The ships of the King also brought from Ophir 450 talents of gold, or £190,800. His throne was of ivory, overlaid with *the best gold*; all his drinking vessels were of gold, and *all the vessels of the house of the Forest of Lebanon were of pure gold; none were of silver: it was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon*, and *the King made silver to be as stones in Jerusalem*.

Ninus, the founder of Nineveh, and Semiramis, the founder of Babylon, had abundance of gold and silver. The wealth of Cræsus, who lived about 540 years before Christ, is proverbial, and the presents which he made to the temple of Delphi amounted to 4,000 talents of silver and 270 talents of gold,

nearly equal to £3,000,000 sterling, if our notions of the value of the ancient talent be correct. In a story of Herodotus, Pytheas is mentioned as entertaining Xerxes and his whole army, and as stating that he was possessed of money which is estimated at £3,600,000. In the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, as we are informed by Appian, the Egyptian treasury contained no less than £178,000,000. This was obtained by collecting with an armed force all the silver and gold of the people.

The wealth of the Romans was immense, as may be inferred from some historical incidents. When Cæsar was killed on the Ides of March, Anthony owed £320,000, which he paid before the Kalends of April out of the public money, and squandered (according to Adams) more than £5,600,000. Cæsar himself, before he set out for Spain, was in debt to the extent of £2,018,000. Lentulus possessed £3,229,166. Claudius, a freedman, saved £2,500,000. Augustus obtained from the testamentary dispositions of his friends (some people *will* leave their fortunes to their Sovereigns) no less than £32,291,666 sterling. Tiberius left at his death the enormous sum of £21,796,875, which Caligula is said to have squandered in a single year. Vespasian estimated at his accession that the money which the maintenance of the Commonwealth required, was £322,916,000. Up to the time of Augustus, the wealth of the world appeared to flow into the treasuries of Rome, when the production of gold from the Roman mines in Illyria and Spain suddenly ceased, and for a long period the world received no new accession of metallic wealth. Jacob, in his *History of the Precious Metals*, has computed the quantity of gold and silver in the Roman Empire for several years, and shows the rate of diminution to which the enormous wealth of the Augustan period was subject. The highest amounts are as follows :—

A.D.	Amount.
14	£358,000,000
50	322,200,000
122	259,182,000
194	209,937,420
266	163,749,304
410	107,435,924

The decline had reached, in the year 806, to the sum of £33,674,256.

It is singular that no Grecian or Roman, nor, in fact, any ancient writer, should have left us a treatise on the mines or sources of the precious metals to the ancients. The absence of such a treatise is felt the more when we attempt to realize the vast accumulations just mentioned. Although we have a Columella *De Re Rusticâ*, and a Vitruvius on Architecture, yet we have no author *De Re Metallicâ*, nor do we read of any such author.

Some notices in Pliny's *Natural History*, and a few scattered sentences in Herodotus and others, are all we have appertaining to the subject. Would that some idle man of the Roman Empire had devoted himself to so interesting a topic; and that Horace, instead of sipping his Chian or Falernian wines, or Martial, instead of penning silly epigrams, had given to all time a serviceable treatise upon it! As it is, the only writer on the Grecian metallic wealth is a modern German, Boeckh, who to his *Public Economy of Athens* has added a learned dissertation on the silver mines of Laurion, in which he has investigated the subject with great critical skill.

There were gold mines in Thrace and the island of Thasus. Thessaly produced ores which were rich in gold. The supplies of Solomon were derived from Ophir,* thought to be the modern *Sofala* in Africa. Pallas describes the remains of very ancient mines, (perhaps of the Scythians,) and Lepechin and Gmelin visited those remains of very early mining works on the eastern borders of the Ural mountains. That gold region still yields some amount of the metal. It is evident that much gold was procured from the mines of Nubia and Ethiopia. These, like those of the Uralian chain, afforded a copper which yielded gold, and which the Africans knew how to separate. Belzoni proves that a very extensive tract had been worked in the Sahara mountains. The Pharaohs derived their wealth from these sources at the expense of much human suffering and loss of life. Mr. Jacob infers that not less than £6,000,000 sterling of the precious metals were derived from these mines, and that a large proportion of this must have been gold. Cræsus may have derived gold from the auriferous sands of the river Pactolus in Lydia.

The Romans obtained their supplies of precious metals from various sources; and in fact monopolized as much of the mining produce of the world as they could. Some of their sources were Upper Italy, the province of Aosta, the Noric Alps, and Illyria. Anciently Spain yielded an abundant supply of the precious metals, which her quicksilver served to refine. According to Pliny, the Asturias, Galicia, and Lusitania, yielded £20,000 of gold annually. Silver of the best quality was found in still greater quantities in that country. Both the Carthaginians and the Romans appear to have derived immense supplies from Spain. It is said that the single mine of Belbel yielded to Hannibal £300 a-day; and we learn from Strabo, that after Spain had been reduced to complete subjection by the Romans, these proud conquerors drew from it upwards of £110,000 of silver in the space of nine years, or at the rate of about £12,400.

* Where Ophir was, has puzzled many geographers to say. Huet and Bruce have placed it at *Sofala*, South Africa. Some seek it in the land of Yemen, whose capital is Sophar, or Taphar. Calmet places it in Armenia, at the head of the Euphrates.

annually. Polybius speaks of the silver mines in Spain in the neighbourhood of Carthago Nova, which yielded every day 25,000 drachmas to the Roman *ærarium*; and Pliny mentions as amongst the most productive mines belonging to the Roman Republic, rich gold mines near Aquileia, a town of Ictimuli, near Vercelli, in which 25,000 men were constantly employed.*

When a new world was opened to us by the discovery of America in 1492, new sources of the precious metals were also presented. From the year 1492 to 1500, America furnished to Europe gold and silver to the value of £52,000. In 1502, Orlando dispatched about £70,000; but most of his ships were wrecked, and little of the wealth reached Spain. Up to 1519, the annual produce of American gold was never greater than £52,000. At this period Cortez acquired Mexico, and he obtained at Chalco presents amounting to £70,000 sterling. When Montezuma took the oath of fidelity to Spain, he paid £65,000 in gold into the chest of the army; and Bernal Diaz reports, that on taking Tenochtitlan £80,000 fell into the hands of the Spaniards. Pizarro landed in Peru in 1527, and in the twenty years which elapsed between that time and the discovery of the mineral wealth of Potosi, America forwarded to Spain £630,000 of gold every year. Thus the produce of gold in the sixty-three years which followed the discovery of America, amounted to £17,058,000 sterling. Mr. Jacob has calculated that the total gold and silver coin in Europe at the end of the year 1599, was in value equal to £130,000,000. The entire supply of gold for Europe during the century from 1600 to 1700 was obtained from America, and amounted in the one hundred years to £337,500,000 of precious metals. Of this amount £33,000,000 were sent to the Philippine Islands, India, and China; and it is estimated that £60,000,000 of gold were employed in decorating churches, and generally for ornamental purposes. If £34,000,000 be allowed for the loss by wear of money, &c., then the amount of coined money in Europe in 1699 was £297,000,000 sterling.

During the sixteenth century, the supply of gold and silver was still mainly derived from the Americas; the great Mexican mine of Valenciana producing £125,000 sterling *per annum* for forty years, and the district of Zaccatecas adding largely to the amount: these sources were, however, rapidly failing towards the end of the century. A detailed list of these supplies is given by Humboldt, in periods of ten years from 1700 to 1809. The total product for the whole time of 110 years was £304,039,783. Such is the sum of exact returns from the several mints. But to this must be added the gold and silver of Mexico which

* Pliny's 'Natural History,' xxxiii., 4. The number of men employed must be overstated; at least, if they were employed in mining.

did not pay duty, and passed into other channels, equal to £60,000,000. The total amount would thus be for 110 years, £364,847,739. This would give an annual average product of £3,316,706. Furthermore, we must add to the total amount from Mexico, as just stated, the gross amount from Peru, Columbia, Chili, and Buenos Ayres, which was (for the same period) £273,293,356. This again would, if increased by the amount of the contraband trading, viz., £68,323,339, amount to more than £340,000,000. Thus, then, the gross product of the Americas from 1700 to 1809, inclusive, would stand thus:—

From Mexican mines	£364,847,739
From Peru, Columbia, Chili, and Buenos Ayres ...	273,293,356
Add for contraband	68,323,339
<hr/>	
Total from Spanish America	706,464,434
Total from Portuguese America	80,000,000
<hr/>	
Grand total from the Americas	£786,464,434

The gold-dust of Africa, with the gold and silver of Europe, may be estimated at the annual value of £900,000. The annual value of the precious metals from Spanish and Portuguese America being about £7,000,000, (according to the above view,) the annual increase of the wealth of Europe, during the last century, was at the rate of £8,000,000, as nearly as we can arrive at it.

It is not an easy thing to estimate the produce of the precious metals since 1810; but, from the calculations of M'Culloch, who relies on the authority of Humboldt, we may estimate the annual produce of the American mines as equalling £8,700,000. In 1840, the American mines were estimated to yield a produce equal to £5,600,000 *per annum*.

As we have thus arrived at our own days, let us turn aside for a time from mere statistical statements, and, before we return to figures, look at the geological occurrence and geographical distribution of gold.

Gold is found, as to geological position, in the primary groups of rocks, including the 'transition strata' of earlier writers; which, as they contain the oldest organic remains, have been recently denominated 'palæozoic.' This series constitutes the dorsal spine of the great mountain chains of both the Old and New World. There are, however, vast regions, amounting, perhaps, to three-fourths of all known lands, where no such rocks appear. Experience has shown that it is only in the palæozoic group of rocks, as above defined, (including certain associated igneous rocks,) that gold has been found in quantities sufficient to pay for working. All the vein-stones, or rock

masses, from which much gold has been derived, (whether by natural catastrophes or by human endeavour,) belong to the primary and transition groups, and especially to those portions of them which have been modified by the eruption of matter in a state of fusion, or at a very elevated temperature. It is now thought that the gold-bearing rocks are not confined to particular geographical zones, as formerly supposed; but they are found protruding more or less as meridional bands in all countries where the primary series of rocks is visible and prominent.

Where primæval breakers, waves, and currents acted on the rocks containing gold, whether it were disseminated through the mass of the rock, or confined to the quartz veins traversing it, fragments of the auriferous rock would be detached equally with other pieces. Such fragments, either slightly worn, or altogether broken and ground down, would afterwards be found in the drift-clays, sands, and gravels, and would in all probability be much richer in gold than the actual gold-bearing rocks themselves. A current of water having sufficient force to bear down sand, or pebbles of quartz, or any other rock of perhaps $2\frac{1}{2}$ specific gravity, might not be able to move along associated fragments of gold, which metal has a specific gravity of 18 or 19. Moving water has, therefore, formerly effected upon the auriferous rocks that which the miner would now effect, namely, has broken them up into fragments, swept away the lighter particles, and left the gold behind.

Rivers are great natural *cradles*, (to use a digger's term,) sweeping off all the lighter and finer particles at once, the heavier ones remaining lodged against any natural impediments, or being left where the current slackened in force or velocity. These are the reasons why the auriferous drift may become richer in gold, than the mass of the rock from which it is derived; and there are other reasons, also, why the auriferous drift of a country, first deposited after the formation of gold, should be richer than any subsequent one.

In considering the action of currents and rivers, we discover the causes of the condition of gold in alluvium. Very large fragments of gold, or even of quartz, or other rock containing much gold, would not be carried far by any imaginable stream of water. The discovery, therefore, of the larger pieces of gold, named *nuggets*, is equivalent to the discovery of the neighbouring parent site; when we find the one, we cannot be far from the other, even though we cannot penetrate to its depths. On the contrary, gold dust, in scales or spangles of the metal, may be transported to considerable distances. From such differences may arise a fairly equable distribution of gold over large spaces of drift; for the waters, which had power enough to move the large fragments a few hundred yards, would carry the smaller

ones some miles away. In the former case, rich lumps would be deposited sparingly here and there; in the other, scales and spangles would be scattered like broadcast seed from the sower, and cast equally over the wide spaces where the currents began to lose their force and speed. When we find gold in the sands of rivers, we must not conclude that it was detached from the rock by the actual water of those rivers. It may have been thus detached to a small extent, but rivers would scarcely be able to abrade many auriferous spots in these beds of rock. On the contrary, we must look still further back to the older drifts, which would be naturally accumulated in the lowest hollows and depressions of the surface of rocks, or in the pre-existing valleys; and as the rivers of a country naturally follow the same course, it is from these loose and incoherent materials that a river derives its store of gold. We may presume, that a river which traverses a country of auriferous drift by its action re-sifts and re-assorts the materials that have once been sifted by the waters in which the drift was formed, carrying forward all the matters that fall into it, but soon depositing the heavier matters, and sweeping off all the lighter particles into distant and lower regions.

If we stand upon a hill in our own country, and glance at the windings of some subjacent river, we observe that, as it winds through the valley, it attacks first one bank, and then another, eating into the base of a cliff where the full force of the current rolls against it, and causing the continual fall of small portions of it into the water, and then depositing them below, in places where the current is checked by some impediment. It is thus that sand banks and silted banks are formed; and it is thus that we may be led to examine the proper places in river-courses for gold dust. First the search should be made in the inside curve of the river's bend, where sand banks and spits are accumulating, or wherever the force of the current is checked, and, consequently, the transported materials are deposited. Next, where a river has cut down through the drift to the solid rock below, especially if hard jutting ribs of rock stretch across it, as is often the case, gold is most likely to be dropped in the upper side, and in the holes and crevices of these rocky bars where they check the force of the stream, and catch any heavy matters that might be rolled along at its bottom. If a digger can turn the bed of a river, such a miner's manœuvre at the right spot, where there are several natural bars, ("cleets,") or where there are holes in the rock for the gold to drop into, is likely to be rewarded by the accumulated results of centuries of natural gold washings.*

The drift deposit of gold is thus seen to be far more ancient than that of the fine sands, which are even now annually

* From the 'Observations' of J. B. Jukes, Esq., who visited Australia.

brought down by rivers, and which do contain gold in workable quantities. As regards age, there are three stages in the auriferous accumulations: 1. The age of the formation of gold* in rocks, as quartz; 2. The deposition in the ancient drift derived from these rocks; and, 3. The more modern and existing drifts in river sands, found upon the surface. The second may be found under a cover consisting of soil, peat, and sand, or gravel, the thickness of which varies from one to seventy feet. Seventy feet is, indeed, the greatest thickness of cover yet met with in the Russian gold stream-works at Krestowosdwiseusk in the Ural Mountains. An Australian lecturer thus describes the deposits at the Ballarat diggings: 'On the surface of the earth was turf in a layer of about a foot thick, below which was a layer of rich black alluvial soil, and below that grey clay; below that again was a description of red gravel, which was sometimes very good, then red or yellow clay in which gold was found; and then a stratum, varying in thickness, of clay streaked with various colours, and scarcely worth working. The next stratum was of hard, white pipe-clay, which was a decided barrier. Immediately above it, however, was a thin layer of chocolate-coloured clay, tough and soapy: this, the celebrated "blue clay," was very rich.' The ground in which the diggings were situated was a sloping bank. The blue clay is found near the surface on the brow of the hill, that is, at the depth of a foot; but it is sometimes necessary to dig twenty feet before reaching it.

Again, Mr. Latrobe, ex-Governor of Victoria, describes the Ballarat diggings as carried on through, 1. Red ferruginous earth and gravel; 2. Streaked yellowish and red clay; 3. Quartz gravels of moderate size; 4. Large quartz pebbles and boulders, masses of ironstone set in very compact clay, hard to work; 5. Blue and white clay; 6. Pipe-clay. He also observes, that in some workings the pipe-clay may be reached at the depth of ten or twelve feet; in others, not at thirty and upwards. These are popular describers; but recently some geologically instructed persons have inspected these deposits, and from one of them we learn such particulars as lead to the following arrangement of the alluvial deposits in a more scientific form. They may be thus displayed as to geological chronology:—

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|---|---|
| I. Deposits older than basalt. | { | A. Before the eruption of basalt and the bearing beds of basalt-boulders, which beds are called 'charriages.' |
| II. Newer than basalt. | { | B. Contemporaneous with charriages of basalt-boulders. |
| | { | C. Newer beds covering the basalt-boulders, but older than the formation of the existing valleys. |

* There are geological reasons for thinking that gold is of comparatively recent origin, compared, at least, with tin, copper, lead, &c.

The source of the gold appears to be an undefined succession of clay slates and argillaceo-arenaceo-micaceous slates, seemingly interstratified, as regards their strike, with quartz veins of all sizes, which form the matrix of the gold. The basalt hems in the gold district on the east and the west like an iron framework; it is a rock of evidently igneous origin, and has often been poured out or upward in a molten state, into or over other strata. Its magnificent pillar-like appearance is well known at the Giants' Causeway and at Staffa. A vast mass of basaltic rock has been fused forth in parts of Durham and near Dudley, as well as in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

The discovery of the great gold-fields of Australia may be said to have been the fruit of analogical reasoning applied to geology. Sir R. I. Murchison, in his Address to the Geographical Society in 1844, alluded to the possibility of the great eastern chain of Australia being auriferous, basing his suggestion upon his knowledge of the auriferous chain of the Russian Ural Mountains, and his examination of Australian specimens, maps, and sections. This suggestion having found its way to the Australian journals, a Mr. Smith was induced, in the year 1849, to search for gold, and he found it. He sent the gold to the Colonial Government, and offered to disclose its locality upon receiving £500. The Governor, not placing full faith in his statement, and remembering that all is not gold that glitters, declined to grant the required sum, but offered, if Mr. Smith would name the locality, and the discovery were found to be really valuable, to reward him accordingly. Mr. Smith, doubtless thinking his secret perfectly secure, did not accept this offer. But two men can reason analogically as well as one; and a Mr. Hargreaves, who arrived with the benefit and prestige of his Californian experience, re-made the discovery, and obtained a reward from the Government upon their own conditions.

This first discovery was made near small streams which run from the northern flank of the Corrobaldas down to the Macquarie; the gold being found in the sand and gravel accumulated especially on the inside of the bends of the brook, and at the junction of the two water-courses, where the stream of each would be often checked by the other. Being coarse gold, its parent site was at no great distance, and probably in the quartz veins traversing the metamorphic rocks of the Corrobaldas. The Government geologist reported on the truth of the discovery, and shortly after found gold in several other localities, especially on the banks of the Turon. This was a much wider and more open valley, and the gold accordingly was much finer, occurring in small scales and flakes. It was, however, more regularly and equally distributed through the soil. At the head of the Turon river, among the dark glens and gullies in which it collects its head waters, in the flanks of the Blue Mountains, the gold

became coarser, occurring in large lumps or nuggets; but these were more sparingly distributed. These facts are proofs of the correctness of the theoretic description, given above, of the original deposition of the gold. Ignorance was, of course, displayed in some of the local descriptions of the gold. It was said, for example, to have been evidently in 'a state of fusion,' which it could scarcely have been; but from having been deposited in small holes and crevices of the quartz rock, and afterwards rolled, and perhaps partially discoloured on the surface, it might assume some such form and appearance as melted fragments of lead. This, we think, was the case, from our inspection, in this country, of a large collection of nuggets.

In Mr. Arrowsmith's map appended to a Parliamentary Paper, we see the auriferous spots tinted in yellow. They occur at intervals along the flanks of the great eastern chain, or on its lateral spurs and subordinate ranges, through an extent of country about one thousand miles in length. Several spots in various parts might be named, but the mere name would convey no information. Some of them, as Ballarat, and Mount Alexander, and Mount Blackwood, north-west of Port Phillip, have become well known. The geological facts are important. In every one of these localities granite and metamorphic* rocks occur, and quartz veins are frequently spoken of. In scarcely any of them do we find mention made of the gold being seen in the actual rock; but in the drift clay, sand, and gravel, or lying loose on the surface of the ground. There was, indeed, a famous mass, called 'the hundredweight of gold,' found by Dr. Ker, north of Bathurst; but it is described as a block of quartz highly auriferous, lying among a lot of other loose blocks, and evidently derived from a broad quartz vein running up the hill behind them. No conceivable current of water could have carried such a mass far from its original site.

Turning to California, we find the auriferous deposits there existing under the same geological conditions, varied only by local peculiarities which do not affect the general characteristics. Respecting its future and ultimate produce of gold, it has been thought that the metal is too richly sprinkled to promise any very long continuance of an abundant yield; for it has been found by miners to be almost a law, that ore too highly concentrated in any given locality of lodes and veins, is, in the long run, much less profitable than when broadly and widely diffused throughout a mass of rock. Hence other regions, whose gold is disseminated through mountain masses, may afford a supply for ages to come, long after the rich gravel troughs of California shall have

* *Metamorphic* rocks consist of a stratified division of what used to be called 'primary rocks.' They are highly crystalline, such as gneiss and mica schist, and are named 'metamorphic,' because they have been *altered* by the influence of volcanic heat and other subterraneous causes, under pressure. The action, however, is matter of discussion.

been exhausted. Yet even this supposition may prove, like so many others on the gold regions, unfounded.

There is, as Sir R. I. Murchison has noticed, this remarkable geographical feature connected with the mineral phenomena of California: all the great quantities of gold have been derived from some twelve or fourteen localities in that portion of the western flank of the Sierra Nevada which assumes a north north-westerly direction from that parallel to the meridian it had before followed, between $37^{\circ} 30'$ and 30° north latitude. By reference to the map of Fremont, it would be seen that the centre of this westward deflection is directly opposite to where the extremity of an east and west ridge impinges on the Sierra Nevada, and is associated with the protuberance which alone has proved to be so eminently auriferous in all the long chain of mountains ranging from the eternal snows of Russian America to Mexico, Peru, and Chili. It is possible that the intersection of ridges may account for a great local development of metal, just as in mining practice at home and abroad it is found that the richest branches of mineral veins are often detected at their intersections. Some great laws of this kind, obscure and almost beyond our search, may govern the thread-like veins of metal in the 'lodes,' and the enormous mountain masses of primary rocks that course and cross the earth like gigantic ribs.

We may now glance at the gold tracts of Russia, chiefly situated in the Ural Mountains. These have proved very rich in gold. In the five years from 1847 to 1851 inclusive, the quantity of gold and silver raised in Russia has amounted to a weight of about 296,932 pounds troy. Taking the produce of 1851 from Erman's *Archives*, we find that the Russian works yielded 64,932 pounds troy of gold. Sir R. Murchison is disposed to consider that the yield of gold in Russia at the present time is nearly equal to £3,000,000 *per annum*. Let us speak of one locality in particular, which is celebrated for its gold mine, viz., Beresov. The mines there are said to have yielded, during the century previous to 1841, about 24,500 pounds avoirdupois of gold, worth £1,500,000, and obtained from about a million of tons of ore stuff; but this amount is inferior to the recent and present rate of yield of gold from these mines; for some beds were discovered in 1823 which, during one year, yielded gold to the amount of 262 *poods*. Erman, who visited the place some years since, says, 'Upon leaving the woods we first observed an infinity of conical heaps of mining rubbish overspreading the entire of the open plain. These are owing to the difficulties encountered in draining the mines. The ore is pretty equally distributed as low as the shafts penetrate. We entered a mine, the shaft of which was 105 feet deep, but struck into a gallery about half-way down, in which people were at work. The surrounding formation was soft, white, decomposing

gneiss, studded with bright veins of quartz and quantities of silvery talc. Brown spots of crumbling iron pyrites are strewed through it; but the large crystals of brown ironstone are only met with where the quartz is deposited in narrow and tortuous streaks and veins. It is from both sides of the hard white lines that the entire iron ore is collected containing the gold, partly dispersed in fine plates, and partly accumulated in lines and filaments like wire. The ore has to be followed in every direction, till it runs itself out in the rock; for there is no uniformity in the range of the veins.' We have, in this case, a kind of auriferous deposit different from those already mentioned, viz., gold combined with pyrites, and disseminated in a vein of quartz. Auriferous pyrites is not infrequent in several countries, and occurs rather abundantly in our own, as, for example, at Alston Moor, in Cumberland. It appears to be doubtful whether in every instance the gold exists in pyrites in minute metallic particles, or whether, in some instances at least, it may not be present in combination with sulphur. A piece of this kind of ore would present to the reader no external indication of the precious metal, and can only be known by chemical analysis: when once known by analysis, the outward appearances may be recognised in other specimens, and the inference would be that they might also contain gold. To find auriferous pyrites is, however, by no means equivalent to finding gold. Any one may take his fill of this ore from the vein called the 'Back-bone,' near Alston, Cumberland; but he would probably have to expend a sovereign in extracting from it sixteen shillings' worth of gold.

There are several chances against the possessor of the ore; for an ordinary practical assayer may be misled into unintentional mistakes; and all depends upon the amount of contained gold. Especial care should be taken in the sampling of gold ores, where the precious metal is irregularly diffused through the mass in particles of very different size: for minute errors in sampling will be greatly multiplied when the quantity of gold *per* ton is calculated from the assaying of five hundred or a thousand grains of ore. A few pounds spent, in the first instance, in obtaining assays from the first practical chemists, would have prevented the subsequent loss of hundreds and thousands in abortive gold mining, and the verification of a *dictum* of Mr. Punch: 'Most Golden Calves, when thrown into the crucible of Time, turn out to be no better than Pigs of Lead.'

Such being the principal forms and combinations in which gold occurs, it may be possible to form an approximate idea of its geographical distribution, founded upon its mineralogical conditions. If we can obtain or form a geological map of any country, we can see how far its palæozoic rocks and newer tertiaries extend over it, if at all. If absent, in all probability gold is absent; if present, gold *may* be found in some portions where those rocks

and beds prevail. But, as already noticed, that the rocks should be metamorphic or mineralized seems to be as necessary as that they should be old. It is very remarkable that the countries which were necessarily to give laws and civilization to the ancient world,—viz., Lower Egypt, Greece Proper, Italy, &c.,—should all alike have been destitute of gold procurable from their own soil, arising from the geological cause that those countries contain no mineralized old rocks. It would be a curious geological problem to ascertain why the *older* rocks, when mineralized, are pre-eminently auriferous; but the solution of such a problem is far beyond our present knowledge, which has only recently arrived at an apprehension of the geological conditions of gold. In pursuance, however, of our previous remark, Italy, south of the Po, contains scarcely any stratum older than secondary limestone, and is totally destitute of gold, unless a part of Calabria be an exception. But in proceeding to Sardinia and Corsica, where Silurian and crystalline rocks are found, there we find that gold mines have been worked in early ages.

It follows from what has been said, that a *Gold Map* of the world might be attempted, even in our present state of knowledge. Such a map has been attempted by Adolph Erman,* though we have not been able to inspect it. From Sir R. I. Murchison we learn, that the constructor of this map marks in it *seventy-seven* tracts in which gold has been worked, or is known still to exist; and shows, in contradiction to the old received opinion, how greatly it predominates in the northern hemisphere. Such a map might be made interesting by the employment of some degrees of shading, to indicate the comparative richness of the various tracts, and their rate of exhaustion. In a few paragraphs we may glance at the districts which would be included in a gold map of the world.

Gold abounds in Asia, and the deposits at the foot of the Ural Mountains are very rich. A piece of gold was found there in 1826, weighing twenty-three pounds, along with other pieces weighing three quarters of a pound each, together with the bones of elephants. The diluvium is all ferruginous. In this region a large quantity of gold was accumulated in the time of Herodotus by the Gothic tribe of the Massagetae, and must have become an important source of wealth and luxury to the Greeks. We may place the locality of this wealth between the 53rd and 55th degrees of latitude. More to the east, a region as large as France has lately been discovered with a soil rich in gold dust, resting in rocks which contain it. The treasures in that part of the Altaic chain called the Gold Mountains were discovered in 1834, forming a mountain knot nearly as large as England; and from this a great quantity of gold has been extracted. There is

* *Geographische Verbreitung des Goldes.* Berlin, 1848.

a region of gold sand, not exactly known, but associated with the fabulous story of gold-collecting ants.* This region is probably situated within a more southern latitude of 35° or 37°, either in the Thibetian highlands, east of the Polar chain, or northward towards the desert of Gobi, which has likewise been described as an auriferous district by an accurate Chinese observer who lived at the beginning of the seventh century. We know, too, that gold is found in Tibet, in the Chinese province of Yun-nan, and abundantly in the mountains of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, in Japan, and in Borneo; in which latter island it occurs near the surface in six different places. In the extensive continent of India, gold seems to be most common in the kingdom of Siam.

In Africa gold has been found from the earliest periods. The modern town of Tripoli is built upon a rock washed upon two sides by the sea, and southward and westward it has a large sandy plain. The people may be said to walk upon gold. The precious ore is sifted from the sand on the sea-shore, but it is said that whole veins of this metal are found inlaid on the approach to Fezzan. In the mountains of Atlas and Morocco there are numerous iron mines, and some gold and silver mines, not permitted to be touched. Timbuctoo, the African El Dorado, the *Belled el Tibbr*, i.e., 'Land of Gold,' is the great market where all the Kafilas from the north-east meet those of the south-west, and, though itself producing no gold, is the great market for it. To the south of Kajaaga, and east of Bondou, is the country of Bambouk,† the Peru of Western Africa, from which the greater part of the gold that finds its way to the coast is obtained. It lies ten leagues south of the Senegal. The gold diggings of Bambouk are said (our authority is Mr. Wyld) to extend over 10,000 square miles. The indolent natives, half a million in number, leave uncultivated the most fertile lands in order to unite in villages near the gold mines. These are national property, and the gold washing is carried on during eight months of dry weather, and ceases when the rainy season commences. The richest mine is that of Natakou. At three quarters of a league west is a small insulated round-topped hill, three hundred feet high, the whole of which is an alluvial formation, with a quantity of sand, pulverized emery, grains of iron ore, and gold in lumps, grains, and spangles. There is not a cubic foot of this hill the soil of which is not loaded with gold. The natives have perforated the hill in all directions with pits six feet in diameter, and forty feet deep. The deeper they go, the

* A passage has been recently discovered in the *Mahabharatta*, in which the ant-gold is mentioned. Humboldt, however, collected shining grains of hyalite, (a species of quartz,) brought together in heaps by ants in the Mexican highlands, in basaltic districts.

† Not marked in some popular Atlases, but always in the best maps.

more abundant is the gold. There are 1,200 such pits, formed with a gentle slope and steps for descending; but as the sides are not planked, they frequently fall in, and bury the labourers. A traveller states that the Negroes literally believe that riches grow in hell, and that the maker of all this gold is the devil;—certainly a very unsound creed, though indicating very clearly the evil influences of gold in those remote regions. Bambouk furnishes the greatest part of the gold sold on the Western Coast of Africa, as well as much of that which is brought to Morocco, Fez, and Algiers, and to Cairo and Alexandria. Another region of Africa where gold is abundant, lies on the south-east coast, between 15° and 22° of south latitude, and nearly opposite to Madagascar. There gold is found not only in sand, but in veins, and thereabouts some place the ancient Ophir. Nearer to the Equator, and on the western shores of the continent, the Gold Coast supplied the Portuguese, and afterwards the Dutch, with immense treasures in gold. Dr. Livingston mentions that he found grains of gold, and gold districts hitherto unknown may be discovered in Africa.

America is abundantly stored with gold by nature. It is chiefly collected in the alluvial soil, and in the beds of rivers, and sometimes, but more rarely, it is obtained from veins. In Mexico the gold is chiefly found in its numerous silver veins. All the rivers in the province of the Caraccas, about 10° north of the Equator, furnish gold. In the Spanish part of America gold is obtained in the alluvial soil in Chili, and also in the province of Choco, where it is more abundant; but in Peru it has been extracted from veins of unctuous quartz, marked with ferruginous spots. In the Vice-Royalty of La Plata, some thirty mines or pits have been named from which gold has been obtained. The whole ridge of the Cordilleras, from the town of La Paz to Sicasica, abounds in ores containing gold. About one hundred and fifty years ago a projecting portion of the rock (an argillaceous schistus) fell down, and from this stone masses of pure gold, weighing from two to fifty pounds, were detached. In the Brazils gold is found almost everywhere along the foot of the immense chain of mountains running nearly parallel with the coast, and extending from 5° to 30° of south latitude. The washings of Minas Geraes *have been* very productive.* The vicinity of the Rio das Mortes (the River of Death) every where attests the extensive search formerly made for gold there, and the profusion of precious metals found upon the surface. All the banks of the stream are furrowed out, the whole of the vegetable mould has been washed away, and nothing remains but a red earth cut into square channels like troughs, with a narrow ridge between.

A considerable quantity of gold has been collected in North

* Now we learn that the annual labour of a slave produces only about £4.

Carolina. The gold region of the United States is a metaliferous belt, extending in a south-west direction through the States of Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. Its length is about six hundred miles, and it has a mean breadth from its southern to its northern edge of about eighty miles. In every part of this extensive line, native gold is met with in alluvial deposits and in various streams, while the contiguous rocky strata abound in quartz ore veins more or less auriferous.

Of California we have already spoken, and also of the ancient productiveness of Spain. We can only name Hungary and Transylvania. Schemnitz and Kremnitz were noted for auriferous sands, and for gold accompanied by silver, lead, and iron pyrites, in quartz.

We have left the Australian gold fields to the last. They require special attention, and are, of course, the most interesting to Englishmen. The geological conditions which have originated and governed these and other auriferous drifts we have previously illustrated, and our present question is as to their extent and area, and their probable yield of gold. No reliable information as to the extent of the several gold fields has been yet presented as a whole. The vague and marvellous accounts of newspaper correspondents do not seem entitled to much credit, as every man who does not make a survey, draws upon his imagination. Commissioners have been appointed to inquire into the condition of the gold diggers, and from them we gather some few facts respecting the mines and the mining prospects. One State document has, however, appeared, and has been quoted in the Australian papers which come to our hands while we are writing.

The Select Committee of the Victoria Legislative Council, appointed to consider and recommend the best mode of developing the mineral resources of the colony, have now given their Report to the public. From this we learn, that gold digging is not by any means the profitable employment it was supposed to be. Statistics represent that, at the end of last year, there were 100,000 miners, either engaged in actual mining, or searching for new diggings, upon the gold fields of Victoria. The estimated yield of gold that year was £12,500,000 sterling, and therefore the earnings of each man were not more than eight shillings *per day*,—something less than a day-labourer's wages, in the neighbouring colony,—to say nothing of the uncertainties attending the occupation of a gold-digger, which are great. The method of digging is wholly unscientific, much of the gold is lost in manipulation, and the chance of gain is so unequal, that while a few persons may gain fortunes, the great majority are earning only a bare livelihood.

The probability of the exhaustion of the Victoria gold fields has been much discussed; but this Committee publishes a very sanguine opinion in favour of their continued richness for no less a period than 2,240 years. The statistics given to establish

this view are those of M. Brache, who is considered a reliable authority. He estimates the auriferous lands of the colony to be 20,000 square miles, including 200 square miles of quartz reefs. He computes that there are about 20,650,000,000 tons of quartz, which would take 100,000 miners 300 years to work up. The value of these, estimated at £1 *per* ton, would give the enormous yield of £62,000,000 sterling *per annum*; allowing 10,000 companies, of 10 men each, to quarry and crush 24 tons a day. The alluvial lands are further estimated at 20,444,000,000 cubic yards; and if worked up by 100,000 miners, at the rate of 90,000,000 cubic yards *per annum*, they would occupy 2,240 years in exhausting their treasures. The grand total of the estimated auriferous wealth of the colony is put down at £26,783,000,000 sterling. Well directed surveys, and useful geological investigations, are strongly urged as essential to the best development of these immense auriferous accumulations.

Now, if due reliance can be placed on the above estimates, there is still a glorious and golden future for the Australian diggings. Of the returns already made, we can write from a search into Parliamentary Papers, which afford the following particulars of exports of gold from New South Wales and Victoria diggings:—

EXPORTS FROM NEW SOUTH WALES.

Year.	Value Sterling.
1851.....	£468,336
1852.....	3,600,175
1853.....	1,781,171
1854.....	773,209
1855.....	209,250

EXPORTS FROM VICTORIA.

Year.	Value Sterling.
1851.....	£438,000
1852.....	6,135,000
1853.....	8,664,000
1854.....	8,255,000
1855.....	11,303,000

The aggregate receipts for the five years, from both districts, amount to £41,830,696; of which £7,032,141 came from New South Wales, and £34,830,696 from Victoria. It appears that all of this vast amount, except about two millions, was brought direct to this country.

We shall now include the yield of the Californian gold fields with the Australian, for the same five years, and present the whole in one view:—

YIELD OF AUSTRALIA AND CALIFORNIA.

Years.	Value Sterling.
1851.....	£8,907,000
1852.....	20,935,000
1853.....	22,445,000
1854.....	22,629,000
1855.....	21,421,000

£102,949,000

We find that M. Chevalier, without giving particulars, estimates the total imports of gold from Australia and California into Europe to be £106,000,000, which (as some considerable

imports were made from California before 1851) may be taken as nearly agreeing with the above estimate, and as probably founded upon it. The gold fields of California were discovered in 1848. In 1844, the total of gold and silver in the United States was (according to a newly issued State Paper) estimated at 100,000,000 dollars. The imports and receipts of bullion at the Mint, from American mines, (after deducting the exports to September 30th, 1856,) have added at least 150,000,000 dollars to the amount of gold and silver in the United States; without taking into account the amount brought in by emigrants and returning travellers, or the amounts so taken out, or used in manufactures.

These great amounts are, we believe, beyond the expectations and prophecies of the highest authorities a few years ago. A highly respected Government officer, who has, more than any other such gentleman, devoted himself to statistics, declared in a lecture published in 1853, 'It has been estimated, that £23,000,000 of gold and silver will be added to our store of precious metals this year. This appears to be one of the exaggerated statements arising out of the fever of the day. *We shall not receive more than £11,000,000 from the United States, California, and Australia; and if we receive £3,000,000 more, from all the other sources of supply, it will be as much as we may expect. Many former sources of supply are cut off, and the probability is, that we shall not receive nearly so large a quantity.*' It seems, then, that those who stand highest, as authorities, can only form mere conjectures,—which the event may soon falsify. The Australian and Californian amounts are, indeed, most remarkable. If only twenty millions *per annum* be added to our stores of gold, from these sources collectively, and if other gold fields yield, in some few instances, the usual or increasing quantities, one would imagine some monetary changes must ensue.

An instructive table has been compiled by M. Chevalier, in which he shows the produce of gold, from various countries, in 1846, two years before the great discoveries of gold in California, and in 1850, two years after; adding also the produce of silver. The following extract of a portion of this table will be interesting:—

	Produce of Gold and Silver in 1846.			Produce of Gold and Silver in 1850.		
	Gold.	Silver.	Total.	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
California	—	—	—	12,000,000	62,088	12,062,088
Mexico	249,753	3,457,020	3,706,773	882,901	5,383,333	5,766,234
Peru	96,241	1,000,583	1,096,824	96,241	1,000,583	1,096,824
Total of North & South America, from eight sources.	1,801,560	5,261,619	6,563,179	13,341,989	7,259,824	20,601,813

It thus appears, that the product of gold from California, for 1850, was not much less than the total produce of North and South America, for that year. For that same year the produce of gold from Russia was £4,175,860; the largest of the other countries afterwards named. It follows, then, that all the gold produce of the auriferous districts of the world is (taken singly, country by country) little, compared with the produce severally of Australia and California. If Victoria alone can furnish ten or twelve millions *per annum*, the aggregate increase of gold in the world must soon be immense.

We fear that few persons who have concerned themselves with this subject have reflected upon the singular proof which it affords of Providential government of the world. In those far distant wastes stores of gold have been forming and accumulating for ages, unnoticed by the eye of avaricious man. Always ready to yield their treasures, those districts have been as safe as if they had been locked up and barred, or as if mountains of inaccessible height had stood watch and ward over them. Just, however, when the commerce of the world was extending wider and wider; when science and enterprise had established speedy intercommunications betwixt distant lands; when nations became over-crowded and over-peopled; when bread was becoming a scarce thing to the half famished, when thousands were pinched and parched;—the gold fields of California, and shortly after those of Australia, were discovered. Why not before? Not for want of scientific men or knowledge; not for want of adventurous travellers; but because, manifestly, had they been long previously discovered, the emigrative enterprise of nations had not then received its heaven-directed impulse. The coincidence of the pressure at home and the discoveries abroad, is the remarkable thing; and such almost unobserved coincidences are constantly affording to the wise and good new indications of a Providential government. We think, too, that a proof of benevolent design might be drawn from the way in which gold is disposed and distributed; not only in *time*, as to its discovery by man, but in *space* also. It is not the exclusive treasure of any country. Does it not strike the reader as remarkable, that a metal, obviously so serviceable to man, is yet so distributed, in at least seventy-seven tracts of country, that, whilst it appears to be the subject of a particular set of geological conditions, it is nevertheless sown broadcast over the earth? Precious as it is, yet it is not too rare; rare enough to prevent it becoming an unvalued thing, common enough to permit of its continual use. It would almost seem as if the Great Creator had designed this metal to occupy the place it does in man's civilized life; for it cannot be exhausted, and if ever the present great gold fields should cease to yield abundantly, doubtless others will be discovered, or other means of extracting gold from sources at

present unremunerative would be devised. While it cannot be exhausted, owing to its abundance, so likewise it appears as if it could not be extracted too rapidly. It is disseminated in minute grains, over vast tracts of sand, and clay, and rock; and so disseminated, that some considerable labour is necessary to separate it. No man, therefore, can sit down, and steal, as it were, more than his share from the natural repositories. This opinion is remarkably corroborated by the information above recorded, as to the equalized rate of earnings at the gold diggings. In the main, and in the course of time, inequalities cease; and notwithstanding a few fortunate finders of masses and rich spots may become suddenly enriched, yet it seems to be impossible that this should be otherwise than an exception to the general rule. Individuals cannot draw large cheques on Nature's gold-bank; if they do, the answer of Nature commonly is, 'No effects.' She is her own best banker, and, by the diffusion of her gold in sands and streams, contrives always to keep due 'Metallic Reserves,' as a financier would say. Though half the world should run upon her for gold at one time, her bank would not break; she has means of preservation which none could defeat.

Among these are the operations preliminary to the procurement of gold, even when it is under our feet. These necessary preliminaries check avarice and interpose delay. They may be arranged under three heads:—1. The *washing*; 2. The *trituration*, or reduction in size; and, 3. The *separation* of the useful from the waste.

1. The *washing* of gold may proceed from the simple gold-washer's bowl (or 'vanning dish') up to higher machinery. The bowl is constructed of hard, close-grained wood, and is circular in Brazil, and oval in parts of Transylvania and Hungary; the size varying from three feet in diameter to small ovals of a foot in length, as used in Mexico. Sometimes this bowl is used for washing auriferous alluvium, but more commonly as a means of assaying, or for the purpose of still further cleansing and separating the particles of gold, as they are brought from some other of the concentrating processes. The settlement and separation of the gold is partly assisted by striking one end of the full bowl, after it has been shaken from side to side and circularly, so as to arrest the course of the particles for a moment; and, finally, several different layers or lines of mineral matter may be distinguished from one another, the gold occupying the lower position. The Gypsies in Transylvania employ simple contrivances for gold washing. A board of six or seven feet in length, and with a number of notches or grooves cut across it, is placed in an inclined position, or a similar board is covered with rough cloths, or two or three shorter grooved boards are placed in a sieve, and the auriferous sand, mingled with water, is made to flow evenly downwards from the top,

whilst the metallic particles, caught in the grooves, or in the cloths, are afterwards concentrated in the separating bowl. The sands of the Rhine contain, in a part of its course, gold in small proportions, and a similar mode of washing is practised there. By various simple arrangements a proper assortment of sizes of ores may be obtained, but at a considerable outlay for wages, as a boy must be placed at each of the gratings and sieves usually employed, to pick over the coarse stones which refuse to pass through his particular sieve. To save the outlay for wages, different means of effecting the same object, with less manual labour, have been adopted; as, for example, inclined cylindrical sieves, employed in some of the Russian gold washings, set in revolution by an axis, and by the aid of a constant flow of water, allowing the small material to pass through into a sloping table beneath, but pouring out the large stones at the lower end of a cylinder. To suit thick and tenacious deposits, circular sieves are employed, in some of the large Russian machines, where the earth is continually worked up with travelling knives. It is evident that a very different amount of labour and skill will be required for ores, or 'stuffs,' as they come from different localities; and the modes of application will likewise vary, from a mere fall of water, of a few inches in height, under which the fragments are moved to and fro, to a variety of apparatus, such as we have alluded to, in which manual labour is greatly saved, and by which either a simple or compound sorting is simultaneously effected. Much, too, will depend on the comparative richness or poverty of the auriferous deposits themselves. The poorer deposits require finer washing.

2. As to *trituration*, so necessary and costly in the mines of some metals, as copper, tin, and lead. Nature herself has performed the task in the case of alluvial gold. She has, long ages ago, abraded the highest and richest parts of the veins in the gold-bearing rocks, and so triturated and washed the precious contents, that the human 'streamer' of gold merely completes what she has more than half effected. It is different, however, in the case of quartz containing gold: here the same course must be pursued as in the trituration of copper, tin, lead, &c., in their several veins; and these quartz deposits may therefore be regarded as Nature's auriferous reserves,—her uncoined bullion. The simplest method of trituration is to bruise and break down the ore by hand, with a heavy flat piece of cast or wrought iron, attached to a short handle, and known in mining districts as a *bucker*; but in most cases a *crusher*, or *grinder*, must be employed. These are machines best known in England, and to be seen at work in complicated forms at the lead mines of the North of England, in simpler forms in Cornwall and Wales. The principle is that of a pair of rollers of thick cast iron, almost in contact, and revolving towards the space between them into

which the ore is thrown. They are worked by steam or water-power, more rarely by windmills, or on a small scale by horse-power, or by hand. Every one who looks over the advertisements of the journals of the day, must observe how many wonderful quartz-crushers are, or have been, advertised for California and Australia; and one eager inventor is weekly assuring us that, by his quartz-crusher, an *infant* may crush—we forget how much a day. Unhappy race of infants, if the coral and the rattle are to be abandoned for the quartz-crusher! We have seen something of crushers in various forms, from Berdan's American hemispheres (only a year or two ago most popular) to later inventions. We have seen Berdan's crusher operate upon a Cornish oxide of iron, named *gossan*, and produce certain grains of gold in a few minutes; and we had wonderful accounts from Cornwall and Devon of large stores of auriferous gossan. Gossan-crushing Companies sprang up, and shares were at a premium; and one of our own friends became rich (by *anticipation*) in the possession of auriferous gossan on her Devonian estate. These things we have had and heard within the last five years. But where and what are they now? Simply *crushed*, without the crushing machines! In truth, all these sudden discoveries and announcements are only illusory to the unwary and unscientific. The knowledge of a few facts would dispel the illusions. In California it has been found that a vein of auriferous quartz, to be remunerative, should yield at least £7. 5s. of gold *per* ton of quartz; but of all the quartz-crushing machines set up in California, scarcely more than one third (we conjecture) are used for mines which are yielding for any lengthened period as much as £6 *per* ton. We should add, that M. Chevalier and others are far more sanguine than we ourselves are in respect of quartz-crushing; but with reference to gossan-crushing in England, the cost vastly exceeds the gain.

3. The *separation* embraces the most difficult set of processes in the preparation of ores. The sole principle, guiding us through all, is the difference of specific gravity between the valuable and the worthless substances: the heavier the metal we propose to separate, and the lighter the waste, the more readily and completely will the operation be effected. The action of the numerous contrivances adopted depends either on the suspension of the fragments in water, and the consequent fall of the heaviest to the bottom; or in the flow of a stream of water down an inclined plane,—depositing the heavier particles first, and carrying the lightest away with it to the lower end of the plane. Among these is the *cradle* introduced from Virginia and Carolina into California, and thence to Australia. It is mounted on rockers, so that, by means of a handle, it may be swayed to and fro. The length is divided into partitions, the contents of each of which are afterwards concentrated separately in a bowl. Much

manual labour is required for the cradle; and, in most instances, the loss of fine gold is very great. Already, in California, some of the sand has been operated upon a second and even a third time with advantage.

Various kinds of machines have been invented and tried one after another at the Russian gold stream-works; and one or more have been found very effective. A Siberian machine is able to operate on two hundred tons of stuff a day, with the labour of eight horses, twenty men, and six boys, including ten men for removing the waste, if in a level country: it is, however, rather too complicated for general use.

The above-noticed apparatus will turn out the gold still so much mixed with other substances, (as magnetic iron, pyrites, &c.) that it requires to be further purified. For this purpose an uncovered table or frame is used (in Siberia), which is divided into an upper and lower part by a lath nailed across the bottom; and the workman standing upon it mixes the sand with water, and gently moves it against the current with a wooden hoe or rake (*colrake*). The gold thus arranges itself chiefly near the head-board of the frame; and when a certain amount is deposited, he rakes it with his hoe so as to draw down the waste particles over the lath, without disturbing the richer deposit. This process, with variations, being repeated, the resulting gold dust may be dried, and freed from any remaining magnetic iron by a magnet.

It is surprising how very poor ores can be made profitable by adequate skill in the above processes. Certain ores at Schemnitz, in Hungary, have to be broken from the solid veins, at depths extending to 200 fathoms (1,200 feet). The total quantity *stamped* (by stamps like huge pestles in mortars) was, in 1842, about 40,000 tons, and the average of the useful metals extracted from fifty tons was, gold, 3oz.; auriferous silver, 3½lbs.; lead, 8½cwt.: the ratio of gold to the other materials being here only as one part to half a million. In another mine (Siglisberg) the ratio of gold was one part in 760,000; and of auriferous silver, one part in 24,000.

From Erman's Visit to the Siberian mines, we learn that the ores of Beresov yield about $\frac{1}{64000}$ of their weight of metal, and give not more than $\frac{1}{1000000}$ to the first washing. In other Siberian gold districts, the produce was $\frac{1}{400000}$ of gold; and in some rich beds, $\frac{1}{2700}$ and $\frac{1}{1000}$ of gold. These instances will show the different proportions for different countries and mines. The sand of any river may be considered worth washing for gold, if it will yield twenty-four grains of gold *per* cwt. of sand.

Let us obtain a glimpse of affairs as they are in active operation at the Victoria diggings, afforded to us by Mr. Howitt,

who visited Spring Creek in 1852. Speaking of these diggings, our traveller observes:—

‘No language can describe the scene of chaos where they principally are. The creek, that is a considerable brook, is diverted from its course; and all the bed of the old course is dug up; then each side of the creek is dug up, and holes sunk as close to each other as they can possibly be, so as to leave room for the earth that is thrown out. These holes are some round, some square, and some no shape at all, the sides having fallen in as fast as they are dug out. They are, in fact, pits and wells, and shapeless yawning gulfs, from ten to thirty feet deep. Out of these the earth has to be drawn up in buckets, and some wind them up with windlasses rudely constructed out of the wood that grows about; and others haul it up with blocks and pulleys. The diggers generally ascend and descend by a rope fastened to a post above, and by holes for their feet in the side of the pit.

‘Many of these holes are filled, or nearly so, with water filtering from the creek. It is black as ink, and has a stench as of a tan-yard, partly from the bark with which they line the sides of their holes. In the midst of all these holes, these heaps of clay and gravel, and this stench, the diggers are working away thick as ants in an ant-hill. You may imagine the labour of all this, and especially of keeping down these subterranean deluges of Stygian water.....’ The course of the creek is lined with other diggers washing out their gold. There are whole rows, almost miles, of puddling-tubs and cradles at work. The earth containing the gold is thrown into the puddling-tubs, (half hogsheads,) and stirred about with water to dissolve the hard lumps, when it is put through the cradle, and then washed out in tin dishes. It is a scene of great bustle and animation. We saw some parties who had washed out in the course of the day 1lb. weight of gold, others 5 or 6 oz.; and most of them had some golden results.’

Mr. Howitt elsewhere says:—

‘If any one at home asks you whether he shall go to the Australian diggings, advise him first to go and dig a coal-pit; then work a month at a stone-quarry; next sink a well in the wettest place he can find, of at least fifty feet deep; and, finally, clear out a space of sixteen feet square of a bog twenty feet deep: if after that he still has a fancy for the gold-fields, let him come,’ &c.

When so great a sensation was occasioned by the announcement of the discovery of the Californian and Australian gold fields, numerous speculative Companies began to arise. In 1852 and 1853 these projects were most numerous and most public: thirty or forty Companies were advertised, having a nominal capital in the aggregate of about four or five millions sterling. Shares were convenient, (£1 each,) prospectuses tempting and glowing; you had only to pay £1, and to expect at least a dozen. After all, however, the sum actually sunk did not, we believe, greatly exceed a million and a half sterling,—no insignificant sum, especially when some of the shares were *rigged* to as much as 100, 200, and 300 *per cent.* premium. Large

dealings in these fictions led to large personal losses. The history of these schemes is one unvarying record of failure. Only one of them, as far as we can ascertain, paid dividend. Had the money been fairly expended, some gold might have been got; but the majority of the schemes were flimsy and unreliable, and were developments of the spirit of speculation, a repetition of the railway *jobs*, and utterly unworthy of credit. Let us hope they will never be again attempted. An acquaintance with the real nature of auriferous deposits, and with the great difficulty in making distant quartz-crushing remunerative, will, we trust, open the eyes of those who have earned gold, and prevent them from throwing away the possessed for the unacquired and uncertain.

With a word or two on gold in Great Britain and Ireland we must conclude. As we have in many parts of our own island favourable geological conditions for gold, so we have gold itself. About the year 1796 considerable excitement was produced by the discovery of some large specimens of native gold in alluvial soil in the county of Wicklow, Ireland. Gold to the value of £3,675 has been obtained, but the cost of the labour is said to have exceeded that sum considerably. One of the masses weighed twenty-two ounces. We have visited the gold locality of Wicklow, but scarcely a quill-full can now be obtained for the manufacture of small jewellery.

In Scotland a considerably quantity of gold was procured in the Lead Hills in the days of James IV. and James V.; in the reign of the latter the amount was said to be worth £300,000. In another locality the Scotch explorers found, we are told, a piece of thirty ounces' weight. King James VI. expended about £3,000 sterling, (a large sum in his day,) in searching for gold on Carnwath Moor, but he only obtained about three ounces, worth nearly £12. We also find that some £20,000 was expended in the Lead Hills to obtain less than £5,000.

In Cornwall small quantities of gold have been picked up from the earliest times, particularly in the alluvial tin works. In the reigns of Edward I. and Edward III. between three and four hundred miners were employed in the gold works of Combmartin, in Devonshire. A year or two ago, as noticed above, a kind of mania lasted for a short time in relation to the extraction of gold from an ochreous oxide of iron, (*gossan*), abundant in Cornwall and Devon. Little or nothing has been heard of gold from these sources, but some works have been relinquished with enormous loss.

The gold of Merionethshire and some other parts of Wales has alternately raised and falsified the hopes of many. A specimen of Welsh gold-rock in the British Museum seems very rich; but few speculators in these things appear to be aware of the

very obvious truth, as we should think, that one rich specimen of gold proves little more than is contained in itself. There may not be many like it in the vicinity. A friend of ours had a specimen of this kind, and from Wales, we believe, lately put into his hand by a mineralogist, who remarked, 'This identical specimen has already ruined three or four Companies.' For ourselves we have very small expectations of the present profitable working of any gold-rock, so called, in our own islands,—at least, on any large scale. Recent information has confirmed our views.

ART. III. 1.—*A Manual of the Sea Anemones commonly found on the English Coast.* By the REV. GEORGE TUGWELL. London: John Van Voorst. 1856.

2. *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. CCCCXCV. Art., *New Facts and Old Fancies about Sea Anemones.*

A TROGLODYTE travelling in a railway train! One would as soon expect to see one of the anthropophagi in a fashionable hat-shop! And yet here he is,—rather under-sized, perhaps, as individuals of his race are wont to be, but looking not a bit the worse for his journey,—his swarthy complexion the very picture of robust health. Our troglodyte, however, is not an inhabitant of African caves, unless they be those of the mermaids; for he appears to be of British extraction, and is truly national in his love of the sea. In fact, the creature is a well-known zoophyte, which derives its name from its habits of concealment in rocky crevices, and under stones on the sea-shore.

This transmission of live animals through the post affords a glimpse of a curious trade. The study of marine zoology is so much the rage, that everything else has given way before it. The tank and glass cylinder are now conspicuous objects at every street-corner, in all shapes and sizes,—globose, square, oblong, and octagon; in crown glass, sheet glass, flatted glass, plate glass, and stained glass; with wood, zinc, iron, slate, and terra cotta fittings; and all equally available for fresh water and salt. These are but the outward signs of a mania that is spreading through town and country. The mania-cs themselves go down to the coast in hundreds, and may be found, any time between March and November, grubbing in the sand, or groping in the caverns, or wading in the tide-pools, or hammering and digging like men possessed. But for every amateur who is thus collecting for himself, there are a score at home who are compelled to purchase their live wares; and this demand has created a new class of 'dealers in marine stores.' Of these, Mr. W. A. Lloyd has taken the lead, and evidently intends to keep it. His arrangements are on a grand scale. Of animal life alone, he professes

to keep in stock 15,000 specimens; and yet such is the demand that the numbers are often reduced within very manageable limits; while the algæ, which are of equal, and sometimes of greater, importance, are not to be had for love or money. And truly the latter is not stinted in any case. If periwinkles are a penny a-piece, we should like to know, according to the problems of our childhood, how much is turbot a pound? Shrimps in Leadenhall Street are twopence a pint; in Portland Road the lively little crustacean is introduced to willing purchasers as *Crangon vulgaris*, price one shilling each specimen; by which means a step is gained in scientific nomenclature, and another also in commercial statics. Prawns are eighteen-pence each, the common sea-anemone is a shilling, the rarer sorts from one shilling to seven shillings, and so on. Ploughing the sea-shore is, therefore, not such a profitless labour after all; and the 'barren coast' may yield a harvest as rich as acres of golden grain. Considering, however, the expenses of a paid staff of collectors, the losses *in transitu*, and the time and attention involved in keeping up a stock, there is not much room for complaint; while, as a question of economy to the aquarian himself, it is far cheaper to buy than to collect.

The principle of the aquarium is the maintenance of an equal balance between vegetable and animal life; the former evolving oxygen and absorbing carbon, the latter giving off carbon and requiring a perpetual supply of oxygen. It is the repetition, on a small scale, of what is constantly going on around us. It is not merely to please the eye that God has clothed the fields with verdure, and the trees with abundant foliage. Every mossy fibre that creeps over the mouldering wall, coming we know not whence, and growing we know not how; every blade of grass, every leaf of every tree, is bearing its part in the great laboratory of nature; absorbing noxious gases from the atmosphere, and renewing its purity and health-giving power. So, also, there is a marine vegetation as extensive, as varied, as lovely as that of the land, and ever performing the same important functions.

On a sultry July day, when not even a ripple disturbs the lake-like surface of the sea, there are few who have not stepped into a boat, and pulled out a few hundred yards, for the pleasure of gazing dreamily into the crystal depths. The uneven bottom, with its mimic cliffs and caverns, its rugged peaks and rounded promontories; the strange vegetation,—some of the coarser growths reaching to the surface, others discernible many feet lower down; the novel combinations of colour,—rich crimsons, endless shades of green, dark blues, greys, and neutrals, all indefinitely blended; the singular effects of light and shade upon the unaccustomed eye; the brilliancy which makes the land-scenery look comparatively tame; the marvellous clearness, which is yet not wholly clear, but shrouds the lower depths in

mystery,—these are the elements of a picture which is spread on every yard of the ocean floor.* Within certain limits, water is a more favourable medium than air for viewing objects. The dreary shingle beach is every tide converted into an exquisite mosaic,—every stone appearing streaked or mottled with some bright colour previously unnoticed. But marine vegetation is invested with no merely fictitious beauty. Its loveliness survives the removal from its natural element; and even in death is such as no amount of drying, pressing, and fantastic grouping can destroy. The most elegant, both in form and colour, are the red family (Rhodosperms) which inhabit deep water, and, contrary to all the laws which regulate ordinary vegetation, are most brightly coloured where the light is feeblest. But it fortunately happens, that the larger tide-pools often contain specimens as fine as those taken from deep water; the perpendicular sides of the pool, and the coarser weeds which generally fringe the margin, affording the requisite degree of shadow. The collecting of such specimens is a favourite pursuit with ladies, many of whom have been most successful explorers in this branch of science, and have added very largely to the list of discoveries. The pursuit itself is most interesting,—the systematic study of the subject is the reverse; and they complain reasonably enough of the scientific jargon, neither Greek nor Latin, which seems paraded *in terrorem*, to warn off trespassers from such classic ground. Opening one of the ‘popular’ manuals at random, we learn that the frond of a certain genus is ‘coriaceous, orbicular, pezizæform,’ and rather think we should know it at a glance; another is characterized as ‘pectinato-pinnate,’ and a third as ‘gelatinoso-carnose.’ But we are a little puzzled by the ‘cruciate tetraspores, which are vertically placed among the filaments of the periphery, in sub-defined sori;’ and are fairly beaten by the ‘favellidia, sub-solitary near the apex of the ramuli, affixed to the base of the whorled ramelli, and covered by them, containing, within a hyaline membranaceous perispore, a sub-globose mass of minute spores.’ The sentence resembles a rebus, in which we recognise one or two simple words, as ‘and’ or ‘in,’ but surrounded by incomprehensible hieroglyphics. We are sincerely rejoiced to see that some of the more recent writers are breaking through these trammels, and making use of intelligible language. But it is a great deal pleasanter to study nature than books; and as it is possible to grow algæ at home, we may yet solve some of the riddles for ourselves.

The oblong tank is undoubtedly the most effective form of aquarium, its size and expense being the only objections. The

* There is some hope that these submarine views may be permanently retained by means of photography, judging from the result of Mr. W. Thompson’s ingenious experiments.

common propagating glasses, fitted into turned wooden stands, will answer every purpose,—with this further advantage, that the risk is divided; if one fails, another may succeed; whereas in a large tank, holding from ten to thirty gallons, any failure is complete and irremediable, and a serious affair. The beginner will do wisely, instead of using sand, to cover the bottom for several inches with small river pebbles; on these should be placed a few pieces of rock, disposed with an eye to effect, and so as to afford some degree of shelter to the intended inmates. The water ought to be dipped some miles from land, if possible in mid-channel, so as to be fairly rid of the impurities arising from drainage and other causes; success depends in a great measure on its absolute purity. As a scientific experiment, the ‘artificial sea-water’ was very ingenious and very successful; nevertheless, an amateur who has any regard for his stock will not attempt to use it unless absolutely compelled.

After the rock-work has been firmly fixed, and the water carefully filled in, and the fragments of weed, *Ulva* or *Enteromorpha*, settled in their places, it will be advisable to let the whole stand undisturbed for a day or two, not only that the water may thoroughly clear itself, but that the young growth of weed may have a fair start before any animal life is introduced. As the spores or seeds find the readiest lodgment on the roughest surfaces, two or three pieces of coarse sandstone should be placed in the vase. If in a tolerable light, they will soon be covered with a green scurf or down, which every day visibly increases, until the broken fragments are clothed with a dense rich pile of living velvet. This vegetable growth is invaluable, and gives off a large supply of oxygen, under the influence of a moderate degree of light. But a portion of that which adheres to the glass must be removed from time to time, or there will be an excess of vegetable matter, much to the detriment of our little favourites. If all goes on well, a few of the red weeds may be introduced, placing them as much as possible in shadow. Their delicate forms and bright colours add much to the beauty of the aquarium, and contrast gratefully with the somewhat monotonous greens.

Opinions vary as to the amount of light which is most suitable. Mr. Warrington’s tank, with slate back and ends, admitting light only from above, answers well with a south aspect, and in the open country, but not in a narrow street, where the light is only feeble and indirect. His other suggestion, that the side next the light should be fitted with pale green glass, or at least shielded with coloured tissue paper, is excellent, and in nine cases out of ten will answer better than the slate back. As regards situation, if we intend the aquarium to be self-acting, there are two difficulties to be provided against; for if the light is excessive, the plants suffer from the injurious stimulus, and

soon perish altogether; while those that have been in more sheltered positions remain quite healthy. If, on the other hand, the light is defective, the animals suffer for want of a due supply of oxygen. The situation must admit several hours of sunshine daily, or it is useless to expect success. Excess of light can be counteracted, but there is no remedy for the opposite evil. If a vase be removed from its place in a south window to one on the opposite side of the house, a very little time, especially in dull weather, will serve to place its healthy inmates on the sick list.

Mr. Tugwell gets rid of all these difficulties in a very simple way. He maintains that vegetation is altogether unnecessary; that the confervoid growth is mischievous rather than beneficial; in fact, that 'the sea-weeds are better omitted,' the deficiency being supplied by a free use of the syringe! Now, an aquarium without vegetable life must be something like that famous beer, from which the hops were unfortunately forgotten. Our own experience does not favour his view of the case. Four out of seven specimens of *Actinia crassicornis* were thus placed in pure sea-water, and three in the aquarium. Of the former, all died in less than a month, although the water was regularly changed and aerated. Of the latter, all are alive and perfectly healthy, after being six months in captivity. Aeration by means of plants is certainly a nearer approach to natural conditions than aeration by contact with the atmosphere. Moreover it is known that plants communicate certain chemical properties to the water, which we may reasonably suppose are of some importance to its animal inhabitants. And as an additional reason against Mr. Tugwell's plan, there are very few persons who could spare time for the frequent syringing and fortnightly cleansing which it involves, or who would think their leisure well bestowed in such a case. To be perfect the affair must be self-acting, and this may be accomplished by attention to the rules laid down in Mr. Gosse's admirable little Handbook.

But we are anticipating matters. The tank has long before this been ready for the reception of animals, which may be introduced a few days after the weeds, care being taken not to overcrowd them, which is the prevailing error. It is difficult to speak definitely on this point; but two pieces of *Ulva*, and half a dozen anemones to each gallon of water should be an extreme limit. If the proportion of water be increased, so also will be the chances of success. Suppose, however, that we first ask, 'What is a sea anemone?'

The scientific definition is, 'A radiate animal,—an actiniform polyp. Body single, fleshy, conoid, fixed by its base. Locomotive. Mouth in centre of upper disc, surrounded by one or more series of conical, tubular, retractile tentacula.' Mr. Tugwell engages to explain 'in English,' why the creature is called a radiate,

a polyp, and an actinoid; and we are bound to say that he fulfils his engagement, and moreover that his first chapter is the most simple and intelligible account of the classification of the animal kingdom with which we are acquainted. But we regret to see that the principal feature of the corrected 'Tabular Statement' is the addition of many new names, which only serve to increase the general complication. Thus, *Act. mesembryanthemum* is dignified with as many names as it has colours; *fusca*, *olivacea*, &c. So with *A. bellis*, and most others. But if every variety is to be separately designated, why not carry the system through? There are four or five varieties of *A. troglodytes* which are altogether ignored; and *A. crassicornis* or *coriacea* is passed over with the remark, 'Varieties numberless,' which is of itself sufficient to show the mistake of attempting to follow out these endless genealogies. If in these two cases all the varieties can be included under the specific name, why not in every case? Nor is it yet satisfactorily proved, that *A. venusta*, *A. aurora*, *A. nipa*, and *A. rosea*, are merely varieties of the same species. For example, the last named is sometimes found with the tentacles alone rose-coloured; round the disc, which is pale drab, and just within the inner ring of tentacles, is a broad polygonal belt, colour dark brown, figure twelve-sided, the angles of which are met by a series of delicately pencilled rays, which diverge from the mouth as from a centre. Colour alone may not be 'a reliable characteristic of species,' and the distinctions hitherto made in the group may require some modification; but unless it can be shown that there are similar varieties of the other three Actiniæ, we question whether they can all be classed together. But to return to the aquarium.

The common species (*Actinia mesembryanthemum*) is the hardiest of all, and not the least beautiful. Each should be placed where its colour, whether olive, crimson, scarlet, or pale orange, will produce the best effect, by contrast or position, as they rarely wander, unless placed in too strong a light. The 'daisy' (*A.* bellis*) is also hardy, and is unrivalled for beauty of form. There are five varieties of this anemone; one, 'of a delicate translucent white, perfectly ethereal in colour and texture;' another, 'of the palest, faintest amber, delicately lined with vivid vermilion.' We believe there is a sixth, which is not noticed by our author,—body pale amber, lined with pale blue; disc very intense blue; tentacles finer and longer than in the other varieties. This species produces young much more freely in captivity than any other, and repeated observation satisfies us that the mode of exit is not as described by the author of *New Facts*, &c. He says, 'The truth is, that at the bottom of the

* We are antiquated enough to adhere to the original simple arrangement, until the new generic distinctions are more satisfactorily defined, or at least until the authorities can agree among themselves.

stomach there is a large opening,—not several minute openings, as we see figured in books,—through which the young pass from the general cavity into the water.* This is true of the species experimented upon, and of some others, but certainly not of all; and although it is dangerous to approach an operator who wields the scalpel so dexterously, and proclaims 'war to the knife' against all opponents, yet we venture to say that there are differences of structure in the actiniad family, and *A. bellis* is a case in point. One of our specimens produced young at intervals throughout the month of November; and during that time the cuticle which covers the disc, shrank so as to expose the membranous lining for a considerable space round the lips. The young made their appearance, one in each extreme corner of the mouth, sometimes remaining several days in that position, but evidently more firmly held than would have been the case by the mere closing of the lips, and neither themselves disturbed, nor occasioning any inconvenience to the parent, during the feeding of the latter. By the aid of a strong light it was distinctly perceived that they severally occupied an opening between the stomach and the outer integument. Further examination showed still more plainly the independent nature of these passages, and they are undoubtedly genuine oviducts. Not unfrequently the young are ejected from the mouth, though, so far as our observation goes, not singly, but in masses, and very immature. This has generally happened during the intense cold of winter, and the whole process is evidently unnatural.

The Actiniae are very prolific. An instance is recorded of one having given birth to 277 in the course of six years; and that they are long-lived is proved by the fact mentioned by Mr. Tugwell, that one is still in existence, which was taken by the late Sir John Dalyell in 1828, and then supposed to be seven years old. An enthusiast may therefore introduce the rarer species on any part of the coast, with a fair prospect of success, just as Mr. Thompson has succeeded in propagating the curious weed *Padina Pavonia* on the shores of Weymouth. The 'carnation' anemone (*A. dianthus**) is universally admired, and the more as it rapidly assumes such varied and elegant shapes,—now elongated to its utmost limit, a feathered shaft; now puckered down its whole length like a fluted column, with a Corinthian capital; now distended in the middle like a Tazza vase, while the delicate tentacula slightly overhanging the contracted neck, complete the resemblance. Nevertheless, a full-grown specimen is so far out of proportion for any but the largest-sized tanks, that it is better to keep it in a separate vessel, especially as it discharges a glairy mucus which fouls the water, and is injurious

* It may be fairly doubted whether *A. dianthus* is exclusively a deep-water species, as an evident variety, though of smaller size, is found on the Yorkshire coast at low-water mark; and we have met with it on the north shore of the Mersey.

to the other members of the community. The 'gem' (*A. gemmacea*) is a lovely little creature, gay with bright colours,—pink, pale blue, brown, crimson, orange, and white, all combined in its motley dress. It is said to be extremely delicate, which is surely an error. It expands freely enough in clear water; and even if it remain closed for a length of time, there is no other sign of ailing. A specimen which remained obstinately contracted for more than six weeks together, after this long hybernation-recovered all its original vivacity. In strong contrast with this is the 'cave-dweller,' (*A. troglodytes*), which has no brilliant colouring to recommend it, though the delicate pencilling of the oral disc, and a certain quiet beauty of its own, render it always a pleasing object. It shows great ingenuity in hiding itself in strange out-of-the-way places, and is evidently ill at ease if anything more than the disc is exposed. One in the vase before us has insinuated his body into a small crevice scarcely wide enough to admit a paper knife. Not having been fed for some time, he may find this plan as effectual in mitigating the pangs of hunger as the tightened belt of his African prototype. Of similar habits is the 'snake-locked' anemone (*A. anguicomus*); indeed, Mr. Tugwell considers the two identical, though we think erroneously. All the 'fine-haired' anemones we take to be varieties of the latter species. In *troglodytes* the tentacles are not longer than in *gemmacea*, and are more or less distinctly barred. The scarlet anemone (*A. miniata*) is showy, but shy, and of a most irritable disposition, discharging copiously the mysterious white threads on the slightest provocation. This anemone, though a perfectly distinct species, is omitted altogether from Mr. Tugwell's list. The 'thick-skinned' (*A. crassicornis*) is one of the tender sort, but its noble size and exceeding beauty will repay any amount of care and attention. In the pied variety there is almost endless diversity of colour: but there are two which are still more attractive in the aquarium; one a gorgeous crimson throughout, and the other with the body crimson, and tentacles opaque white. They are the gems of every collection. The 'waxen-armed Anthea,' (*Anthea cereus*), which is not an anemone, although a near ally, is by far the most delicate, and most difficult to manage. It is susceptible to the slightest changes, and such as are entirely beyond control. The variation of a few degrees in the temperature, or a cloudy day, or even more trivial causes, will make the gracefully curving tentacles to hang down helplessly, while the creature shows every sign of ill health for the time, although the very next day all this may disappear. The best plan is to place them in situations near the surface, so as to obtain for them a plentiful supply of oxygen. They indicate the condition of the water very accurately; and so long as they appear healthy, there need be no anxiety as to the rest of the stock. Mr. Tugwell has formed a

very favourable opinion of this species. 'I am inclined to think that he possesses a philosophic mind of a very high order. He is always contented, and cheerful, and active, and makes the best of whatever situation he finds himself placed in.' We should rather characterize him as eccentric, not to be depended upon, does not know his own mind for an hour together, and only content with plenty of fresh air and exercise; intelligent, but less given to philosophy than to good living. *A. parasitica* is an interesting species. It changes form rapidly, shrinking on the slightest contact with any foreign substance, but as quickly recovering its equanimity, and pouring out its tentacles (for there is no more expressive phrase) as the disc again expands. This creature is a veritable Old Man of the Sea, adhering tenaciously to the shell illegally tenanted by some hermit crab, who, Sinbad like, perpetually carries upon his back this additional load. In most instances, a worm also tenants the same shell; and as he is secure from all external attack, and takes a full share of the plunder, he is certainly the most fortunate member of this triple alliance.

There is some difference of opinion on the question of feeding. We observe that unless occasionally provided with food, say once a week, our little captives fall off in condition very decidedly. The firm, leathery, outer integument becomes soft and flaccid; their colours lose in brilliancy; their bulk decreases; and, when left exposed to the air for a short time, they exhibit unmistakable symptoms of exhaustion. The great objection to regular feeding is the consequent fouling of the water; and there is also some difficulty in the choice of food. Raw meat, cooked meat, earth-worms, boiled shrimps, and raw shell-fish, have all been suggested. The last seems the most suitable, and is always the most perfectly digested. Moreover, *A. crassicornis*, and some others, take any kind of fresh meat very unwillingly, or even reject it altogether.

But on the other hand it is affirmed by many that no necessity exists for such attention;—that in the water so 'free from visible aliment, there is abundance of invisible aliment,—infusoria, spores, organic particles, &c., which the animal assimilates, much in the same way as plants assimilate the organic material diffused through the soil and atmosphere.' There can be no doubt that aliment exists, and that it is in some sort assimilated; but its 'abundance' may be fairly questioned. Even in the natural state, and with unlimited supplies, we doubt whether the Actinia obtains any large proportion of its subsistence from this class of food. The formidable tentacular apparatus and enormous stomach—the animal itself being but a sac with feeders—would in that case be altogether disproportioned to its requirements. But the natural habits of the creature perfectly agree with its physical conformation. Sir John Dalyell says, 'It will readily

grasp an animal which, if endowed with similar strength, advantage, and resolution, could certainly rend its body asunder. It is in the highest degree carnivorous. Thence do all the varieties of the smaller finny tribes, the fiercest of the crustacea, the whole vermicular race, and the softer tenants among the testacea, fall a prey to the Actinia.' Upon this the writer in *Blackwood* remarks, 'One is astonished to meet with such a passage from so accurate an observer. It is a pure exaggeration, which succeeding writers have accepted as literal truth. Thus, Rymer Jones assures the student, that no sooner are the tentacles touched by a passing animal, than it is seized and held with unfailing pertinacity. Had the Professor watched anemones, he would know that, so far from the grasp being 'unfailing,' it as often fails as succeeds, when the captive is of tolerable activity.' The probability is, that the two naturalists made their observations on the coast; the commentator made his in the library, with underfed and exhausted specimens; certainly they are not the result of his 'sea-side studies.' Having experimented at home with sundry crustacea, which, after being repeatedly grasped by the tentacles of various Actiniae, nevertheless, were allowed to escape, he adds, 'This experiment casts a doubt on what is asserted by all writers, namely, that anemones feed on crabs; Rymer Jones actually recording that "they will devour a crab as large as a hen's egg." Has any one ever seen a live crab caught and eaten by an anemone?' We have made experiments with annelids, which under similar circumstances gave similar results; but it would be absurd to make a similar application of the 'fact.' Two small annelids, fresh from the sea, were given in succession to *A. crassicornis*, *A. mesemb.*, *A. bellis*, and *Anthea cereus*, and were in each case rejected, although for a time firmly grasped: but this cannot be held to prove anything except loss of vigour on the part of the anemones. Some time previous to this, however, we did happen to see a live crab about the size of a shilling fairly caught and fairly eaten by a 'crass,' though not without a struggle which lasted nearly an hour, during which the issue often appeared doubtful. A still more satisfactory instance is related to us by a gentleman whose name would guarantee a far more extraordinary statement. While at Filey, on the Yorkshire coast, in the summer of 1854, he met with a large *crassicornis* which had managed to capture, and in part to swallow, a crab not much less than an ordinary breakfast cup, or, to speak within safe limits, *double* the size of a 'hen's egg.' About a third of the morsel still protruded from the mouth, waiting to be taken in, but the force of nature could no further go. The anemone was stretched to such an extent, his features so distorted, that he could scarcely be recognised by his most intimate friends, the marvel being that animal fibre could endure such tension without giving way. Even in captivity incidents

occur of a somewhat similar character. We have known a 'gem' gorged with a periwinkle larger than itself, and have recovered with some difficulty a specific gravity bulb from the stomach of another. On one occasion, a magnificent *Anthea* seized a *viduata* who was out on the 'loose,' and who, resenting this interference with the liberty of the subject, discharged certain poisonous weapons with such effect that his captor began to sicken, and in a few days died. At another time an *Anthea* and a *bellis* inflicted mutual damage upon each other, of course unconscious of the real state of the case; for cannibalism is unknown amongst them. These facts indicate a very low order of intelligence in the Actinia, but they illustrate its predatory habits.

It is of great importance to remove any film or other offensive matter that may accumulate, which ordinarily is washed away by the action of the waves. The film, when examined under the microscope, is found not merely to contain, but almost exclusively to consist of, *animal life*, and that in several forms. In the writhing mass, the most conspicuous, both for numbers and activity, are eel-like creatures, who must be uncommonly lively companions; indeed, the slight mucous substance to which these parasites adhere, is probably thrown off under the irritation induced by their attacks, and thus the annoyance is got rid of for a time. A temperature of 55° should be maintained as equably as possible, though they will bear for a short time 10° lower temperature. The loss by evaporation must be made up from time to time by the addition of river or rain-water, or the vase will become a veritable 'jar of mixed pickles.' The use of the syringe has been strongly recommended, and is occasionally very useful in the absence of sunshine; yet a well managed aquarium should require no such assistance. Should the water become foul from the decay of animal or vegetable matter, filtration through charcoal furnishes the remedy: it is a slow process, but an effectual one.

If, after all, the attempt is a failure, we recommend the experimentalist to convert his tank into a fresh-water aquarium, which is scarcely less interesting, is far less expensive, and is so simple that success is almost certain. Once fairly started, it will require no further attention than is involved in regular feeding. Without entering more fully into the subject, we may make one suggestion. As tench and barbel, and, indeed, most fish, sadly disturb the roots of the water-plants, apparently labouring under the delusion that they harbour worms, the following plan will effectually prevent any mischief from this source. Take two or three small-sized garden-pots; knock out the bottom, so that each will be simply a hollow cone; place them in the tank broad end downwards, put one or two plants into each, and fill in pond mud or river sand, as may be most

advisable, and conceal them with pebbles or rock-work. An aquarium can, of course, be carried out on any scale. We have just examined one,—a small confectioner's show glass, containing not more than a quart of water, in which have lived and flourished for nineteen weeks a sprig of *Anacharis alismastrum*, and one of *Chara vulgaris*, imbedded in a little sand; two gudgeons, two small leeches, three water spiders, and five beetles (various). During the whole of this time the water has not been changed, or interfered with in any way, except to supply the loss by evaporation. In contrast with this, is one containing thirty gallons of water; six different species of plants; gold and silver fish, roach, dace, bream, a loach, with his rather dignified imperial, a perch, of truculent disposition, and strongly suspected of cannibalism, tiny minnows, with their silvery sides flashing in the sunlight, mild-eyed newts, looking like amiable crocodiles, mussels, much finer than their brethren of the sea,—that is, in size, for one is hardly disposed to test their flavour,—water spiders, like animated thermometer-bulbs, a score beetles of various kinds, and the same number of snails. All these are not only healthy, but in high condition, the fish especially, which are fed on millet-seed, with the occasional luxury of a few earth-worms.

In any form, we recommend the aquarium as a new source of enjoyment, and as furnishing healthy occupation for both body and mind: for the body, as involving a frequent turn-out in the early morning,—while the dew is heavy on the grass, and the flowers, all unopened, have not yet smiled through their tears,—in order to explore some distant pond or river; or otherwise compelling many a sturdy walk across the breezy country, instead of poring in-doors, with heated brains, over books or papers, for which, with all their value, we sometimes pay a heavy price, and make thoughtless sacrifices: healthy for the mind, as creating a tender interest in the inferior creatures; as inculcating habits of patience and of careful observation; as affording brief glimpses into what is virtually a new world; as enlarging the sphere of our thought, too apt to run perpetually in one contracted circle, with the individual thinker for its centre; and as constituting a perpetual remembrancer of Him *for whom are all things, and by whom all things consist*.

So far as marine studies are concerned, the aquarian will in all probability make for the Devonshire coast. Everybody goes to the Devonshire coast, because everybody reads Mr. Gosse's beautiful books. Naturalists, in various stages of development, positively swarm there during the summer and autumn months,—students, professional men, fashionable men, and idlers; happy, light-hearted girls, comely matrons, and ancient and angular maids,—these last in a distressing state of enthusiasm, and much

too scientific for their own or anybody else's comfort. All are delighted with the books, and are resolved to explore the coast for themselves, with very little idea of the difficulties attending the search, and equally misty notions of the objects to be sought for. The process has been made to appear so exceedingly simple, as to give a false impression at the outset; and difficulties have occasioned still greater discouragement, as they have been wholly unexpected. The unfailing pleasure which attends the task when thoroughly entered upon, the excitement of the sport, the delightful uncertainty what the next pool or cranny or upturned stone may reveal; the new creation, as it were, which lies at one's feet,—novel in its forms, marvellous in its adaptations, delighting the eye and further stimulating the curiosity,—these have not been overstated. But to achieve anything beyond the most ordinary success, will demand from the young student courage, patience, discrimination, and no small degree of physical energy. Mr. Kingsley says, 'A perfect naturalist should be strong in body, able to haul a dredge, climb a rock, turn a boulder, walk all day, uncertain where he shall eat or rest; ready to face sun and rain, wind and frost, and to eat or drink thankfully anything, however coarse or meagre; he should know how to swim for his life, to pull an oar, sail a boat, and ride the first horse that comes to hand; and, finally, he should be a thoroughly good shot, and a skilful fisherman; and, if he go far abroad, be able on occasion to fight for his life.' Happily, in ordinary cases a somewhat lower standard may suffice; and as regards danger, the British zoologist has no more belligerent prospects than 'zoofighting.'

So much for the workman: his tools are simple enough. A small flat-bottomed basket, with a wide-mouthed three-ounce phial, secured by a piece of wire in each corner, and a small jar at each end, fixed in the same way, will receive the spoils. We have tried a shallow zinc pan fitted with sundry divisions; but it does not altogether answer, although it has this advantage over the basket, that the whole space is available for specimens. A hammer, with a cutting edge; a cold chisel, which must be steel throughout, and well tempered; a stout pocket-knife, and a bone paper-knife, will complete the outfit. But as it is frequently necessary to work ankle or even knee-deep in water, wading boots are, to say the least, desirable.

The catalogue of books is not very formidable. Harvey's *Sea-side Book*, Kingsley's *Glaucus*, Gosse's *Manual of Marine Zoology*, and the *Aquarium and Devonshire Coast* of the same author, are so well known, that it is almost unnecessary to name them; yet they are all that can be ordinarily required. There are many larger works, devoted to some particular branch of marine zoology, which are invaluable as works of reference; but these are pocket companions.

As it is a serious undertaking for a north-countryman, with but scanty leisure, to reach the south-west coast, we would suggest the Isle of Man, and more particularly the shore of Douglas Bay, as sure to reward the efforts even of mere tyros. Certainly, no more promising hunting-ground could well be met with. The Bay is three miles across from head to head; so that, in anything like rough weather, there is a glorious sea 'on,' and many a fragment, strangely freighted, is cast ashore. The north and south sides are steep and wild, with here and there enormous boulders strewn at the foot of the perpendicular rocks; while along the west or landward side successive ledges of low-lying rock, chiefly limestone and clay slate, covered with coarse fucus, furnish the naturalist with a rich harvest, although there are few tide-pools. In the angle at the foot of the town, is a projection called 'the jetty,'—a perfect marvel of engineering skill, or the want of it,—the sides of which abound in endless forms of animal life. In the centre of the Bay rises a mass of rock, known as 'St. Mary's,' which at ordinary tides is profitless to our present object; but at spring tides is so far uncovered as to afford unbroken communication with the jetty; and here, certainly, collecting is easy work.

It is a pity to pass by the common anemone, simply because it is common; for the colours with which it dots every stone, range through the scale, from deep olive up to pale yellow, and will show to great advantage in a tank. Next to this, in point of numbers, is *Anthea cereus*, which is found in almost every rocky hollow. Three varieties of it are common here: one which is of a warm grey throughout, and attaining an immense size; another, pale olive, with the tentacles not merely tipped with white, but of a pure opaque white for half an inch from the extremities,—this is the smallest of the three; the most beautiful and most generally known is of a delicate green, with crimson-tipped tentacles. Their voracity is extraordinary. Curious to test their digestive capabilities, we gave to one immense grey fellow no less than eleven full-sized limpets in quick succession, the whole of which disappeared—shells and all! The greater number were certainly received into the stomach; those which were not, were firmly grasped by the tentacles, and, after waiting the result for some time, we left the glutton with his disengaged arms still stretched out for more!

After a long and fruitless search among the rocks just beyond Castle Mona, a lucky blow of the chisel laid open a family group of *A. gemmacea*, presenting a regular gradation in size, from the eighth of an inch—a gorgeous atom—to nearly two inches in height. In the same fissure were three specimens of a *terebella*,—creatures very difficult to understand on a first acquaintance. A score or two of worms are seen writhing about, which on the first alarm incomprehensibly disappear altogether. On further in-

vestigation, an ill-favoured grub is turned out, whose connexion with the worms aforesaid is by no means evident, until returned to the water, when the tentacles are unfolded, and the hydra head sprouts again. Some of the annelids are very quick in their motions. Even the common lug-worm, though apparently such a sluggish creature, when fairly unearthed can make its way through the sand nimbly enough if there seems a chance of escape. Here, too, are swarms of small annelids, some twining their lithe bodies in and out among the finer weeds; others fixed in their frail tubes of sand, so frail that they seem intended rather for concealment than defence. Sponges of several kinds, some of them very brilliant in colour, by the aid of a good pocket lens, may be seen in the shallow pools ceaselessly playing their mimic fountains; and at extreme low water mark, tiny coral-lines, grasping with living roots the stronger weeds, expand their thousand living petals, and bloom like fairy flowers. We had the good fortune here to meet with a pretty little crab, which seems to have been hitherto unnoticed. It is not much more than half an inch in size, of an iron grey colour, with occasional darker blotches; on the posterior half of the shell are three small specks placed triangularly, of a high refractive power, clear and colourless, and sparkling in the sunlight like brilliants. These gemmaceous specks are of the same character as that double row of glittering points which fringe the mouth of the painted scallop, (*Pecten opercularis*), and have always passed for eyes. We never could understand why the scallop should be gifted with so many of these organs, while his brother, the cockle, and his first and second cousins, the mussel and oyster, should be sightless. Such an indication of a higher order of development should naturally be supported by internal evidence, which is certainly wanting. So in *Actinia mesemb.*, the light blue tubercles which surround the outer row of tentacles, were long unhesitatingly pronounced to be eyes; though why *A. crassicornis*, *A. dianthus*, and indeed the whole tribe, should not have a single organ among them with which to take a sight at the inductive philosophers, nobody thought fit to explain. It is clear that neither brilliants nor tubercles are optical—except as an optical illusion.

But the best stocked preserves are the shores of the jetty. The place is most unsavoury, receiving as it does a large portion of the town drainage; and the inducement must be strong indeed for any one to spend much time among such reeking filth. The lower part of this ground seems to be one moving mass of animal life, of the higher as well as the lower orders,—vertebrate and invertebrate, fish, annelides, crustaceans, and zoophytes, each of many kinds, and crowded together in the slimy mud, which is neither land nor water. Of *Actiniae* there are three varieties of *A. crassicornis*,—pied, crimson throughout, and crimson body with white tentacles. Also the common variety of *A. bellis*, which is very

abundant, clustering in groups of four or five, in the higher rocky hollows. *Anthea cereus*, too, is common, though not of large size. *A. troglodytes* is also here, though requiring a sharp eye to find him ; and *A. candida* is occasionally to be met with,—its snowy tentacles shading off into a lovely pink, as delicate as the petals of a blush rose.

But of the minuter forms of life which abound here we know very little, and look in simple amazement at their multitude. They crowd one upon another, animal on vegetable, some for pasturage, but mostly for anchorage ; then animal on animal ; and again, as the microscope reveals, parasitic life upon the parasite, parasitic life within the parasite. The population of a square yard equals that of many cities, and must be computed not by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands, until the mind is bewildered, appalled by the aggregation. Nor is this the case on the sea-shore only. Life presses all around us, wherever we are,—curious, solemn, mysterious. We can scarcely wonder at the Hindu superstition which holds life sacred. This lower creation with which we are in perpetual contact, but with which we have no communion, was surely given into the hands of man for higher purposes than to minister to his selfish gratification. He is favoured with two revelations,—one from earth, as well as one from heaven. The former, at least, he cannot overlook. On every side, in small things as in great, he finds a living record of eternal goodness as well as eternal wisdom ; of a sustaining Providence as well as a creating power. We read it in atoms as in worlds, and not less gloriously written. Every fragment of the mighty whole bears the same Divine autograph. The animalcule, to whom a drop of water is a shoreless sea, in its beautiful form, and exquisite colouring, and perfect organization, attests as truly the authentic impress, as the mammoth forms of an earlier creation. The scum which floats on every stagnant pool, resolves itself into a vegetation as perfect and graceful as any that clothes our valleys or waves upon our hills. The very foam-bells which crest the breaking wave,—having their brief life in death,—reflect such colours as mock all the resources of art, and are such as God's own glorious rainbow alone can equal. We hear of the one great Artificer in the perfection of every sound : in the soft summer breeze as it rustles fitfully amidst the ripening corn, and in the wintry blast as it roars through the leafless woods, making rude harmony with desolation ; in the patter of the falling rain ; in the plash of the mountain stream as it falls from ledge to ledge, spreading as it falls ; in the strange, tumultuous uproar of the rising sea ; or in the thunder whose mighty peal shakes even the everlasting hills, and wakes up a thousand echoes, as it wanders, now here, now there, seeking a place in which to die.

But if there is life and beauty all around us, it is a precarious

life, a transient beauty. About the glory there is not a defence. The swelling bud, the falling leaf, the shifting, unquiet tide, clouds succeeding sunshine, and darkness chasing light, are a true comment on *the fashion of this world which passeth away. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth*; for the earth is blighted and accursed. Death is the perpetual handmaid and servitor of life; life itself is but suspended death. In the glorious chord of universal harmony is one sorrowful note outspeaking all the rest; in the great symphony is one plaintive strain which cannot be mistaken; and Nature's choral hymn is her own requiem. *The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain.* There rises from it one long, loud wail of anguish and despair; and loudest of all from man,—anguish that is only alleviated by the prospect of another life, an undying state,—*new heavens, and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.* Then life shall expand into all its fulness, when knowledge shall be *perfect*, and *that which is in part shall be done away*; and a Christian philosophy shall have its consummation and rest, when the clear light of heaven shall exhibit in full harmony the entire series of dispensations of Creation, Providence, Redemption, and Heaven, by which God reveals Himself to man.

ART. IV.—1. *Le Droit*, 1852–6.

2. *Le Moniteur*, 1852–6. *Rapports Officiels.*

A READER who casts his eye over the French periodicals, will be struck at first sight by the paucity of crimes reported, and by their magnitude. The multitude of thefts, frauds, and assaults, which stain the columns of an English newspaper, are absent; and in their place is a single and terrible tragedy, a parricide, the poisoning of a wife by the husband, the arrest of a gang of malefactors, or a personal attack with circumstances of extreme atrocity.

Should he extend his researches, and visit the country districts to examine the more evident traces of crime, his attention will again be called to the difference betwixt his own and the neighbouring kingdom. In an English as well as a French village he will find persons of notoriously bad character, upon whom suspicion instantly falls when a crime has been committed. But the English village malefactor is commonly a stupid and unenterprising being, whose delinquencies are confined to robbing gardens, and on very dark nights stealing a sheep; who may commit a great crime if it be actually put in his way; who is dreaded by the farmer only lest his own flock instead of his neighbour's should have a depredator's preference; and who, so far from boasting of his exploits, rarely opens his mouth, lest it should

betray his too great intimacy with the flavour of mutton. On the other hand, the French 'bad character of the district' is often an educated, almost always a clever, man, known universally as the terror of the neighbourhood; one who, when he is supposed to be about, keeps all the inhabitants within doors after dark; against whom few care to give evidence, in dread of his personal resentment; whose evil deeds bear marks of long preparation; and who boasts loudly and without scruple of his future intentions, as of his past actions. Bold, active, and ingenious, he stamps his misdeeds with a character of spirit and cleverness which makes them dangerously interesting.

It is thus that it becomes doubly difficult to deal with crime in France. With us, the increase of instruction and the spread of civilization manifestly diminish crime: the dull dotard of a thief is educated and polished into an honest man. But with our neighbours, the character of their criminal population perverts information and education to its worst uses. When a man is a criminal because he knows more, is more daring, or is cleverer than his neighbour, the new opportunities of knowledge are only so many new opportunities of crime. And thus the increase of crime has fully kept pace with the spread of civilization. Our inquirer—who will for a moment have wondered at the few cases reported in the ordinary French papers—will find out that no notice is taken of any but crimes of interest and magnitude: the rest, many of which would in England throw a whole county into dismay, are left to the obscurer publicity of special periodicals.

Neither is it easy in France to diminish crime by improving the position of the people. In England, the great proportion of crime is committed for the purely animal purpose of satisfying or pampering the belly,—a base motive, but one with which it is easy to deal. In France, the passions of vengeance, vanity, and the animal propensities of another kind, inherent in the Celtic race, are not mitigated by any improvement in the well-being of the people; and it is to these unmanageable causes that are due the immense majority of the greater offences.

The fearful increase of crime throughout the country has attracted, during the past year, the special attention of the French Government. As it is useless to attack the evil by any attempt to change the character and improve the education of the population, the attention of the ruling power is turned almost entirely to the machinery for convicting and for punishing criminals. Unfortunately, every measure respecting these two great subjects is mixed up with political considerations. Every scheme of trial is prepared not only to insure justice to the criminal, but the conviction of the offending politician. Punishments must, in the same way, be considered for the opportunities they afford of disarming political rivals, and of putting them out of the way. It

is with this double view that all suggestions have been framed for regulating the selection and the verdict of the jury, or for establishing penal colonies at a distance from the French territory.

With regard to the jury, the real part played by this important instrument is generally misunderstood, even in France itself. Out of nearly 450,000 cases tried in France in 1852, only 7,000 came before the jury. It is true that 200,000 cases and more referred to acts of indecency, contravention of regulations, and other matters, which in all countries are summarily disposed of. But between the *simple police*—which answers to our Magistrates' courts—and the assizes, at which alone the jury are used, the French have their correctional tribunals. In these the judgment is delivered by the Court without a jury, and here are judged the immense majority of criminal cases. All simple robberies, frauds, cases of wounding with whatever intent, and resistance to the armed power, come before this tribunal. As the members are revocable, this Court is entirely in the hands of the Government, which attaches to it an extreme importance, on account of its jurisdiction over the offence last mentioned. It judges, too, all offences against the game and forest laws, which are state matters in France, and which number even now nearly 100,000 cases. Still, the necessity of bringing before the jury the crimes of treason, sedition, and offences of the press, mingles political considerations with every attempt at improving or regulating its constitution.

The jury is chosen from all the citizens, ignorance and crime being the only disqualifications. Those who cannot read or write, and such as have been condemned to any punishment greater than a three months' imprisonment, are forbidden to exercise the functions of jurymen. Exemption is permitted to persons of seventy, and to those who depend on their daily labour for their daily bread. A certain number are drawn by lot, lists are then formed, and out of these lists the working jury are selected by the Mayor, and approved by the citizens. The list contains from five hundred to three hundred names, according to the population of the department. That of the Seine has two thousand. The jury, once appointed by the Mayor, and published without objection by the citizens, is definitive, and its decisions are not invalidate, though it should contain persons disqualified by the law.

The most interesting point of the French jury is the variety of revolutions in the number of voices necessary to condemnation. Unanimity was from the first scouted as out of the question. If the example of England was quoted, it was replied that unanimity in England was a transparent and absurd fallacy. It was once tried in 1798, and given up in a few months. The first law, on the appointment of the jury in 1791, decreed that ten voices out of twelve were necessary to condemnation. On

the abrogation of the law of 1791, it was decreed that a simple majority, seven against five, were sufficient to condemn; but in the cases where the majority was purely simple, it was necessary that the majority of the Judges, then five in number, should coincide in the condemnation. This mischievous arrangement was abrogated after the first Revolution, the number of Judges was reduced to three, and their interference with the decision of the jury was entirely destroyed; but eight voices against four were declared to be necessary to condemnation. In 1835, the simple majority was again established: the second Revolution changed this proportion to nine against three, and in a few months changed it anew to eight against four. Last year the simple majority was again proposed.

These oscillations are due to the opposition of justice and politics. The simple majority produced a system of condemnation so lax, that Arago, after a careful calculation, declared that *out of eight persons that mounted the scaffold, one was innocent*. This fearful calculation is confirmed by the Courts of Appeal, which, from 1808 to 1821, annulled as false and vicious exactly one-third of the decisions of the juries. Justice of this kind might take a lesson from the Asiatics.

On the other hand, the simple majority is necessary to the governing power to insure political condemnations. In fact, by the admission of the highest authorities, the institution of the jury has been ruined from the first by its use as a political engine. Every law which has tampered with it has been framed more or less for this end,—the laws which regulate the lists, as well as those which control the decisions of the jury,—mixed up with the electoral lists. The lists of the jury, during the last years of the Restoration, were purely and simply political. This character has since been modified, on account of the strong reprobation it encountered because of its mischievous social consequences. But the political stamp has never been obliterated; and the system fluctuates at this moment between justice to society and convenience to the Government.

The consequences of the interference of political considerations with the system of secondary punishment, will probably be less mischievous. Under the old system, which excluded transportation, it was extremely difficult to know what to do with political prisoners. To imprison them for life was too much; to release them after a given time, too dangerous. Hence the political Botany Bay at Cayenne, and, since that establishment, the serious considerations entertained for extending it to ordinary crimes. The evils of the actual system, which have led a large portion of the French judicature to adopt, at least in theory, the punishment of transportation, are worth considering in their latest experience at a moment when we are ourselves tending towards that system. It is scarcely necessary to repeat here the

well known features of that system, which consists, first, of imprisonment in public, with chains and other marks of ignominy, at the *bagnes* of Toulon, Rochefort, and Brest; secondly, of imprisonment with hard labour, but without ignominy or public exposure, at the *maisons centrales*; and, thirdly, simple imprisonment, with or without solitary confinement. All sentences to the *bagnes* are accompanied with *surveillance* by the police on the culprit's release during the entire term of his life, and sentences to the *maisons centrales* with a temporary *surveillance*, ordinarily for the term of five years.

The most terrible feature of the system both of the *bagnes* and the *maisons centrales* is the amount of crime let loose upon society at the expiration of the punishment of the criminals. Every one would of course foresee the fearful mischief, of which, in fact, the reality exceeds the anticipation. In the five years ending with 1851, out of 94,961 persons liberated from these establishments, already 28,500 had been convicted anew. Now, under the circumstances, it is making a very moderate allowance to calculate that not one out of three of the actual criminals was seized during an average career of two years and a half. If, then, we suppose that in this short period two-thirds of these practised offenders had escaped detection, we should find 85,500 out of 94,961 had betaken themselves to their old mode of life; in fact, that *eighty-five thousand persons* were let loose upon the world, certain to injure and to corrupt it.

In this sad calculation, the *maisons centrales* would appear in a worse light than the *bagnes*. In fact, out of 85,709 liberations from the *maisons centrales*, 26,897 were re-convicted; while, out of 9,162 liberations from the *bagnes*, 2,600 were convicted anew. The proportion in the first case is thirty-one, in the other but twenty-eight, *per cent*. But there are reasons for this result apart from the nature of the two punishments. The cause of this terrible proportion in both cases belongs, there is little doubt, to the system which subjects the released criminal to the surveillance of the police for a certain number of years. The regulations which attend the criminal on his exit from the gaol have varied from time to time. By the law of 1810, the criminal was compelled to find security for his future good conduct; in default of which, the Government had the right to deal with him as it pleased, to fix the place of his residence, and the nature of his employment. This harsh and impolitic rule, which virtually made every condemnation a condemnation for life, was modified in 1832. It was then ordered that the Government should simply name certain localities in which it was forbidden to the liberated criminal to appear. Latterly, when the Government has had to deal, not alone with crime, but with insurrection, it was found that this law permitted the assemblage of former criminals in pre-arranged places, and that a most

perilous nucleus of insubordination was thus formed. For this reason the law was again changed in 1851, and the Government was once more invested with the power of fixing the residence of the criminal.

Throughout all these phases the criminal was signalized to the police, wherever he might be. The old brand had long been abolished, but the ancient offender was none the less a marked man. The consequences are thus stated in a Government report published last year :—

‘The liberated *forçat* is the object of universal repulsion, a solitude is made around him, no one, on any terms, will accept his services. Vainly he seeks places where his antecedents are not known. *The surveillance of this high police, eternally attached to his steps, follows and dishonours him wherever he goes.* He knows before he is liberated that an honest existence is henceforth denied him; and hence are formed, in the *bagnes* themselves, those terrible associations for the working of future evil and waging war with society.’

What words can be more expressive, more terrible, than these? To make the mischief complete, this intolerable surveillance fails completely of its purpose. It is quite impossible to keep sight of the criminal, or to prevent his transgressing the forbidden boundaries. Of 984 *forçats* condemned for second crimes, 532 had broken their ban. The proportion in the case of relapsed prisoners is about the same. The ban had been broken by 409 out of 745.

All means of surveillance are found to be equally useless. The inefficiency of the passport system is almost ludicrous. All these men have two or three passports and certificates of conduct stolen or forged. The stealing of passports is part of the business of the criminal. As for their fabrication, there are places in Paris where anybody can get them. Women, as less likely to be suspected, are employed to obtain passports at the office in the regular way; the name and *signalement* are erased by a chemical process, and the passport filled up anew according to the demand. The price of a fabricated passport of this kind is forty francs, the original cost is but two; so that the profit is sufficient to sharpen the ingenuity of the professor of this laudable business.

One of the most ordinary devices for escape imagined by the convicts is, to contrive that their names shall be inserted as witnesses in the trials of other persons. The ties of fellowship are so strong with these men, that, when arrested, they frame their statements so as to include in the transaction one or more of their friends already in prison, introducing them, of course, into the business as parties innocently cognizant of it. These supposed witnesses have to be fetched from the other end of the country, and they usually manage to escape during the passage.

It must be admitted that the regulations of the prison are sometimes wonderfully lax, and are abused with all possible ease. Not long ago one Varpiza, confined in one of the prisons of the capital, asked for a day's leave of absence to go and be married. They let him go, accompanied by a couple of agents. They allowed him to have his marriage dinner at a *restaurant*, while they took their share and were supposed to keep watch in an adjoining room. Of course the man got away.

There is not, in the whole annals of French judicature, a more alarming symptom than the increase, of late years, in the number of relapsed criminals. This number, which was 5,670 in 1830, was 15,980 in 1840, and 26,223 in 1850:—a threefold multiplication in the first ten years, and a fivefold in the second. It would be difficult to imagine a more startling fact. The cause is partly to be found in the constitution and habits of the jury. Subject always to doubt and hesitation, it admits attenuating circumstances in cases of the most fearful enormities, as a salve to its conscience, if by any accident the accused should be innocent. The absurd practice to which we have elsewhere alluded, and which, in cases of unquestionable doubt, leads the jury to pronounce a mild verdict as a mean between condemnation and acquittal, influences the whole course of French judicature. It introduces doubt everywhere, and has caused, concurrently with the increase of crime, a notable diminution in the number of severe sentences, which restrain the offender, either by terror or physical restraint, from fresh inroads against society.

During the last Republic the superintendents of the *bagnes* of Rochefort and Toulon received orders to open a register, in which the prisoners were invited to say if they were willing to exchange their punishment for transportation to Cayenne. 'The condemned,' states the Report addressed on the occasion to the Ministry of Marine, 'after having made themselves acquainted with the new *régime* to which they would be subjected in French Guiana, demanded, to the number of three thousand in the first few hours, to be taken from the *bagnes* and transported.' The number would have been greater, but that the sentence on many of the prisoners was on the point of expiring. The whole number of prisoners then in the *bagnes* was about six thousand, so that one half at once pronounced for the distant punishment. In fact, as has been said by one of the first authorities on the subject, M. Alloury, every man embarked for Cayenne will have something of the appearance of embarking for California. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico.*

The desire of change has, of course, something to do with all this. It has been proved by the experience of the French Judges, that relapsed criminals who have hitherto only been condemned to the milder punishment of imprisonment, actually prefer that

their second condemnation should be the terrible one of the hulks. And yet it must be a strong inducement to persuade them to desire the change. It has been publicly stated by a man who for years was Procureur-General, M. de Peyramont, that of the criminals sent to the hulks, *one tenth* perish in the course of the first, and *one sixth* in the course of the first and second years. Neither, adds the same authority, is it the unhealthiness of the place, the insufficiency of the food, or the hard labour, which causes this frightful mortality. The cause is simply the moral effect of fear; and if we recollect that this moral effect is almost null in the cases of those who have been already condemned, either to the hulks or to ordinary imprisonment, it is not too much to say that *one half* of those committed to the *bagnes* for the first time, without previous punishment, die in the first two years.

With all this, so many instances have occurred before the tribunals, in which the criminals condemned to seclusion have misbehaved in their prisons that they might be transported to the hulks, that it is impossible to doubt the existence of such a feeling. The same motive acts yet more strenuously when the prisoners have the prospect of transportation before them. Not long ago the *maison centrale* at Loos was nearly burnt to the ground by two desperadoes who wanted to be sent to Cayenne. The authorities, instead, found for them an imitation of the hulks in their own proper prison,—an arrangement well suited to put a stop to this inducement to further crime.

In some of the military houses of correction, the culprits are divided into two classes; the one of which is employed in the manufacture of paper bags for grocers and tobaccoists, the other in the manufacture of list shoes. The latter are the more determined offenders. Neither the one task nor the other would seem to be very distressing; but though a part of the money goes to the prisoner, and the slipper-making is much the more profitable employment of the two, such are the habits of idleness in the soldiers, that the great object of ambition with the prisoners is, to be transferred from the slipper department to the paper. The effect is wonderful in keeping these men in order by the hope of promotion, such as it is. Yet sometimes the effect is quite the contrary. On more than one occasion the prisoners have fairly declared that they would not work at the slippers, that the distinction between them and the paper-folders was all matter of favour; and it has taken the resources of solitary confinement in cells, absolutely without light, to induce them to resume work.

While the organization of punishment in France, admirably arranged in theory, works in the practice with so many defects, the organization of repression, yet more excellent in appearance, is put into action with equal difficulty. Nothing can be more

regular in France, nothing more irregular in England, than the system of country police. With us, the Magistrates, chosen almost at hazard, are placed without order or method: sometimes there are a dozen within a mile; at others, the constable who wants a warrant has to ride ten miles for it. Idle country gentlemen, they are sometimes in bed when they ought to be listening to depositions, and the Magistrates' clerk has often a world of pains to get together his quorum. Under these magistrates is the parish constable, usually the greatest fool in the parish, ill paid, without tact, and without respect. In France every *commune* has its Mayor, its *Adjoint*, and its *gendarmerie*. The organization of each parish is thus as complete, in a small way, as that of a town. The two principal functionaries are resident in the *commune*, they are always at hand; their subordinates are trained and experienced men. This parish organization is regulated by the higher authorities of the *chef lieu* of the *arrondissement*, themselves controlled by the Prefect of the department,—all experienced Magistrates, who ought to be chosen for their zeal, knowledge, and ability.

Yet, in practice, this system works with innumerable hinderances. In the first place, the *Préfets* and *Sous-Préfets*, chosen for political reasons, are often the worst men possible for criminal inquiries. In the next, the village Mayors and *Adjoints*, farmers and tradesmen, are open to influence, and still more to terror. Their property and persons are peculiarly exposed to the vengeance of malefactors, and they commonly go abroad under the avowed fear of the 'terrors of the neighbourhood,' those pests of society throughout the country.

The rural police, charged with the surveillance of petty offences, is open, almost to a man, to bribery and corruption. A poor woman gathers some sticks in a wood. The husband in the evening receives a visit from the *garde champêtre*. 'I saw your wife,' says the respectable functionary, 'robbing the forest; I must go and make my report accordingly.' The husband knows what this means, and offers, for silence, perhaps a couple of francs; the guard asks three, and finally contents himself with what he can get,—a large loaf, perhaps, destined for the evening's meal, in addition to his two francs. The offenders are often of a higher grade, and the sum for the compromise varies accordingly. These functionaries defend their conduct by alleging that depredators are still kept in awe by the dread of exaction, and that expensive prosecutions are saved to the *commune*.

The same system of corruption extends to that enormous host of functionaries who have the superintendence of the *octroi*. The *octroi*, as most of our readers know, is a municipal tax levied by every town, small and great, upon all articles of food, drink, building, or burning, which are brought in for the consumption of the inhabitants. As, however, these articles are often intro-

duced into the town merely by way of transit, to avoid a circuitous route round its barriers, always inconvenient, and sometimes impossible, it is customary to issue what is called a *passé-debout*; a certificate which permits the articles to enter by one gate, and go out by another, without payment of duty. This *passé-debout* offers to the official the readiest means possible of corruption: for a share of the profits they issue them to persons who, as they well know, sell the merchandise within the town itself.

The *poste de sûreté*, a small detachment, stationed in different quarters of the town to quell street rows, take up drunken men, and let them off for a fine of their own infliction, which they pocket of course. Sometimes they receive money deposited with them in disputes with cabmen, which it is not easy to get out of their hands.

In September last, it was discovered almost at the same time, that the superintendents of the *caisse d'épargne* at Toulon had, one after another, plundered the establishment till the loss amounted to 120,000 francs; and that the master of the post of Niort had for years intercepted valuable letters, and dispatched in their stead documents forged by his own hand. In the first instance, the officials belonged to families and occupied a high rank in the town. Their mistresses were, as usual, at the bottom of the affair.

It is quite impossible, that the loose system of arrest on political suspicion should fail to excite the gravest abuses. For some months after the 2nd of December, M. Galerne, the Central Commissary of Police at Marseilles, was more than usually active in preparing lists of the disaffected. Marseilles is, next to Lyons, the most dangerous place in the south, and one which it is difficult to guard with the same precision. The entry of every stranger, even for a night, is regularly registered and reported at Lyons; and the shortest sojourn is subject to particular inquiry. At Marseilles, the requirements of commerce, and the fluctuations of a maritime and foreign population, render these precautions impossible. Here the Commissions appointed to protect the political tranquillity of the place, claimed a peculiar latitude of secret action. Galerne, who had the power of giving bail, trafficked it, on all hands, for sums of 700 and 1,000 francs. He carried on his traffic so recklessly, that the price was publicly quoted at the Bourse at Marseilles, as that of the release of political prisoners. The case was too flagrant, and Galerne was arrested; but who can tell the extent to which more prudent functionaries have carried the same system?

The crimes of the rich, such as adultery, which in France is criminally punishable, are not unfrequently compounded with the connivance, and sometimes the direct interference, of the authorities. In 1851, one Dens compromised an affair of this kind at Bourdeaux for 4,500 francs; and the Commissary of

Police retained 1,000 for his trouble. Moneys recovered after robberies are sometimes stopped by one of the numerous administrative hands through which they have to pass in their progress from the thief to the right owner.

In fact, amidst 500,000 *employés*, before whom comes almost every action of life, whose consent and interference is necessary to the smallest transaction, who are chosen from every rank of society, belong to every degree in the social scale, and a large class of whom are very insufficiently paid, it is impossible that the whole number, or any part approximating the whole, should be above temptation; and, as every judicial business has to pass through a multitude of these official hands, beginning with the very lowest, while there is not one of these numberless functionaries but has the power seriously to influence its progress, it is simply according to the doctrine of chances that we should find corruption somewhere in those cases in which corruption is possible. Hence bribery, cajoling, or terrifying the public functionaries has become part and parcel of French manners; and has had no small share in exciting that universal hatred and contempt of the law which is so sad a characteristic of the population. Nor is this feeling diminished by the vexatious petty tyranny with which the details of the law are managed.

One of the most constant characteristics of continental policy is the care with which it protects officials of every kind from everything that can be found or twisted into an act of disrespect. A man the other day was imprisoned for telling a railway official, who woke him up for his ticket, to go to the devil. His friends declared he was half asleep at the time; but the Court would take no excuse. A still more absurd condemnation occurred at Berlin. One of the prettiest actresses of the place lived opposite the official den of the police. Relying on her double impunity, feminine and artistic, she used to amuse herself by dazzling the eyes of the clerks, by throwing on them the rays of the sun from a small hand-mirror. There is no knowing that she may not have played this prank on the orbs of the chief himself: however this may be, the Prussian authority was not to be dazzled with impunity, and Mademoiselle Helckert was sent to prison for ten days. These things are sure to bring into hatred and contempt the institutions which they are intended to protect. Nor does the folly of thus degrading the law by employing it *de minimis* stop here. On every side, its troublesome interference irritates and vexes the many.

From the organization of justice, it may be worth while to pass for a moment to some few of the social peculiarities to which a part of crime in France is due. It is more in fraud and indirect violence, than in direct personal crime, that France presents exceptional circumstances; the latter are much the same everywhere.

The crime of incendiarism reaches monomania. Children of

ten years old have been arrested for it ; they have set fire to the houses of their own parents, who have forgiven them, and then to those of their neighbours, who have been less lenient. Nothing actuated them, but the mere love of a blaze. The general possession of property by the peasants opens a vast field for this crime. It offers an easy vengeance to village enmities : the first thought of the peasant, who has quarrelled over his cups with his neighbour, is to burn down his cottage. There then is the temptation to fraud among persons in a low sphere of life, upon whom the consequences of exposure are not terrible, and who insure their property, and then burn it. Cases of this kind are extremely frequent ; they come before the tribunals almost every other day. Incendiarism is again committed by persons in the humble ranks who, having spent everything but their bare walls, burn these last to excite the compassion of the neighbourhood, and to obtain a certificate of their loss ; which of itself would insure them a good income as mendicants. This is one out of the many abuses of the universal possession of small properties, by persons not qualified to make a good use of it. Ireland itself would view with envy the reckless threats of vengeance publicly affixed to the walls in the French *communes*. In April last, one of these papers appeared in a *commune* of the Bas Alpes, threatening death and destruction against Pelissier and Grangnard, if they did not re-sell properties which they had lately bought at a low price. Shortly after, the property of Pelissier was set on fire. It turned out that the two parties had made a bargain together ; that Pelissier obtained the best share ; that the threats came from Grangnard ; and the fire was lighted by Grangnard's daughter, a girl of eighteen. Houses are again burnt down for the purpose of destroying inconvenient papers. Wives occasionally set fire to the house, to induce their lords and masters to quit a neighbourhood to which they have taken a dislike. Dismissed servants are constant incendiaries. In the country district, people commonly keep servants whose rank is very little inferior to their own ; and who, if insulted or affronted, consider themselves fully entitled to the first revenge that falls in their way. For all these reasons, incendiarism is of nightly occurrence in the villages. Often four or five fires are burning at once ; and men are often arrested who have lighted above a dozen in a single season.

A habit exists throughout the French *communes*, fraught with danger to the morals of the population. It is customary for the farmers and other employers to pay their workmen in promissory notes of two or three months' date. These notes are commonly issued for sums of a few francs, and are in perpetual circulation amongst the small tradesmen of the district. The temptation to forgery is in consequence extremely great ; and nothing is more common than for workmen, or farm-servants,

to forge the names of their masters. But this is not the only fraud arising out of this custom. People have been known to forge their own names. This may seem a paradox; but so it is. Lebrun, who kept a small wine-shop in a village of the Manche, was in the habit of paying for his wine by these bills. At last he refused to pay two of them, declaring that his signature at the bottom was a forgery. This turned out to be true enough; but it turned out, at the same time, that the forgery had been committed by an accomplice under his own eyes, and by his own direction, that he might have a future plea for refusing payment. The circulation of small bills of this sort gives facilities for extravagance of all kind. Young men, especially in the army, pay the *cantinières* and other furnishers of the regiment with bills, to which they forge the names of their fathers and mothers. They do this with little dread, as the smallness of the amount insures its payment by a parent when the consequences of exposure are placed on the other side. The system begun, they carry it on till the bubble bursts. The English system of drawing on relatives for sums which the drawer knows well enough the relatives will refuse to pay, is unknown in France; it is the safer plan, but not a whit more honest.

The French system encourages forgery in a thousand other ways. Passports, certificates of conduct, certificates on the admission of the military *remplaçants*,—in short, all the multifarious papers necessary in that country for the commonest movements of society, are daily forged. Two or three societies exist in Paris alone for the forgery of passports. A man of rank and high family, the Marquis de Gras Preigne, formerly a Deputy, and a leader of several commercial enterprises, was tried two years ago for forging the will of his uncle, another Marquis. He was acquitted; but the circumstances revealed a sad tale of the irregular habits, loose pecuniary morality, and extreme necessities, of a portion of the nobility.

The system by which military substitutes are found, is productive of an immense amount of fraud. Every town in France contains either a firm, or the agents of a company, who insure against the chance of the conscription, charging themselves to procure a substitute, if the insured is drawn. These agents keep lists of substitutes, which they hand over to one another, as the different companies are in want of them. The substitute will perhaps engage himself with an agent directly for two hundred francs. The agent sells him to another agent for three; this last, hearing of a company greatly in want of a substitute, sells him for a still higher sum; and, to crown all, the substitute is not forthcoming. He has, by this time, passed through so many hands, that it is difficult to say to whom he really belongs, or who ought to return the money; and the parties put

up with the loss, rather than encounter the perplexities of the question. A more simple mode of fraud is, for the substitute and the agent to call upon the relatives of the young man who wishes to be replaced, agree to terms, and demand an advance, by way of *courtage*. The advance made, the substitute disappears, and the agent is, of course, all astonishment. They are a sad set of knaves, for the most part, these agents. As for the substitutes, they are commonly released convicts, or idlers without employment,—men of the lowest character, and ready for any trickery. The great arsenal for the substitute agents is in the east of France, where the men are most disposed to change and emigration. They obtain, occasionally, honest men in this quarter; sometimes a young man has a real liking for the army; sometimes old soldiers re-enlist; but, as a general rule, the *remplaçants* are bad characters, usually marked in the ranks, and very seldom promoted.

The proportion of suicides in the department of the Seine amounts to the fearful average of one in every thirteen hundred yearly to the male part of the population. Reckoning the average age of man, for the time of life in which he is most likely to kill himself, at thirty years, we arrive at the conclusion, that of the persons whom one meets in a day's walk in the streets of Paris, every forty-third man will put an end to his own existence at some time or other. For the whole of France, the proportion is rather greater than one in six thousand of the male population. The mean number of suicides for the three years ending in 1848, was 3,350. The population above ten years old,—before which age, of course, suicides are very rare,—is 29,000,000. Three males kill themselves to one female: we take, therefore, three-fourths of the suicides, and one-half of the population. It should be remembered that these are only the discovered cases; many are successfully concealed. In the prisons the proportion varies from one in seven hundred to one in a thousand,—the number at Mazas, the largest establishment in existence on the cellular system; it contains 1,200 cells. Idleness and *ennui* are, as usual, the recognised causes; remorse for the past, or despair for the future,—those great inducements to suicides out of doors,—lose their influence within the prison walls. Of the suicides out of doors, more than one half are due to the consequences of vicious connexions. A result equally terrible, and of which the frequency is little suspected on this side of the water, is the almost daily occurrence of attempts to poison the husband by the wife, or the wife by the husband; and the assassination of the unfaithful or suspected lover. Of the first, the cases actually tried average nearly one *per week*; and it is probable, that not a tenth part are actually brought to trial. The records of the civil courts are equally eloquent on the subject of domestic infelicity.

The number of cases brought under the notice of justice, in the five years from 1826 to 1830, reached the annual mean of 144,181. The mean annual number, in the five years from 1846 to 1850, had risen to 225,982. Thus crime had, in the interval, nearly doubled. The increase of the population, in the same time, was 12 *per cent*. Nor is the increase found, as might be expected where society is daily becoming civilized, in the minor departments of crime. The crime of parricide had doubled; attacks on women had tripled; incendiarism had more than doubled; forgery, assassination, and extortion of signatures by threats of personal violence, had greatly increased. Accusations of mendicity had decupled; of simple theft had tripled; of criminal menace had quadrupled. Robbery, with violence, had alone decreased. The cases brought actually before the Assizes, likewise indicated a slight decrease,—solely because the Magistrates became more and more unwilling to burden the country with lengthened trials, and decided the cases summarily, whenever it was possible. Simple thefts are always thus decided. The actual mean number of parricides, for the last four years, is 17 yearly. This would make, in a single generation, above 500 *discovered* instances of a crime of which the Romans denied the existence, on account of its atrocity. In 1851, the number of murders and assassinations actually tried was 451; poisonings, 38; infanticide, 164; violation, 242; the same crime against children, 615; forgery, 462; incendiarism, 218. This last crime numbered, the year before, 259 cases. Of all these offences the most alarming increase is to be found in the assaults upon female children, which has decupled in the last five or six years. The political excitement of the times has irritated the native violence of the Celtic character in this respect, till the effects have become of the utmost peril to the well-being of society.

The annals of relapsed criminals give the following results. From 1841 to 1850, inclusively, 193,016 persons tried had been previously convicted. This, of course, includes convictions of the simple police. In crimes of a higher dye, out of 10,264 criminals released from the *bagnes* from 1830 to 1846, 3,046 fell in five years again under the jurisdiction of justice; and out of 98,926 liberated in the same time from the *maisons centrales*, 31,468 were arrested anew. Vagabondage, or the rupture of ban, constitutes about one fourth of the offences of these relapsed crimes. As a general rule, the criminals liberated from the *bagnes* take to violent robbery, and those from the *maisons centrales* to fraud or simple theft. In 1851 the Courts had to judge no less than 28,706 relapsed criminals.

The following is a curious summary of the *motives* which have induced the commission of the four great crimes,—murder, assassination, poisoning, and incendiarism. The number of convicted

cases, from 1826 to 1850, was 18,584, out of which the causes were:—

Facilitation of theft, or security from its consequences	1,511
Hastening the possession of reversionary property.....	604
Buildings insured, and burnt by the proprietors.....	969
Domestic quarrels	2,339
Jealousy.....	390
Adultery	893
Concubinage and debauch	934
Quarrels with neighbours, public functionaries, &c.....	4,482
Loss of lawsuits.....	1,117
Ordinary quarrels over cups or cards, and chance disputes, make up the rest.	

While the criminal statistics of France tell thus unfavourably of the moral progress of the country, its social statistics are scarcely more encouraging. We have no space at present to enter upon a subject of such wide extent, and must content ourselves with referring, as a fact which speaks for itself, to the almost stationary position of the population of the country. The picture we have given is not a flattering one. As Englishmen, we have no pleasure in contemplating it: but it is strictly true; and the feeling, in consequence, of all thinking men in France is one almost of despondency. The picture is relieved by some excellent institutions, amongst which the best are those for the reformation of juvenile offenders. It is only to be regretted that the effect is necessarily so small in respect to the great masses of the population.

ART. V. 1.—*Geschichte des Oestreichischen Hofes und Adels und der Oestreichischen Diplomatie.* Von DR. EDUARD VEHSE. Hamburg: Hoffmann und Campe. 1851-2.

2. *Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria.* By DR. E. VEHSE. Translated from the German by FRANZ DEMMLER. In Two Vols. London: Longmans. 1856.

ON the 16th of August, 1477, the ancient city of Ghent presented an unusually gay appearance. Its streets were thronged with grave burghers and bold weavers in their holiday apparel; the quaint old houses were hung with variegated drapery, and festooned with the fairest flowers; while the windows were filled with the smiling faces of richly attired dames and damsels, whose curiosity was this day strained to its highest pitch by the knowledge that all the stir was occasioned by the preparations for a wedding. And that was to be no common wedding to which they were now expecting the advent of the bridegroom elect,

The beautiful Mary of Burgundy, wealthiest heiress in Christendom, had—with a will of her own which she doubtless derived from her wilful father, Charles the Bold—chosen the handsome MAXIMILIAN of Austria as her future husband: and now this bridegroom of nineteen summers was about to enter Ghent, dressed bravely by means of the 100,000 guilders which Mary's stepmother, Margaret of York, had sent him as provisional pocket-money.

At length he comes proudly along, a goodly target for those many curious eyes. Clad in silver-gilt armour, and riding on a noble brown horse, he wears no helmet, but a peerless garland of pearls and precious stones, which sets off to the best advantage his golden locks. His long retinue consists of Electors, Princes, Bishops, and six hundred Nobles. Thus is he escorted over many a bridge, and through many a narrow winding street, to his quarters, where he receives a message of welcome from the Princess, whom, *after* supper, (so important an item to a vigorous young German,) he goes to visit at her palace. As he rides along the streets by torchlight, his fair bride comes to meet him, and, both falling on their knees in the road, they embrace each other; Mary exclaiming, with tears of delight, 'Welcome to me, thou scion of the noble German stock, whom I have so long wished to see, and whom I now am so rejoiced to meet!' On the third day after this entry, the handsomest youth of the time was united to the beautiful Burgundian heiress; and thus was secured to the House of Hapsburg the splendid dower of the Netherlands, with their brisk trade and flourishing manufactures, which served first to make Austria really considerable as an European power.

Amidst all the rejoicings accompanying such an event, we may be permitted to imagine some substantial old citizen shaking his grey head, and uttering fearful forebodings as to what the Low Countries might suffer under a new Sovereign, of another race and other habits and sympathies, to whom the busy Flemings were now turned over like a peaceful flock of sheep. However, all went well while their own Mary lived: for her sake doubtless the sturdy Netherlanders suffered quietly many affronts and much oppression. But when she was cut off in the bloom of her youth and beauty,—having been fatally injured by a fall from her horse while hawking,—the flame of discontent broke forth fiercely. Maximilian, indeed, by dint of executions, managed to put down the rebellion in Ghent, and then removed to Bruges. But the fifty-two guilds of that city, under their several banners, marched upon his mercenaries in the marketplace, disarmed them, and gave Maximilian himself an opportunity for reflection and repentance by confining him in the castle for four months. At length his father, the Emperor Frederic III., sent an army to his rescue; and Maximilian

showed how much his retirement had enlightened him as to the true principles of government by putting to death forty of the boldest burgesses of the city.

The Tyrol having come into the possession of the lucky Maximilian by the death of his crazy cousin Sigismund, it was ever after his favourite abode. He loved to dress in its picturesque fashion,—a short green coat, surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat of the same colour. Its hills and valleys are full of memorials of his hunting adventures. Some of these were not of the most pleasant: one Easter Monday, in particular, found him perched on the brink of the Martinswand, a steep rock in the valley of the Upper Inn, unable to descend from the giddy height, and far from his attendants. On this perilous post he remained two long days and nights, and was at length found and saved from starving—not by an angel, as he was inclined to suppose, but—by a chamois hunter, Oswald Zips, who shouted to him, and was thereafter ennobled by the style of *Hollauer von Hohenfels*, ‘Hallooer of High-Rock.’ Maximilian was bold even to foolhardiness. Besides performing the feat of forcing open the jaws and pulling out the tongue of a caged lion,—which must either have lost its spirits by durance vile, or been struck with helpless wonder at the impudence of the man,—he once mounted to the highest ledge of the tower of Ulm cathedral, and, stepping out upon the iron bar by which the beacon lantern was suspended, he balanced himself on one foot, while he poised the other in the air. Such luxurious quiverings in mid ether are not to be indulged in by men of vulgar birth, unless, indeed, their lives should happen to be insured for considerably more than their intrinsic worth.

Maximilian was the best archer, the most accomplished horseman, the most skilful gunner, and the worst financier of his day. His rough troops, when growling for their arrears of pay, were so in the habit of being put off with pleasant promises and the broadest of jests, that he got the nickname of *Poco Denari*, ‘Little Cash.’ He was once, indeed, so pressed for money as to be forced to pledge the largest jewel of the time with our King Henry VII., who acted as pawnbroker on the occasion, lending his imperial cousin 50,000 crowns on that security. As an instance of Maximilian’s extreme easiness and good nature in financial matters, it is related that when one of his devoted servants had embezzled a large sum of money, the Emperor asked him what the thief would deserve who should steal so many thousand florins,—naming the exact *deficit*. The frail gentleman answering earnestly, that such a fellow ought to be hanged at the very least, the Emperor quietly replied, ‘By no means, friend; we want your services some time longer.’

Having survived his second wife, Maximilian, who had ever been very respectful to the priesthood, expressed his intention

of honouring that body by assuming the triple crown at the first vacancy. Writing to his daughter Margaret, (Sept. 18th, 1512,) he tells her that he had resolved upon living thenceforth in perfect celibacy; and that he intended to send the Bishop of Gurk the next day to Pope Julius II., (who had the ague, and could not live much longer,) to induce that Pontiff to make him his coadjutor, so that he might be sure of succeeding him on the Papal throne. He would then be ordained a priest, and in due course canonized as a saint: his dear daughter would therefore after his death be obliged to 'worship' him, whereat he should feel very much 'glorified.' But though the jovial Emperor pledged his best jewels with the great banker Fugger of Augsburg,—the Rothschild of the day,—to procure the cash necessary for 'refreshing the parched throats of the Cardinals,' the ingenious project did not meet with any good success, and Max was obliged to content himself with his temporal sovereignty.

For an Austrian *Kaiser*, Maximilian was amiable, and easy of access. Among his choicest friends he numbered the great painter and engraver, Albert Dürer, the learned John Reuchlin, (or Capnio,) the warlike George von Frundsberg, and Bishop Hans von Dalberg, the restorer of German art and learning. But the Emperor was neither a great statesman nor a clever strategist. Of restless activity, his energies were wasted on petty matters of detail. He did not possess a mind of power sufficient to grasp a truly grand scheme, and then to carry it out steadily and pertinaciously. Yet in his reign it is that we pass from the illuminated leaves of Middle Age romance to the paler pages of modern history. The feuds and other little matters which knights and barons had long been in the habit of settling by club-law, were now brought under the cognizance of the Imperial Court of Chancery, (*Reichskammergericht*,) much to the discomfiture of many an iron-handed warrior. To Maximilian is also owing the division of Germany into those circles which are apt to puzzle the modern examiner of old maps of the Empire.

Maximilian must by no means be omitted from the list of royal authors: for he contributed, for the instruction of mankind, no fewer than twenty-two treatises, which may still be found, if nowhere else, in the *Hof-Bibliothek* at Vienna; where also may be perused the odd queries which he put to Abbot Tritheim, and among which is found the following very sensible one: 'Why should witches have power over the evil spirits, whilst an honest man cannot get anything from an angel?' That he had a sufficiently high estimate of his own prowess and sagacity, may be gathered from the fact that one of his books, under the title of *The Wise King*, records the wisdom of himself and his father; and another, *Theuerdank*, is devoted to the narration of Max's own wondrous feats and hair-breadth escapes.

Maximilian lived to see the dawn of the Reformation, one of his last acts of government being the opening of the famous Diet of Augsburg at which Luther appeared before Cajetan. The Emperor seems to have thought this episode a very good joke,—a nice quarrel among the parsons, which would a little trouble the 'Holy Father' at Rome,—and to have had no perception of the work which this simple monk was to make for his successors down even to the present day. He left Augsburg with regret; for he had spent many festive days there, and he felt that he should never see it again. On arriving at Innspruck, the townspeople would have none of his horses or carriages, as there was an old score due to them from the imperial attendants: so the animals had to pass a winter's night in the open street; and the poor old Emperor was thrown into a fever by intense anger at the ill behaviour of his lieges. Yet he must needs embark on the Inn, in the sharp January weather, on his way to Vienna: but he only reached Wels, where he died, January 12th, 1519, aged sixty years.

While Maximilian was bustling about his dominions, paying court to fair ladies, firing off cannon to no end but that of making a noise and smoke, and fancying himself the greatest potentate and craftiest statesman in the world, there was growing up in the Netherlands a fair, slender, blue-eyed youth, who was eagerly fighting again the battles of the Maccabees, or poring patiently over the pages of Thucydides. Brought up in chilling splendour, the son of a melancholy-mad mother who poisoned her husband in a fit of jealousy,* CHARLES V., with no gentle domestic intercourse to foster the better qualities of the heart, was trained by circumstances to form as complete a contrast as possible to his jovial grandfather, whom he was to succeed on the imperial throne. Whatever liveliness he might inherit from his gay, good-looking father, Philip the Handsome, was counterbalanced by the intense Spanish moodiness imparted to him by his wretched mother, Joan the Insane. All youthful tendency to restlessness was broken by his stern governor, De Chievres, who would wake the boy up at any untimely hour to open dispatches, and scrawl his brief opinion on their margin.

When scarcely sixteen, Charles became King of Catholic Spain,—an inheritance well suited to his temperament. Amongst his first acts on visiting the land of the Inquisition, was the dismissal of the Grand Inquisitor, Cardinal Ximenes, from its regency, with the consoling message that his merits were so great that Heaven alone could adequately reward them; and that he therefore permitted him to end his days in quiet on his archiepiscopal see. The aged Cardinal is said to have been killed by this cruelly kind communication; at all events, he died but a few hours after receiving it.

* Robertson appears to have no suspicion of this fact; but Dr. Velsch asserts it on the authority of letters which Hormayr gives in his historic collections.

Immediately on hearing news of the death of his Germanic grandfather, Charles set about getting himself chosen as his successor in the headship of the Holy Roman Empire. Accordingly the Fuggers of Antwerp, a branch of the great Augsburg bankers, were retained as his agents,—combining the duties of a Rothschild and a Coppock,—in the necessary work of buying the noble electors, taking care of course to promise a higher premium than the rival candidate, the French King, Francis I. The firm are said to have aided Charles greatly by an expedient not unknown in modern politics,—honouring no bills of exchange but those that came from the Spanish party. Frederick the Wise of Saxony having declined the crown, it was at length apportioned to Charles, but not until his ambassadors had solemnly signed an ‘Electoral Capitulation,’ which their imperial master afterwards swore to observe,—an oath which, with the usual laxity of ‘Catholic’ Monarchs, Charles felt it by no means incumbent upon him to respect. In October, 1520, clad in armour, and decked with a coat of gold brocade, he rode into Aix La Chapelle to be crowned Emperor. Though then but twenty years of age, his pale face and melancholy aspect made him look already an old man. After holding that Diet at Worms which forms one of the great epochs in the world’s history, Charles returned, by way of Flanders and England, to Spain. In our own land he was received with due magnificence by Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey; and a contract of marriage was concluded between him and Mary Tudor,—the little Princess who long afterwards was wedded to his son Philip.

We cannot accompany Charles through the eventful history of his long reign. His wars with France, with the Turks, and with the Protestant Princes, and lastly his encounter with one who was his match in duplicity,—the Elector Maurice of Saxony,—cannot here be detailed. The Pope having sided with the chivalrous Francis I., the Emperor, whose *public* devotion to the Church was as great as ever at home, took his revenge on the Pontiff by letting loose on Italy old Frundsberg with his lansquenets, who, having joined the Constable of Bourbon and his Spaniards, marched against the temporalities of the ‘Holy Father.’ Frundsberg was prevented by an attack of paralysis from going farther than Ferrara; but Bourbon, taking the entire command, led on the troops to the walls of Rome itself, and was shot down while mounting a scaling ladder. His soldiers, however, rushed in, and sacked the city for ten days. Whilst Pope Clement and his satellites were kept close prisoners in the Castle of St. Angelo, the jovial lansquenets donned the hats and scarlet robes of the Cardinals, and paraded the city on donkeys. One of them often made his appearance before the Castle, dressed up like an orthodox Pope, wearing the

very essential triple crown, and, with his cardinalic comrades, drank healths and made speeches to the great horror and annoyance of the incarcerated ecclesiastics. However, peace was at length concluded with France, and afterwards with the humbled Pontiff, who, in February, 1530, crowned Charles at Bologna King of Lombardy and Emperor of the Romans. It was a fine time for the rabble, who scrambled energetically for the gold and silver coins, and the costly banqueting vessels, which were thrown to them from the palace windows.

In tracing the course of Charles's long reign, one cannot but regret, again and again, the injurious manner in which the cause of reformation was bought and sold by the little Princes of the Empire, who mostly cared for it only as a means of increasing their own possessions and power. To Luther we owe so much that is good, that it would be an unpleasing task to scrutinize with severity his political opinions, which varied considerably at different stages of his life. Suffice it to say, that if he had had any fit coadjutor to take up the kindred cause of civil freedom with a wisdom and courage equal to his own in breaking the fetters from religion, Germany need never have cowered beneath the sway of the cold and crafty Charles, and Austria and her dependencies might now have been the most fruitful lands of Protestant Europe.

At the age of twenty-six Charles was married at Seville to the graceful Isabel of Portugal; at whose death, thirteen years after, he displayed intense anguish. He had lived very happily with his fair bride; her genial influence in domestic life had modified his habits, and charmed away his moodiness; and his grief at losing her was incontrollable. For several days he sat beside her body in silent despair, neglectful of all public affairs; and if any had the temerity to break in upon his sorrowful solitude, he flew at them with a drawn dagger. At last he suffered the Jesuit Duke of Borghia to prevail with him, and allowed the beloved form to be entombed. He afterwards relapsed into his former habits of profligacy, which were indulged with characteristic coolness and secrecy.

Charles was not handsome in his person; his long, pale face being disfigured by the ugly lower lip peculiar to the House of Hapsburg. His complexion in the prime of life is said to have been as white as milk. We can, therefore, hardly wonder that the Protestants, at the fatal battle of Muhlberg, looked upon him as a ghost, or rather a mummy, as he rode along the lines, his enfeebled limbs encased in glittering armour, his hair turned grey with the tortures of the gout, and his features pale as those of a corpse. His ordinary demeanour was proud and chilling, as might have been expected from his education; yet he knew how to bend down to those whom he liked, and to defend his low-born but faithful servants from the insults of the

haughty copiers of himself. His brave captain, Antonio de Leyva, the shoemaker's son, received peculiar marks of favour, earned by his many services. Most of our readers will be familiar with the anecdote of the Emperor picking up Titian's brush, when the great painter had dropped it, and telling his astonished courtiers, 'I have always people enough to bow before me, but I have not always a Titian.' When a proud Castilian lady and a fair Neapolitan were quarrelling for precedence at the door of the palace chapel in Brussels, Charles dexterously settled their dispute by the suggestion, 'Let the most foolish go first.' He used to say of the gout, 'Patience and a little screaming is a good remedy against it.'

In money matters Charles was very careful, letting his pages go about in somewhat tattered garments, and spending far less on his own habiliments than the plainest noble did. Unfortunately, too, for his attendants, he had such a good memory, that, if one of his shirts or handkerchiefs were missing, he was sure to make inquiry after it. Indeed, an old Saxon clerk, who saw him at a review at Naumburg, in 1547, records that he wore a new black velvet cap on the occasion, and a Spanish cloak; and that, when it began to rain, Charles doffed his new cap, and covered it up under his cloak, letting the drops fall on his grey hair. Old Schirmer, who had always been accustomed to take care of his own pate, was of course astonished, and moralizes on the incident with much pathos: 'Poor Emperor! who had done such great deeds in the world, who had made war in Africa, and was the possessor of so many tons of gold, and yet let the rain fall on his uncovered head!' Yet, with all his thrift about his garments,—in which he showed himself a true descendant of Rodolph of Hapsburg, who mended his clothes with his own hands,—Charles knew not how to handle large sums of money, and was almost always in financial straits.

In his later years, Charles slept but little, yet rose late in the morning. He then first attended a private mass for the soul of the Empress, gave audience to his ministers, heard a second mass for the benefit of his own soul, and went thence direct to dinner, according to the old proverbial rule, *Della messa alla mensa*, 'From mass to meat.' Sastrow, who had seen the Emperor at several Diets, tells us, in his 'Pomeranian Chronicle,' that, however many princely relatives and friends Charles might find waiting for him on his return from church, he coolly shook hands with them, left them in the entry, and walked in alone to a good dinner, with an enviable freedom from compunction. The old chronicler goes on to state, that his Majesty had no one to carve for him; but, having nodded for any little delicacy that pleased him,—such trifles as 'a sucking pig,' or 'a calf's head,'—stuck in his knife just where he fancied a piece, and scooped it out, or tore it with his fingers, drawing his plate under his

chin, and so eating, in 'a very unaffected, but *neat and cleanly*, manner,' which was 'very pleasant to look at.' He finished his elegant repast,—during which his ears were regaled with choice music, and with the free and easy talk of the jesters who stood behind his chair,—by quaffing the *modicum* of a pint and a half of wine from a crystal tankard, which he drained to the last drop. Petitioners knew well that now were the *mollia tempora fundi*, when his lordship had picked his sacred teeth with a quill, washed himself, and taken up a position in the corner near the window, in his most accessible mood. After private audiences, which lasted two or three hours, he rested himself in an easy-chair for an hour, had another interview with his ministers, read or wrote his letters, and, after partaking (slightly, of course: for his dinner had tempted him with a variety of twenty-four dishes, some of them very substantial) of sweetmeats and preserved fruits, he and his Court retired to bed at the modest hour of nine.

In spite of his wonderful successes, of his ingenuity in political intrigue, and of some rare traits of character, Charles V. cannot be pronounced a truly great man. His active and penetrating mind was devoted solely to the aggrandizement of his house; and the fertility and unscrupulous nature of his schemes to this end remind one of another ex-monarch, of more recent date,—Louis Philippe,—between whom, indeed, and Charles an amusing parallel might be run in many particulars. With a fearful disregard for the lives and liberties of his subjects, Charles was ready always to bear down any the least opposition to his will by brute force. With large and rich possessions in Spain and Burgundy to afford him supplies, he was enabled, without much difficulty, to crush the first development of Protestantism in Southern Germany, and by his Spanish hauteur to cow the spirits of the knights and barons, *vassals* of the Empire hitherto in name, but now in stern reality. The question with Charles and most of his successors has been, not, 'How can I benefit my subjects?' but, 'How can I extend my dominions, and render myself more absolute and irresponsible?' For this end were bloody battles fought, solemn oaths broken, fair territories laid waste; and though Charles was a particularly devout son of the Romish Church, yet, when its head thwarted him, he let loose his rough bandits on the 'Eternal City' itself.

But the consummation of all this scheming and bullying, so far as Charles was concerned, was, at first, a disgraceful flight, and then an inglorious resignation of the imperial throne. When Maurice of Saxony had taken Ehrenberg Castle, and was about to show himself the Emperor's apt pupil, by giving him a taste of his own treacherous tactics, the master of many lands was obliged to make a precipitous flight amid torrents of cold spring

rain, and agonized by the torturing gout. He had twice before attempted to escape from Innspruck to Flanders, but had been frightened back. In the course of the second elopement, when he was disguised as an old woman, a village girl, who had only seen his portrait, exclaimed, 'O! how like she is to the Emperor!' and his warlike Majesty posted back again with fearful forebodings. Maurice appears to have had some secret encouragement in his operations from the Emperor's brother, Ferdinand, who was disgusted at Charles's arrangements for the alternation of the imperial dignity between Ferdinand's family and his own, which would have made the German Empire liable to an intermitting Spanish domination. Besides, Ferdinand well knew that if Don Philip once got possession of the Empire, it would be lost for ever to his own descendants. The Pope, too, afflicted at the prospect of a universal monarchy, which might interfere with pontifical pretensions, secretly abetted the Saxon Elector. But Charles's crowning difficulty was, that the great banking-houses of Italy and the Low Countries, and even the friendly Fuggers of Augsburg,—one of whom had once delighted him, when staying under their roof, by re-kindling a fire with the Emperor's old bonds,—refused to advance any more money to one who had ever been ready to break commercial faith, and to convert loans into unfunded debts with perpetual interest. Thus he who had thought himself a complete master of statecraft, was caught in so many false moves, and so completely checkmated, that he thought the time had at length arrived for him to throw up the hazardous game, and to carry out the design he had long talked about by retiring to some quiet convent for the remainder of his days.

Accordingly, on October the 26th, 1555, Charles publicly resigned the Netherlands to his grasping, ungrateful son, Philip II., to whom he had already ceded the Two Sicilies, in order to smooth the way for his marriage to Mary of England. In the same hall at Brussels in which, forty years before, he had entered on his reign with high and haughty hopes, all his prospects bright and cloudless, and fortune ready to favour him in all his undertakings, the infirm and broken-spirited Emperor now rose painfully from his chair of state,—his right hand resting on his staff, his left on the shoulder of William Prince of Orange,—and, in accents of deep emotion, briefly reviewed his life, begging pardon of all who had been wronged by his neglect or mismanagement, and ending with the assurance that he would never forget his faithful Netherlanders to the day of his death, and would never cease to pray to God for their welfare. Well might the large assembly be moved to tears; for it was a time to forget the faults of the ruler in the misfortunes of the man, racked with pain of body, and plagued with fits of melancholy still more dreadful. In the following January he resigned to Philip the

kingdoms of Spain, with all their acquisitions in both hemispheres; and in August he transferred the government of Germany from his own shoulders to those of his brother Ferdinand.

In September, 1556, Charles sailed for Spain; and on landing at Laredo, on the coast of Biscay, he is said to have kissed the ground, exclaiming, *Naked came I out of my mother's womb; and naked shall I return thither.* Throughout all his days he had lived, like Dives, just as he liked. Autocrat of many countries, he had spurned from his gate the wounded Lazarus of Lutheranism, when it begged for scanty relief or respite. And now, having enjoyed this world's goods as much as the gout would let him, he bethought himself of improving on the example of the rich Hebrew, and making himself sure, also, of the bliss of another sphere. And this appeared to be an easy matter: for Charles was a devout son of that Church which, by its nicely graduated scale of penal prices, makes everything comfortable for the conscience of the scrupulous sinner. What could be more pleasant than being an out-patient of the convent of Yuste?—always excepting the flagellations, which, however, had the great advantage of being self-inflicted, and so their rough tone could be easily modulated when the touch of the cords was too harsh for the sensitive fibres of the back. This Jeromite monastery was situated in a valley of a mountainous district celebrated for the beauty of its scenery and the purity of its atmosphere. Surrounded by gardens and orchards, watered by cool springs and mountain torrents, the flowery little vale might well cause Charles in earlier years to exclaim, 'Here is a place of rest for a second Diocletian!' A small house was built for the ex-Emperor near the church of the monastery, so that, when he lay ill, his melancholy might be soothed by catching the sounds of the masses, and the sweet chanting of the choir, for which the finest voices had been selected. His apartments were lighted by many large windows, which admitted the soft breeze, laden with the fragrant scent of the lemon and orange trees, and through which the old potentate could gaze on a fair and spacious landscape, hedged in by hilly ridges, crowned with purple vines. Here, in the intervals of his religious exercises, and when tired by gardening, Charles, aided by the ingenious Gianello Torreano, busied himself in endeavouring to make a regiment of clocks keep the same time; and, not succeeding very well, would say, 'Clocks are just like men.' But, as some old oracle of 'Change, who, having realized his 'plum,' has timely retired to a neat country house, and is there miserable for want of his wonted occupation, consoles himself by pestering all his friends with gratuitous advice; so Charles V., believing that the world could not keep right without him, favoured his son and daughter with long dispatches, replete with wisdom, no doubt, but to which, we believe, they paid but scant attention. At last, having caught cold at a sort of

amateur rehearsal of his own obsequies, the ex-monarch died, repeating the words, *In manus Tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum: redemisti nos, Domine, Deus veritatis.* Those of our readers who wish for further details of the most innocent part of his career, must turn to Mr. Stirling's very interesting work on his 'Cloister Life,' or Mr. Prescott's recent additions to Robertson.

We must now pass on to the red-bearded Monarch who began to occupy the imperial chair when his brother Charles retired to cultivate cabbages in Spain. FERDINAND I. was Spanish by birth, and had been brought up at the court of his grandfather, Ferdinand the Catholic. In 1521, he followed out the auspicious motto of his house, '*Felix Austria, nube,*' by wedding Anne Jagellon,—bride and bridegroom being alike nineteen years old,—and through this marriage obtained, in 1526, the crowns of Hungary and Bohemia. In 1530, Charles endowed his brother with the Archduchy of Austria, and the other family possessions in Germany; so that, when Charles resigned, there was little advance for Ferdinand to make, except as becoming the actual head of the Empire, under the title of 'Roman Emperor *Elect.*' The Pope not acknowledging his brother's abdication as valid, because the leave of the 'Holy See' had not been asked, Ferdinand consequently remained uncrowned, as all his imperial successors have done, so far as 'His Holiness' is concerned.

Ferdinand was but a small man, compared with his brother, both mentally and physically. He was 'an excellent man of business,' in a pettifogging sense; rose early to attend mass; was almost always on his legs, except at meal-time; and was a sad chatterbox, breaking Priscian's head with royal unconcern. He was a great patron of the Jesuits, Bobadilla, one of the founders of the Society, being his father confessor; and under his auspices those meek soldiers of the Roman Church gained firm footing in Vienna, doctoring people in the time of the plague, and effecting many cures by means of Peruvian bark, which was then and long afterwards known as 'Jesuits' powder.'

After an unimportant reign of eight years, Ferdinand died of a slow fever, and his throne passed to his eldest son, MAXIMILIAN II., who was a merry, good-tempered Monarch, yet had more dignity of manner than his restless progenitor. In religious matters he was kind and tolerant, living in open friendship with the chief Protestant Princes of the Empire. Letters of his are extant in which he tells Duke Christopher of Würtemberg that he had read two volumes of the Latin, and five of the German, Works of Luther, and expresses a wish to possess all the writings of that great man, as well as those of Melancthon and Brentzius. His motto was, 'God alone rules the consciences of men: man only rules man:' a saying for the true appreciation of which the time had not yet arrived. Acting on this principle,

he granted free exercise of their religion to the Bohemians, and subsequently extended the boon to Austria Proper. He also, immediately on his accession, liberated John Augusta, the learned Bishop of the Moravian Brethren, from the imprisonment to which he had been consigned, for sixteen years, by the zealous Ferdinand. In 1562,—with good intentions which are welcome from their rarity in an Austrian ruler,—Maximilian tried to gain the Pope's sanction for administering the eucharist in both kinds, and for abolishing the forced celibacy of the clergy. We cannot refrain from quoting part of the letter which he wrote to his beloved adviser, General Lazarus von Schwendi, on hearing the news of the massacre on St. Bartholomew's Day, by order of the Emperor's son-in-law, Charles IX. of France.

'As to the foul deed which the French have tyrannically perpetrated against the Admiral and his people, I cannot commend it at all; and I have heard with heart-felt grief that my son-in-law has allowed himself to be persuaded to give his sanction to such an infamous slaughter: but I know this much,—that other people rule much more than he does. May God forgive those who are the cause of it! I wish to God he had consulted me: I would have advised him as a true father. It is true, as you very sensibly write, that *religious matters ought not to be settled by the sword*. No honest man, who fears God and loves peace, will say differently; nor did Christ and His Apostles teach otherwise: for their sword was their tongue, their teaching God's word, and their life. And, moreover, those mad people might have seen in so many years that this tyrannical burning and beheading will never do. In short, I do not like it, nor will I ever praise it, unless God should make me foolish and mad, which I ever pray He will not do..... Let Spain and France do as they like; they will have to answer for it to God the just Judge. As for myself, I shall, if God wills, act honestly and sincerely, like a true Christian; and if I do so, I do not care for all this wicked and graceless world. With this I commend you to the mercy of God, who, in His heavenly wisdom, may turn all things for the best, to ourselves and to all Christendom.'

Noble words these, and the more to be prized as coming from an Austrian Kaiser! Would that his successors had acted on them, and so saved themselves from the guilt, and their subjects from the manifold sufferings arising out of their fierce and bloody bigotry!

Maximilian died suddenly in the fiftieth year of his age, and the thirteenth of his reign. He had long suffered severely from that imperial torture, the gout; and his death was by some attributed to a nostrum which he had got from a quack doctor of Ulm, and which, like certain pills and elixirs of our own day, was warranted to possess miraculous virtue. Others have laid the *onus* of his sudden demise at the door of the ingenious members of the Company of Jesus, who certainly were not too fond

of the liberal-minded Emperor: but these zealots have so many well-authenticated murders to answer for, that we may spare them the responsibility of one more doubtful. When Maximilian was growing weaker and weaker, and death was making visible approaches, his son, the Archduke Matthias, begged him to think of his salvation, and not to neglect himself: to which advice the dying Emperor made answer, 'My son, all this is needless. I hope through the mercy of God, and His merits, to be saved as surely as you can be. I have confessed all my sins to Christ, and thrown them on His passion and death; and I am sure that they are forgiven, and that I do not need anything else.'

His eldest son and successor, RODOLPH II., though born at Vienna, was, like his father, brought up at the Court of Philip II., and seems to have imbibed something of the spirit of that unhappy Monarch. Gloomy, and passionate, and wayward, the madness of his ancestry broke out in him with renewed vigour, though under a different phase. He was excessively indolent, and spurned every approach to activity in state affairs; yet if any one else began to take in hand the necessary business of the Empire, Rodolph was seized with sharp pangs of jealous rage. Whatever genius he was endued with, developed itself in collecting nicknacks, in studying magic and alchemy, and in taming wild birds and beasts. His beautiful palace, the Hradschin in Prague, was strewn with antiquarian odds and ends, the gathering and safe stowage of which fully occupied the Emperor's time, while envoys on important business had to wait year after year for an interview in vain. How would his spirit have been chafed, could he have foreseen what treatment his treasures were to meet with from his matter-of-fact successor, Joseph II., who—honest man—sold his busts and statues cheap, disposed of his antique coins by weight, and scattered his costly gems and cameos amongst old-curiosity-shopsmen!

Rodolph possessed a noble gallery of pictures, including some fine Correggios. He kept up a correspondence with many learned men; and his Court was thronged with famous mechanics,—for he possessed Charles's *penchant* for clock-making,—astronomers and astrologers, and all the professors of the black art that chose to come. Amongst the motley crowd the English alchemist and conjuror, Dr. John Dee, was very conspicuous. It is amusing to note how the doctor and the Emperor stood in admiring awe of one another, each holding the other for a great magician, and each entertaining a wholesome fear of being found out by his fellow adept to be what in modern parlance is designated 'a humbug.' Yet amid these constructors of magic mirrors,—these needy adventurers who came with a promise of discovering for Rodolph the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone, and who spoke of the production of living men in the

crucible, and the resuscitation of mummies, as perfectly possible performances,—mixed up with this motley crowd of quacks and gamesters, were one or two men of remarkable genius. It was from Prague that the illustrious Kepler announced his discovery of the planets moving in elliptic orbits round the sun; he having succeeded the great Dane, Tycho Brahe, as ‘His Imperial Majesty’s Mathematician,’—a post of more honour than profit.

Rodolph’s moodiness at length reached its highest pitch. Tycho Brahe had drawn a horoscope for him, the purport of which was that he ought not to marry, since danger threatened him from his nearest relation, his own son. This prognostication caused him to put off his marriage with one Princess or another from time to time: but he was mortally vexed when these ladies, tired of such a procrastinating wooer, were married to suitors of more punctual habits. His dread of violence from his family was excited still more by the appearance of Halley’s comet in 1607, which seemed a confirmation of all his gloomy forebodings. No persons could then approach him without being searched, lest they should have weapons concealed about them. His bedroom was like a fortified place, and he would often jump up in the dead of the night, and make the governor of his palace search every nook and cranny of the building. For months together the inhabitants of Prague knew not whether he was alive or dead, it being only at long intervals that he allowed them to catch a glimpse of his ‘sacred’ person at the palace windows.

But while Rodolph was tossing madly on his imperial bed of thorns, the world did not stand still. Protestantism had taken deep root in Austria, and was pushing its way energetically in the capital itself; and it taxed all the powers of the bigoted Ferdinand of Grätz to counteract it in Styria, Carniola, and Carinthia. But at length his rough soldiery with fire and sword dragged the people into submission to the old idolatry; while many of the nobles fled to Bohemia, where they afterwards fought strenuously against the dominion of Austria. Ferdinand’s example was copied by Rodolph’s councillors at Vienna, the ecclesiastics Dietrichstein and Clesel; and the stir caused by their reactionary measures was at its height, when, by the Family Treaty of Vienna, (concocted by Clesel,) Rodolph was forced to resign the crowns of Austria Proper and Hungary in favour of his brother, Matthias. He was soon afterwards compelled by his Bohemian subjects to sign the famous *Majestäts-Brief*, which secured to them full religious liberty. In 1611 he was obliged by his brother to renounce the crown of Bohemia also, which he had fondly hoped to retain; and so was left in possession only of his barren dignity as head of the German Empire. A few months afterwards he died very suddenly, his

heart having been broken by the demise of his favourite old lion, and of two eagles, which he had fed every day with his own hands.

MATTHIAS was a little, weakly man, whose mission seemed to be to dance as long and as often as the gout would let him. His reign is principally remarkable for the *defenestratio Pragensis*, and the commencement of the Thirty Years' War. The Bohemians in 1617 were so foolish as to elect for their King the bitterly Papistic Ferdinand of Grätz. They thought themselves safe in their liberties because he was condescending enough to swear devoutly to observe the *Majestäts-Brief*; as if, forsooth, a Popish Monarch could be bound by any the most solemn oath. The provisions of this Royal Letter were soon broken through by the Papist party, the Archbishop of Prague giving orders for the destruction of two Protestant churches which were being built under its guarantee. But the Protestants determined to oust the Papal members of the Regency; and just as Ferdinand was being proclaimed King of Hungary at Presburg, his representatives in Bohemia were expelled from the council-chamber; the two most obnoxious, Martinitz and Slawata, with the secretary, being flung out of the window, according to an ancient custom of the country. Though these ejaculated councillors were thrown from a great height, their ample cloaks, filling with air, broke their fall, and they alighted without much injury on a heap of waste paper and rubbish. Philip Fabricius, the polite secretary, who was forwarded last, is even said to have had presence of mind and breath enough to beg His Excellency's pardon, as he fell on the top of Baron Martinitz. This was the signal for the Thirty Years' War, the Protestant Bohemians at once taking up arms in defence of their solemn rights, and, as the first step, expelling those pestilential Marplots, the members of the Society of Jesus.

When news of this outbreak reached Vienna, the gouty old Emperor was disposed to make concessions to the Bohemian people; and was encouraged in his good intentions by the advice of his premier and confessor, Cardinal Clesel. But the bigoted Ferdinand strongly opposed this tendency to moderation, proceeded with the levies for his army, and caused Clesel to be suddenly arrested and imprisoned. The death of Matthias followed not long after the *coup d'état* which deprived him of his favourite minister. He died in 1619, in almost the same neglect as he had brought upon his brother Rodolph. The dying Monarch was in fact deserted by all, while Ferdinand's apartments were crowded with courtiers ready to prostrate themselves before the rising luminary. In the demise of poor little Matthias, Kepler's prognostic of seven M's, drawn for the year 1619, was, strangely enough, thought to be fulfilled: '*Magnus Monarcha Mundi Medio Mense Martio Morietur*.'

Now came the stormy days of FERDINAND II., the motto of whose life was, '*Better a desert than a country full of heretics.*' Of his piety there can, of course, be no question; for did he not attend mass twice every day, with extra performances on Sunday? And what though his rough troops, year after year, ravaged whole districts, passing over the country, from end to end, like swarms of locusts, leaving behind them levelled corn-fields, burnt hamlets, and pale, famished wretches, whose little all they had destroyed? Yet Ferdinand must be accounted one of the world's worthies: for was he not the first Austrian Emperor that joined in the Corpus-Christi procession, taper in hand? and did he not yield himself up, body and soul, to the whims of his Jesuit advisers, who had free access to him even at midnight? What more could a right-minded ruler do for the good of his people?

We have no space for the details of the Thirty Years' War; of some of the most conspicuous actors in which bloody drama a notice has recently appeared in these pages. Suffice it to say that, while Ferdinand was elected Emperor of the Romans at Frankfort, he was deposed at Prague, the Bohemians denouncing him as 'the arch-enemy of liberty of conscience, and a slave of Spain and the Jesuits.' They unfortunately chose in his stead the Elector Palatine Frederick, who, being a Calvinist, was almost as obnoxious to the Lutherans of Germany as a Papist would have been. Under the advice of his uncle, the Prince of Orange, and of his own Court preacher, Scultetus, the jovial, easy-tempered Frederick accepted a post of danger which demanded a man of infinite resource and dauntless courage. No Englishman can study the history of the reign of James I. without a pang of deep regret that that cruellest of pedants, lured by the phantom of a Spanish match, afforded such scant aid to his son-in-law the Palatine, and to the Protestant cause generally. Yet if we fairly review the character of the Bohemian 'Winter King,' frivolous and utterly helpless as it was, we can hardly suppose that a much different result would have been secured, had James assisted him with ever such ample supplies. The battle of the White Mountain speedily put an end to his reign, and sent him, a helpless fugitive, to wander piteously up and down Europe, while his unfortunate subjects were left to the tender mercies of the Jesuitic puppet of an Emperor, who did not think it at all incumbent on him to observe the promise of amnesty given by his generals on entering Prague after their victory. So, on the 21st of June, 1621, in the *Altstadt Ring*, the chief nobility of Bohemia were beheaded, meeting their fate with the joy of martyrs strong in the faith, while, to add to their cheer, a beautiful rainbow spanned the horizon. The *Majestäts-Brief* and other charters of the kingdom were brought to Vienna, where His plain-spoken

Majesty received them with the words, 'These, then, are the rags of waste-paper which have given so much trouble to our predecessors.' So ended the laws, liberties, literature, and language of Bohemia.

In the long contest which followed, there figured many brave soldiers on both sides. When the reigning Protestant Princes abandoned the cause of their suffering brethren, a struggle was still kept up in its behalf by such bold partisans as Count Mansfeld and Christian of Brunswick, who served to maintain a sort of skirmish, till the lion of the north, Gustavus Adolphus, was ready to bound upon the scene. The imperial side was not without its great warriors also,—the eccentric Tilly, the dashing Pappenheim, (the Murat of his day,) and the mysterious Wallenstein. The true character and purposes of the last will always afford as much scope for dispute as do the virtues of Mary Queen of Scots in our own history. His chief merit in the eyes of many readers will be his having furnished in his life and fate a subject for Schiller's noblest drama. That he was a man remarkable in mind and body, in enterprise, success, and fate, there can be no doubt; nor yet that he saved the Austrian Empire more than once. After his discomfiture at Stralsund, the influence of Wallenstein with his master had declined; and he had not had the opportunity of carrying out his design of rendering the Emperor still more absolute by a massacre of the troublesome nobles, when he was ousted from his post as generalissimo, to please the Pope and the Jesuits, who were troubled with the notion that he was about to erect Austria into the position of an universal monarchy.

Just as the Emperor had thus cut off his own right hand, and rendered himself almost helpless, the Swedish hero landed first on German soil, and carried all before him. Yet, through the culpable opposition of the Electors of Brandenburg and Saxony, he was not at hand to prevent the taking of Magdeburg by the Imperialists, who, under Pappenheim and Tilly, sacked and burnt that fine old town, and ruthlessly slew 30,000 out of 35,000 inhabitants. For this bloody victory, a *Te Deum* was of course chanted with due devotion in the cathedral; while the brutal soldiery celebrated their feats in a verse of their own composing:—

*'Magdeburg, du stolze Magd,
Hast dem Kaiser den Tanz versagt:
Jetzt tanze mit dem alten Knecht,—
Geschicht dir eben recht.'**

* 'O Magdeburg, so full of pride,
To the Emperor thou'st the dance denied:
Dance with the old lansquenet to-night,
Thou saucy maid!—'twill serve thee right.'

The disastrous battle of Leipzig led the Emperor to negotiate afresh with Wallenstein, and to re-appoint him as commander-in-chief, with absolute power. And so the Swedish King and the great Friedlander met at last on the field of Lützen, when the former gained the battle, but lost his life. There are few characters in the annals of warfare upon whom we can dwell with such pleasure as upon Gustavus Adolphus. Especially in that wavering age of German politics, he stands out as a giant amongst a tribe of dwarfs, with his noble presence and heroic mind. His faults, conspicuous though they be, seem but as the foil to add lustre to the rare jewel of his virtue. His is a story which will ever excite interest and admiration, as long as any love for war and its literature animates the mind and pulse of Englishmen. The news of his death fell like a thunder-clap on the ears of the Protestants throughout Europe; and great was the counter joy of the Austrian Emperor, who had a jubilant *Te Deum* sung in all the churches. The banished King of Bohemia was struck with paralysis at the sad tidings, and died at the early age of thirty-six, leaving behind him thirteen young children, and his beautiful widow, who had to wander homeless for thirty years, plagued by relentless hate and troublesome love. Frederick, craven-heart that he was, had in 1629 offered to give up his children to the tender care of the Vienna Jesuits, to go humbly upon his knees for pardon, and to retire as a pensioned exile to Holland, provided only that his family might be restored to their former dignities and possessions. Little could he foresee the greater honours reserved for his descendants, who were to furnish occupants for three of the principal European thrones,—England, in the House of Hanover; France, in that of Orleans; and Austria, in that of Lorraine.

The Swedish giant being disposed of, Wallenstein, always accounted an evil, was now considered to be an unnecessary one; and he was very systematically trapped in the midst of his wild schemes, and done to death like a spider smothered in his own web. The details of the imperial preparations for getting rid of this two-edged tool, and of the rewards which were heaped upon those who executed the murderous deed, are but as one stone more added to that pillar of infamous ingratitude which towers over against the House of Austria, and may yet some day crush it in the dust. He was sacrificed to the intrigues of the upstart Spanish and Italian nobles at Vienna, and of those meek and holy fathers, the Jesuits, who have always bestowed considerable attention and no small pains on the rectification of any little matter which seemed to be going wrong at that congenial Court.

In the last scenes of the Thirty Years' War the most noticeable figure is that of the brave and able Bernard of Weimar, the apt pupil of a noble master,—Gustavus Adolphus. His career was but short; for, in 1639, after a few days' illness, he died in the

prime of life, and 'Germany,' says Grotius, 'lost her brightest ornament and her last hope,—almost her only Prince who was worthy of the name.' After him followed three great captains, formed in the same school,—Banier, Torstensohn, and Wrangel. Two years before the Duke of Weimar's death, Ferdinand II. departed this life, holding in his hand a consecrated taper, to afford him light on his awful journey. He was succeeded by his son, FERDINAND III., another inheritor of the gout, just as intolerant as his father, but not personally so active in his bigotry. He possessed an honest Minister of State in Count Maximilian Trautmannsdorf, who was his agent in concluding the Peace of Westphalia, which terminated the horrors of the terrible Thirty Years' War.

It is exceedingly difficult for us, who live in such enviable peace and security, to realize the state of Germany in those warlike days. Our own civil wars in the seventeenth century, conducted as they were with truly English humanity, were but child's play compared with those which desolated the Continent about the same time. Let us give an example. Ferdinand II. has the infamy attached to him of being the first Emperor who took the barbarian Cossacks into pay, and employed them against his Protestant subjects. On one occasion some of these savages pounced upon a gay wedding party at Meseritz, stripped naked all the gentlemen and ladies there present, and afterwards publicly sold the dresses and jewels at Vienna. But even this is a trifle compared with some of their excesses. What a pitiable sight did Germany present, when the trumpets of the heralds announced to the belligerents and to the famine-stricken people the conclusion of peace,—a blessing which had been unknown to a whole generation! Austria and Bohemia had suffered most severely. The strong castles, frowning donjons, and the immense mansions of the old nobility, in the ample courtyards of which a village would have had verge enough, were levelled with the ground; and their ingenious fountains, waterworks, and cisterns, their grand galleries, noble halls, and spacious kitchens, were utterly demolished. Where formerly stood prosperous towns and thriving hamlets, was now nothing but heaps of ruin and hastily made graves: where fields of golden grain had waved the promise of plenty, was now a tangled mass of brushwood, broken here and there by huge morasses, and serving as the lurking-place of large gangs of robbers and murderers. From that time dates the system of passports, adopted in defence against these banditti.

The weakly Ferdinand III. was frightened out of his life on Easter Day, 1657. A fire broke out, late at night, in the imperial palace, in the very room where the Emperor lay sick. A halberdier of the guard, anxious to save the youngest Prince, (then two months old,) was carrying it off in its little cot, when

in his haste he fell and broke the cradle. The babe was not injured; but its imperial father was so terrified that he expired about three hours afterward. He was succeeded by his son, LEOPOLD I., a Prince whom the Jesuits style 'the Great,' yet who was not remarkable for eminence in any good quality of head or heart, but only for his good fortune.

Being a younger son, Leopold had been brought up for the Church; and his childish play consisted in decorating images of saints and tiny altars. He was but eighteen when he was elected Emperor of Germany, there having been an *inter-regnum* of fifteen months from his father's death, during which it was very doubtful whether the house of Hapsburg would not lose the imperial crown altogether. The facetious Duc de Grammont gives in his Memoirs a lively description of the young candidate for the Roman sceptre. Amongst other amusing traits, he tells us that Leopold, while playing at ninepins one day with Prince Portia, complained, when it began to rain, that the drops would keep falling into his mouth. Portia taxed his brain for a remedy, and, after much consideration, seriously advised his royal friend and master to shut his mouth, which he accordingly did, and—as we are assured by the mercurial Frenchman, and can easily believe—found himself protected from the evil. This Prince Portia was, next to the Jesuits, (of whose order Leopold was a lay member,) the chief director of all public affairs. His policy was of such a *far-niente* description, that he was but a tool in the hands of the clever Spanish ambassador. On his downfall, Prince Lobkowitz took the helm of the state.

A secret partisan of France, Lobkowitz was opposed by the whole Spanish and Jesuit party in the Court. Being of a merry humour, his conversation full of wit, and his demeanour lively and pleasant, the Emperor, though himself grave and grandiose, was never happy without him. Lobkowitz was, indeed, so reckless of speech and so habitually turned every one into ridicule, that it is wonderful how he maintained his position so long. At length, however, a formidable enemy arose against him, in the person of Leopold's second wife, the Tyrolese Princess Claudia, a woman of great energy and spirit, whom the premier had mortally offended by some indiscreet remarks which he had hazarded respecting her.

Leopold was very generous to his old friends and preceptors the Jesuits; and while his troops were plundering his provinces in default of pay, he yet kept giving largely to these greedy sons of the horse-leech. Amongst other foolish donations, he conferred on the Society the rich county of Glatz in Silesia; but the daring Lobkowitz annulled the gift by tearing the title-deed in pieces; and when they came to fetch it, he pointed them to the legend at the top of a crucifix, J. N. R. J., (*Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum*,) which he interpreted to them as meaning,

Jam Nihil Reportabunt Jesuitæ, 'Now shall the Jesuits carry off nothing.' Even in his last will this inveterate joker and warm hater of the Society contrived a pleasing surprise for the holy fathers. After a preamble running in terms of the most devout and piteous contrition, it proceeded to bestow on these reverend men, 'as a token of the love he always bore them, and for the gladdening of their hearts, 80,000'— Here the page ended, and, on turning the leaf, the eager readers would find,—'board-nails for a new building.'

On October 17th, 1674, Lobkowitz was suddenly arrested and deprived of all his dignities and honours, though but the preceding evening he had been received at Court with every mark of favour. He was banished to his estate of Raudnitz in Bohemia, and there as closely watched as if in a prison. Yet his high spirits never failed him. He had a hall prepared, we are told, one half with princely splendour, and the other as a wretched hovel; living in the former as befitted his previous high station, and in the latter in a style correspondent with his supposed deep fall, and covering the walls with anecdotes in ridicule of his enemies.

After Lobkowitz succeeded as favourite the Italian Count Montecuculi, who had been the first to rout the Turks, and was a thoroughly scientific general. Though a cold, unscrupulous intriguer, he was withal a man of varied talent. He was President of the Society of Natural Philosophers; and could recite, word for word, the mystic writings of our Rosicrucian countryman, Robert Flood. After him the place of power was occupied by the apostate Sinzendorf,—a scion of the younger branch of the house to which the famous Moravian Bishop Zinzendorf belonged. This personage availed himself extensively of the privilege which he possessed, according to old custom, of rendering no account of the public expenditure; and, besides accumulating wealth in other nefarious ways, impudently and openly carried on the trade of manufacturing counterfeit money. At length, however, he was unmasked, tried before a commission, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment and the confiscation of all his estates. But his sentence proved to be merely nominal; for he died at liberty, and worth 700,000 florins. He was followed as premier by Prince Schwarzenberg, and Baron Hoher, a 'red-tapist,' who left behind him a fortune of a million florins,—at that time an enormous amount for one of his extraction to amass.

Though Leopold, so far as his own little person was concerned, was more discreet than warlike, yet his reign of nearly half a century was enlivened with a good deal of fighting. The Hungarians rose in insurrection against the Austrian tyranny, and gave some trouble to the Viennese Camarilla. It seems certain, indeed, that a regular plan was formed, as early as 1626,

for chafing the proud Hungarians into rebellion, and then trampling all their rights for ever in the dust. This scheme was now carried out. The devout directors of Leopold's right arm thought this a favourable time for letting its weight be felt in Protestant Hungary; and those who wish to refresh their ideas of Jesuit gentleness and Austrian amiability will do well to study the details of the revenge which was taken on the hapless inhabitants of that fine country. Amongst other measures of severity, two hundred and fifty Lutheran pastors were summoned together, charged with conspiracy, and consigned to the dungeons of Bohemia, where they mostly disappeared. Thirty-eight of them, however, were sold as galley slaves to Naples, at fifty crowns per head; and the brave Dutch Admiral, De Ruyter, had the happiness of obtaining the liberation of most of them.*

But Leopold had to deal with another and more formidable foe. The Turks, who had behaved as tolerably good neighbours for some fifty years, at last began to encroach so much on Hungary, that the Emperor thought it necessary to declare war against them in 1661. His arms were at first not very successful; but at length, on August, 1664, Montecuculi won his great victory over the infidels at St. Gotthardt; and a peace was concluded, remarkably favourable to the Turks. In July, 1683, however, the invaders returned in greater force, and the imperial family had to fly from Vienna with all haste. On stopping for the night at Korn-Neuburg, such was the confusion, that it was with difficulty they could procure some eggs, to stay the gnawings of hunger; and on the following day they travelled up the Danube drearily, the enraged peasants shouting terrible threats into the imperial carriage. Vienna was speedily invested by the unbelievers; and though its defence was conducted with consummate ability by Count Starhemberg, it must have yielded to a dreadful fate, if, at the last hour, the King of Poland, the brave and jovial John Sobiesky, had not come to its rescue. By him and Duke Charles of Lorraine the invading host was utterly routed; and the immense stores and luxuries of the Turks became a precious prize for the wretched remains of the Viennese population. Many landlords who had possessed houses in the suburbs, and supposed themselves to be ruined by the demolition of their property, found, on searching out the old sites of their buildings, their cellars and vaults so crammed with goods of all sorts as to enable them to erect much more handsome edifices than those which they had previously owned. For this signal deliverance Leopold, with the characteristic insolence of his house, had scarcely the grace to thank the Polish King at all,

* Richard Baxter mentions this circumstance in his *Life*, and adds that 'some of them were largely relieved by collections in London.'—*Reliquia Baxterianæ*, part iii., p. 184.

thinking it quite proper to treat him with the most chilling coldness.

Yet the most troublesome of the enemies of Austria was the 'most Christian King,' Louis XIV., whose grasping ambition caused great commotion in Europe for many years. In resistance to him, however, Austria obtained the aid of the two great maritime powers, England and Holland, who thought they perceived a danger of the establishment of an universal monarchy, or at least of France acquiring an undue preponderance in Europe. Marlborough, Prince Eugene, and the Grand Pensionary Heinsius, all three *personal* enemies of the *grand Monarque*, now stood boldly forth against him; and to the consummate generalship of the two former Austria owed it that she was not blotted out from the map of Europe. Even the conceited little puppet of an Emperor wrote with his own hand (O wondrous condescension!) a letter of congratulation to the accomplished English strategist, in which he said, 'You have erected to the most illustrious and potent Queen of Great Britain a monument of victory in Upper Germany, whither the glorious arms of the English nation never, in the memory of man, have penetrated before.' But Austria derived a yet greater benefit from close alliance with England. The very presence of a free man as a general or ambassador at the imperial Court, seems to have borne with it an odour of liberty; and from this time may be dated the commencement of the perceptibly increasing influence which English modes of thought have had in mitigating a stern despotism, and rendering it in practice somewhat more like the paternal rule which in theory it professes to be.

Leopold the Little was very fond of music, and managed to play pretty well on the flute, spite of his thick hanging lip. He composed trifling airs so neatly that his bandmaster one day cried ecstatically, 'What a pity that your Majesty was not a musician!' to which the Emperor good-humouredly replied, 'Never mind: we are rather better off as it is.' He was also very fond of playing at cards, and left in his 'Cracow Calendar' amusingly minute particulars of his losses and gains each evening, the former being the more frequent and considerable. Like Rodolph II. he had a passion for collecting odds and ends, and paintings of all sorts; and he was the patron of all the famous alchemists then extant. His librarian, Lambeck, had also to contribute to his amusement by bringing him such '*curiosa opera*' as he could find, to while away the time which, with all his fiddling and watchmaking and performances of masses and operas, still lay heavy on his hands. Small in person as in mind, the 'holy fathers' must surely have intended to satirize him, when they dubbed him LEOPOLDUS MAGNUS. His frail and tiny figure surmounted by a huge wig, his legs (like his intellect) weak and wavering, his speech thick and mumbling,

he presented altogether as perfect a burlesque on all that is kingly as could anywhere be seen. Yet his pride was so excessive, and his etiquette of such a Spanish temper, that when his body-surgeon had occasion to touch him in the course of a medical examination, he cried, '*Eheu!* this is our imperial sacro-Cæsarean limb!' But his 'sacred' person at last succumbed to mortal disease; and, having caused his private band to be summoned to his chamber to play to him once more, he died amidst sweet strains of instrumental music.

Leopold was married three times. His last spouse, who outlived him, was the devout Eleanor of Neuburg, who flogged herself till the blood came, wore spiky bracelets to torment her wrists, followed processions barefoot, and during the performance of operas, at which her husband forced her to attend, studied the Psalter bound up as a *libretto*. She at times inflicted severe chastisement on her son, JOSEPH I., who, especially after being elected King of the Romans, strongly objected to suffer such unkingly indignities. Her undue severity, however, so far from making him a devout monk, revolted his spirit, and served only to foster his favourite vices.

At the age of twenty-one, Joseph was married to the Princess Amalia of Hanover, and at twenty-six ascended the imperial throne, on the death of his father (1705). His short reign gave promise of brighter days for the German Protestants. His education had been superintended by Prince Otto of Salm, who kept the Jesuits away from him, and strove to imbue him with principles of toleration. He was warned by a ghostly visitant to dismiss his ecclesiastical tutor, Von Rummel, a secular priest, who had unmasked many Jesuitic plots and intrigues. But Joseph communicated the mystery to his stalwart friend, Frederick Augustus of Saxony, who was then on a visit at Vienna, and who, on the next appearance of the ghost, flung it bodily into the fosse of the Hofburg, and so effectually laid it. The Jesuit Father Wiedemann having taken occasion, in a funeral oration on Leopold, to set forth the doctrine that only those Princes enjoyed good luck who had been fostered by the Order of Jesus, Joseph immediately expelled him from the Austrian dominions: and when his own confessor was summoned to Rome, and feared a cruel fate there, Joseph declared that if he were really compelled to go, all the Jesuits in Austria should accompany him on his journey, and should never be allowed to return.

His chief favourite was the first Prince Lamberg, who had been his playfellow in boyhood, and, like Lobkowitz, was fitted to charm the Monarch by his happy temper and ready wit. Joseph loaded him with favours; and when Lamberg died, in 1711, in the prime of life, his fondly attached master survived him but four weeks, falling a victim to that fell disease, the

small-pox, then terribly fatal to both high and low, its proper treatment not having been discovered.

Joseph left two daughters, but no son, and was consequently succeeded by his brother CHARLES VI., who was the last Emperor in the direct *male* line of the House of Hapsburg. His earlier years were spent in Spain, where Austria was struggling for the succession to the crown. When he received the news of his brother's death, he was shut up in Barcelona, and, in order to reach Vienna, he had to sail to Genoa under escort of the English and Dutch men-of-war, leaving behind him his beautiful wife, Elizabeth of Brunswick, as Queen Regent of Spain. With regard to his claims to the Spanish crown, we cannot but coincide with the opinion of the eccentric Earl of Peterborough, who, having Charles's portrait in his ring, and meeting the Duke of Vendôme with that of the rival King, Philip, suspended from his neck, asked that cynical personage, 'Are we not a couple of good-natured old pigs, to fight so hard for these two imbeciles? Whichever way matters turn out, Spain will have a bad King.' In fact, these wars of succession, intended to regulate 'the balance of power,'—in which England bore a part in inverse proportion to her real interest in the affair, and squandered thousands of lives and millions of money for a perfectly ideal benefit,—were generally arranged by the potent hand of Death in a way quite diverse from any issue of which the several belligerents had dreamt.

Charles VI. was of middle height, and of stern and melancholy appearance. Though of a benevolent disposition, he had become so starched with the pompous affectations of the Peninsula, that he was never seen to laugh, and he showed in all his movements the true Spanish phlegm and listlessness. Yet he disappointed the hopes of his Jesuit preceptors; his intercourse with the Dutch and English, and his varied adventures in Spain, having enlarged his ideas beyond the scope of such devotees as Leopold I. He followed his brother's example in checking the influence of the Jesuits, stayed the persecution of the Bohemian Brethren, and corrected many of the notorious abuses and scandals of conventual life. He was as passionately fond of field sports as if he had been of British birth. Undaunted by wet or cold, he would be out for days together, pursuing his favourite pastime of hawking, or tracking the wild fowl over marsh and moor. He was also an excellent musician, had the family taste for collecting coins, patronized painting, and adorned his capital with many noble buildings. His other diversions were the processions and gaudy shows got up by the Priests,—those tasteful decorators of the outer form of religion. Being well acquainted with law, and quite at home in the Latin tongue, His Majesty delighted in reading and deciding on the cases sent up from the Aulic Chancery. Charles, however,

laboured under the same unfortunate defect as his father. Both had excellent, well-tuned ears, but both had thick tongues and mumbling mouths; a circumstance which led rude little Count Vitus Trautson on one occasion to ask Charles repeatedly, 'What does your Majesty say?' adding, 'I don't understand a word of all that mumbling:' and when Charles, with exhausted patience, blurted out intelligibly a piece of unpleasant news, Trautson had the gracelessness to reply to His sacro-Cæsarean Majesty, 'Well, well; now I know what I am to tell my brethren. But, mum, mum, mum,—who in the world is to understand that?'

Those who wish to comprehend the perfection of imperial etiquette must peruse Baron Pöllnitz's account of the daily routine at the Court of Charles VI., who was a strenuous upholder of all the preciseness of punctilio. At dinner every dish had to pass through four and twenty pairs of hands, before it attained the honour of standing *vis-à-vis* to the Emperor and Empress: and at the imperial hunts etiquette was as severely exacted as at the imperial table; so much so that two unlucky pages got into dire disgrace for having presumed, when the Emperor was in peril from an enraged boar, to draw their swords for his protection.

Amongst the notabilities of Charles's Court was the tiny Abate, Pietro Metastasio, who held the post of court poet, and wrote an enormous quantity of melodious twaddle, to be set to music in the shape of operas, oratorios, &c. He lived to see the reign of Joseph II.; and in 1780 is irreverently described by Swinburne, as a little, sheepish-looking old Abbé, with a sallow face, and a wig of a fashion long defunct. But the star of the Court was another man of small person, but of large ability,—Prince Eugene of Savoy.

Eugene was brought up at the Court of Louis XIV.; but the 'great Monarch' took a pique against the dark-eyed boy, because he looked him full in the face, and, as Louis probably thought, saw quite through His Christian Majesty. He therefore refused to give the little soldier a company, and so raised up for Austria her ablest defender, and for himself a mortal enemy. On betaking himself to the Court of Vienna, Eugene met with rapid promotion; and in a few years his name became famous throughout Europe by his victories over the Turks. In battling against the French King, he was an able and hearty co-worker with his friend Marlborough, and ever displayed the unaffected modesty and the freedom from jealousy which are characteristic of truly great minds. To him Austria owes more than to any of her home-born generals. Eugene was both beloved and respected by his troops, whom he liked to hear singing cheerily on a long march, and whom he would sometimes treat out of his own pocket, when the imperial treasury had no pay for them.

Even in our own day and land, there is much to be learnt from the tactics of the clever little man, and especially from those words of his on promotion: 'Let the civilians keep up seniority as strictly as they like in their own offices: at last it will there also grow manifest that it leads to nothing but confusion. Advancement by seniority in the public service is the most fruitful source of jealousy, wilfulness, and cabal. It is a slow poison, which by degrees ruins armies and whole states.' Accordingly he abolished the old system of promotion in his own army, and so gained truly efficient officers.

The Prince was a sturdy resister of the Jesuits, who never forgave his keen sarcasms on their Order, and attempted to get rid of him in their own peculiar way. In 1712, he paid a visit to London; and the citizens crowded so to the landing-place to see him, that he was unable to get footing on shore, and had to go higher up the Thames and land at Whitehall Stairs. And, indeed, he deserved the best of receptions, as being not only a great general, but one of the very few honest men in a corrupt Court. He was a great collector of paintings and engravings; and, when in London, might be seen running from shop to shop, and from stall to stall, picking up many curious books and manuscripts, of which he had a fine collection, among his MSS. being the celebrated Peutingerian Tables. In fact, he had such a library as might have tempted many a bibliophile to break the tenth commandment: for it numbered 15,000 volumes, which were beautifully bound in red morocco with gilt edges. His kindness of heart led him to benefit a great number of poor people by employing them in the erection of large buildings on his various estates; and, in the time of the plague, when other employers were discharging all their labourers, Eugene took on more hands, finding work for 1,500 persons. Yet, spite of the many reforms which he either carried out or projected in his adopted country, spite of his being its bulwark for forty years, the thankless Charles VI. decidedly disliked him, and consulted him but rarely. Yet when Eugene died in 1736, he was buried with the honours of an imperial Prince, the Emperor himself attending the funeral as a private mourner; and, but a few years after, when the imperial generals had suffered repeated defeats, and Charles had been compelled by the Sultan to cede Belgrade, Servia, and part of Wallachia, he showed that he then at length knew the worth of his ablest defender by crying, 'I shall die; Belgrade is my death; the disgrace kills me. What if *Eugene* had lived to see this?'

So spoke Charles on his birthday, October 1st, 1740; and within three weeks his presage of death was verified. His death-bed was watched tenderly by the Empress,—*die weisse Liesel*, 'white Lizzy,' as her husband used to call her, though in later years her fair complexion had turned to a flaming red, from the

use of strong wines and liquors for medicinal purposes. Charles was succeeded, according to the stipulations of the Pragmatic Sanction, by his daughter MARIA THERESA, who had married Francis Stephen, Duke of Lorraine, and who, immediately on her accession, found herself encompassed with great difficulties. In the imperial treasury was but little money; and her army, though amounting on the *roll* to 135,000 men, mustered in the *field* only 68,000. And now was the time chosen by Frederick of Prussia to prefer his claims to Silesia. The Elector of Bavaria also disputed the Austrian succession. Beset on every side, and forced to flee from Vienna, Maria Theresa took refuge at Presburg, and appealed to the 'fidelity of her noble-hearted Hungarians,' whom she urged to draw the sword in her defence. Her majestic beauty, her animated address, and the delicacy and danger of her situation, affected the hearts of the Magyars, who in a moment forgot two hundred years of wrongs, and, with clashing swords, shouted, 'We will die for our *King*, Maria Theresa!' They accordingly sent about 100,000 men to her aid, and saved her and her thankless race from utter destruction.

We cannot enter into the particulars of the wars with Prussia, Bavaria, and France. When the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had been concluded, France and Austria, hitherto bitter enemies, at length combined, as the two great Catholic powers, to crush Protestantism in the person of its chief continental defender, Frederick of Prussia, who had concluded a treaty of alliance with England. And now broke out the Seven Years' War, in which England had to furnish as lavish supplies against Austria as she had formerly granted in aid of that ungrateful power, which, by the bye, had been in the habit of raising only half the number of troops which our subsidy was calculated to provide. So has it been oft and again. England must, forsooth, squander millions of money for the defence of overgrown tyrannies, which, when the pressing peril is past, are the first to square all little accounts of gratitude by extemporizing new alliances for the purpose of bringing down the pride of the 'Islanders,' and subduing their refractory spirits to the unity of that faith which best suits the plans of despotism.

Maria Theresa had been brought up in severe simplicity. Her education had been limited; and to the end of life she wrote bad grammar and spelt horribly in all the languages of which she had a smattering. In person she was tall and well proportioned; and when, with St. Stephen's crown surmounting her golden locks, which fell profuse and wavy over her shoulders, she strode nimbly up the hill of coronation at Presburg, and brandished the ancient sword towards the four points of the compass, we can scarcely wonder that the Hungarians, charmed with the fairy flush of her features and the majestic grace of her form, should think her to the full as fit to occupy a throne as

any of the dwarfs and dolts who had preceded her. Impetuous in all she undertook, enthusiastic in love and friendship, she never forgot the least proof of attachment; and she doubtless intended, according to her light, to be the mother of her people. But the light was a misleading light; and her energies were principally devoted to the propagation of Romanism in her dominions. She felt no scruple about deporting Protestant heiresses from their homes, bringing them up in convents, and then bestowing them in marriage on Papistic courtiers. By her 'religious commissions' she kept a strict watch over all 'heretics,' carrying off their books of devotion, and 'transplanting' many Lutherans from Upper Austria, Styria, and Carinthia, to Transylvania or the Banat. In her character, self-sufficient pride and homely good-humour were curiously blended. When news was brought to her one evening that an heir was born to her second son, Leopold, she ran from her cabinet along the outer rooms and passages into the imperial theatre, and, leaning over the front of her own box, shouted down into the pit, in the broadest Vienna dialect, 'Poldy has a boy; and just on my wedding-day, too, as a token of remembrance. Isn't he gallant?' Well might the audience be electrified at the startling announcement, so utterly at variance with the stiff etiquette of the paternal Charles. Yet she addressed even her favourite minister, Prince Kaunitz, in the form of grammar usually reserved in Germany for conveying orders to the humblest menials.

The Empress rose at five in summer, and six in winter; took short and hasty meals; worked hard in her cabinet most of the day, generally with the doors and windows open, and often without fire, even in cold weather; attended masses daily; had a regular game at 'faro;' took her broth, and went early to bed. She was very fond of scandal, and hated the English because of their being such stiff-necked heretics. This aversion, however, did not prevent her pocketing as much of their gold as they could be induced to part with; but did hinder her sons from being permitted to visit our shores, when travelling in France for the enlargement of their ideas. Her husband, FRANCIS of Lorraine, though co-regent with Maria Theresa, and crowned Emperor at Frankfort in 1745, always occupied much the same position as our own Prince Albert, though with a far inferior reputation for all conjugal and princely virtues. He was simply the husband of the lady-ruler of the people, who would never permit him to meddle with state business. This *fainéant* standing the poor Emperor scarcely liked; yet he managed to preserve his good-humour, and took to doing a little business on his own account. By the revenue which he drew from his duchy of Tuscany, (given him in exchange for Lorraine,) and the inheritance left him by his aunt the Countess Palatine, he amassed a considerable sum of money; part of which he em-

ployed in stockjobbing and carrying on business as a banker, in every part of Germany and Italy, under the names of his various agents. He was also a shareholder in several commercial undertakings, both in Belgium and England; and furnished, as a public contractor, the clothing, arms, horses, and accoutrements for the whole imperial army. Nay, so thoroughly *bourgeois* was this mercantile Emperor in his notions, that he actually undertook, more than once in the Seven Years' War, the contract for supplying with provisions the army of the Empress's arch-enemy, Frederick of Prussia. This stretch of liberality doubtless startled his spouse, when first it reached her imperial ears. But with all his faults, Maria Theresa loved her handsome husband well, and mourned his death sincerely.

Her favourite minister was the famous Prince Kaunitz, to whom Austria was indebted for two great alterations in her policy:—the one was, the entering into alliance with her traditional enemy, France; and the other, the expulsion of the Jesuits. This sharp-witted beau soon pushed aside the bungling Bartenstein and the other corrupt officials of the old school, and established himself in that high reputation for the successful management of affairs which caused him long to be styled 'the driver of the European coach.' He had been Ambassador at Paris, had plunged eagerly into all its gaieties and excesses, and was so thoroughly imbued with admiration for all that was French, that he never rested till he had effected that alliance which, cemented by the marriage of Louis XVI. with Marie Antoinette, lasted till the Revolution which deprived them both of life. Little could the astute Austrian perceive of the deluge which was coming to sweep away that rotten old state-fabric. Mixing but with dandified courtiers like himself, he knew and cared nothing about the new ideas which were already fermenting amongst the French philosophers and commonalty, and which at last burst forth in such a dire ebullition.

Kaunitz, in his riper years, was a man of peculiar manners of life. He resembled his imperial mistress somewhat in his general appearance, being tall and well-made, of very fair complexion, with light hair and blue eyes. But his theory of living was directly opposed to hers. While she wrote with doors and windows thrown open, her premier never went into the open air, even in the dog-days, without carefully covering his mouth with a handkerchief. He wrapped himself up tenderly in several silk cloaks, varying in number according to the state of the weather. Such nursing would soon enervate and kill most men: but this careful old beau was enabled by his position to carry out his system with a completeness which a poor commoner could never attain, and so managed to live—if such a hothouse vegetation can be called living—to the age of eighty-four. So attentive to self was this diplomatic dandy that, whether at home or dining

out, he thought nothing of pulling out of his pocket a complete apparatus for cleansing his teeth, which he would, with great nonchalance, use before company for a quarter of an hour, illustrating the dental performance with divers disagreeable noises. Once, however, when he was producing his instruments at the table of Baron Breteuil, the French ambassador, the sly host cried out to his disgusted guests, '*Levons-nous,—le Prince veut être seul :*' a reproof which deterred Kaunitz from ever again accepting an invitation to dine from home. His religion was performed in as comfortable a manner as possible: for, with all his fondness for music, he heard mass only in his own house; and the service was made to occupy only ten minutes.

Notwithstanding his petty peculiarities, there can be no doubt of the superior abilities of Kaunitz: but his admiration of the French (as well as the large sums which he received from the Court of Versailles) bewitched him into preferring them to his own countrymen, and making use of their language exclusively, instead of his homely mother-tongue. His treatment of artists and literary men was one of the brightest traits in his character: while the proud and ignorant Austrian nobility behaved to them with brutal scorn, he lavished on them every distinction. Gluck often dined with him, an honoured guest; and Robertson, when writing his *History of Charles V.*, received from Kaunitz ready assistance.

The reign of Maria Theresa may be taken as a favourable sample of so-called paternal (or rather, maternal) government. She was disposed to be kind to her subjects, if only they would let her have her own way in ordering all their concerns, religious and secular, for them. Her hearty greetings, and freedom from the supercilious manner of her predecessors, might have endeared her to her people's hearts, under a differently constituted government. But unfortunately she accounted all their purses as her own, and took every means to drain them as rapidly as they were filled. It is true she was liberal enough in flinging her Kremnitz ducats out of her carriage to the mob scrambling around: but her profuse expenditure imposed heavy burdens on the industrial classes, who were mulcted by taxation both direct and indirect, and were subjected to the demoralizing influence of a lottery, from which the Empress derived a large revenue. She also inflicted a lasting injury upon her own Empire by sharing in the first partition of Poland, which should always have stood as a strong and independent outwork against Russia.

Fifteen years after the death of Francis, Maria Theresa followed the husband whom she had mourned unremittingly, and longed to rejoin. Her last words, as she fell back into the arms of her son Joseph, were, 'To thee! I am coming!' She was succeeded in the government of the Austrian dominions by Joseph, who had been crowned Emperor many years before, and

had been appointed co-regent by his mother on the death of Francis, when for a short time she entertained the notion of retiring from public life, and becoming the abbess of a new convent for noble ladies. But she soon engaged as heartily as ever in state business; and, listening favourably to the interested complaints of the persons who were disturbed in their time-honoured scandals by Joseph's reforming spirit, she gladly resumed the authority which she had delegated to him, and left open to him nothing but the administration of the army. For fifteen long years his active spirit had to repress its energies; but now, in the fortieth year of his age, and the year of grace 1780, JOSEPH II. began actually to rule supreme; and his short reign of nine years is certainly the most notable part of the imperial annals. His motto was, '*Virtute et exemplo*;' and nobly did he carry it out. Notwithstanding great blemishes in his private life, and many mistakes in his policy, he stands out from the long row of Kaisers as the one who was really desirous to improve the condition of his people,—the only one, indeed, who was free from the disgraceful selfishness which is the bane of humanity in general, but especially infests those in high places. Soon after his accession, he issued two remarkable edicts, which, he trusted, would clear away the dark mists of priestcraft which obscured the intellectual vision of his subjects. By the one, he abolished the censorship of the press; and by the other, he granted toleration to dissentients from the Romish Church. These measures, it is true, did not produce such good fruit as his sanguine mind had anticipated: but the purpose was excellent, and the posterity of those who thwarted and abused his reforming decrees would now be thankful for anything half as liberal in intent. The only exception to the edict of toleration was in the case of some Bohemian Deists, who styled themselves Abrahamites, and who were to receive the patriarchal punishment of twenty-five stripes,—the usual Austrian *quantum* for naughty boys. About the same time Joseph decreed that no Papal Bull should have any force in his dominions without his *placet*; and he began to reduce the monasteries and nunneries, which had risen to the enormous number of 2000, and contained some 70,000 inmates. At one stroke he suppressed nearly half of these strongholds of laziness and lust; turned their revenues into the 'Religious Chest;' and established therewith hospitals and benevolent institutions,—an application which answers so nearly to one part of St. James's definition of *pure religion*, that we think the reproaches cast upon the Emperor for 'secularizing' these moneys were manifestly absurd and unjust.

In his zeal against bigotry, Joseph caused the famous Bull, *In Cænâ Domini*, to be cut out of the rituals, and sent a large quantity of monkish literature to the stamping mill to be reduced to pulp. He had the images of the saints stripped of their wigs,

hoop petticoats, and other precious pieces of devout finery; altered the theatrical style of the Church music, and caused mass to be sung in German; abolishing at the same time most of the large processions which were then, and are now, such a hinderance to secular business, and such an incentive to immorality, in Austria and all other Romanist lands.

Pope Pius VI., alarmed at the reforming energies of this active son of the Church, and having a high conceit of his own powers of persuasion, sent Joseph word that he would come to see him at Vienna, and have some fatherly talk with him. He came accordingly, and was received in Germany with curiosity and welcome, no Pontiff having deigned to tread that soil for nearly four hundred years. The Emperor received 'His Holiness' with respectful kindness, but managed politely to thwart all his attempts at giving him a lecture on religious subjects. The poor Pope betook himself in chagrin to old Prince Kaunitz; but this was going from bad to worse; for when Pius offered his hand to be kissed, Kaunitz, affecting to misunderstand the movement, seized it heartily, and gave it a good English shake, repeating loudly, '*De tout mon cœur!*' The Pontiff also honoured him with a visit at his picture gallery; but Kaunitz pushed his sacred person about so unceremoniously, now planting him on the right, and then hurrying him to the left, to get the best point of view, that the owner of the triple head-piece afterwards confessed himself to have been '*tutto stupefatto*,' not having been used to such irreverent treatment. He returned to Rome without having accomplished his benevolent object of rectifying the errors of the quasi-Lutheran Emperor and his '*ministro eretico*.'

We cannot pursue the narrative of Joseph's numerous reforms in Church and State. Many of these raised him up bitter enemies amongst his own people, who preferred the dog-trot of the old despotism to the brisk pace of the new. Much fanatical fury was excited against his person, principally on account of his religious liberality. The priests of course made a great outcry against him, and urged the Tyrolese into rebellion. Yet he would probably in time have received the thankful homage of all his people, for the giant strides which he had made in the path of progress; but unfortunately his health soon failed, and his constitution, undermined by early excesses, gave way amidst the hardships of a campaign against the Turks. His last days were shadowed by troubles in the Netherlands, excited in the first instance by the enraged hierarchy and the discontented aristocracy. In Hungary, for the sake of peace, he, when dying, revoked most of his reforms, which were not appreciated by the people, being disliked chiefly, perhaps, on account of the centralizing tendency of some of his measures.

Having taken leave of all his friends, and, as far as he could,

made peace with his foes, Joseph still worked hard at his dispatches as late as the day preceding his death. When he had dismissed his secretaries, feeling, as he said, the agony of death within him, he desired his confessor to read to him St. Ambrose's hymn, (*Te Deum laudamus*,) and then prayed in these words: 'O Lord, who alone knowest my heart, I call Thee to witness that everything which I undertook and ordered was meant only for the happiness and welfare of my subjects. Thy will be done!' He died early in the morning of February 20th, 1790; and his life was justly epitomized in his own words: 'Here rests a Prince whose intentions were pure, but who had the misfortune of seeing all his plans miscarry.'

Joseph's mode of life had been exceedingly simple. He dispensed with all the absurd pomp and ceremonial of his ancestors, and dressed and ate and worked like a private man. He was very fond of music, and of its great living master, Mozart; and was himself an excellent performer on the piano, and a good bass singer,—talents which he was not at all shy of exercising at either public or private concerts. He had a great liking for travel, and generally made a yearly tour under the *incognito* of 'Count Falkenstein.' This habit sometimes gave rise to amusing scenes; as when he arrived at Rheims before his attendants, and the inquisitive landlord asked him, while shaving himself, whether he had the honour of belonging to the Emperor's suite, and what post he filled: to which Joseph's good-humoured reply was, 'I sometimes shave him.' In his own capital it pleased him to walk freely about, and mix unknown with his people; and in case of a flood or a fire, he was usually the first on the scene of the catastrophe, and worked away lustily with his own imperial hands. His great failing, indeed, (if we may so say,) was that very excess of energy which made him impatient of all delay, and urged him to precipitate measures which required years for their gradual introduction and proper appreciation. He forgot that man is such a slave of habit, that he takes slowly and ungraciously to any change, however much for his benefit.

By Joseph's death, his brother, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was raised to the throne under the title of LEOPOLD II. Kind-hearted, but weak-minded, he in a few short weeks undid the labours of his brother's life, replacing the administration on its old footing in most respects. His health having been ruined by profligate indulgence, his reign was very short, and was chiefly distinguished by the Convention of Pillnitz, in which Austria agreed to take up arms against the French, and so became involved in a series of disastrous wars. Leopold was accustomed to amuse himself with alchemy and chemistry; and his death appears to have been proximately caused by taking some rather strong quack-pills of his own manipulation. In his cabinet were found, amongst a number of articles which one would scarcely

have supposed necessary to the art of good government, nearly one hundred pounds of *rouge* !

The last Emperor of Germany, and the first of Austria *per se*, FRANCIS, succeeded his father in 1792, and occupied the throne till 1835. The events of his long reign are so involved in the intricacies of European warfare and diplomacy, that it would be impossible here to afford a perfect outline of them. Under the mask of *bonhomie* Francis hid crafty meanness and thorough heartlessness, and he had the happiness to be served by as paltry a set of wretches as he could possibly have desired,—men troubled with no sort of principle, no love of country, no tender-heartedness ; who thought themselves the most cunning of men, because they contrived to make their immoralities forward their political intrigues, and could gloss over malice and chagrin with the French polish of a hypocrite's smirk. The secret history of the wars and treaties with France is a most painful and disgraceful one. In previous reigns we may be disposed to make every allowance for the harsh and mistaken measures of men brought up in a cramping routine, and to yield a certain amount of respect to the faithful firmness with which they promoted their master's selfish interests. But under Francis II. Austrian statesmen, properly speaking, there were none. The successors of Kaunitz were, for the most part, grinning gamesters, who cared little for anything but their own places and vile enjoyments, and were ready to part with the Tyrol, Venice, anything, if they only might have left to them the corruptions of the capital and the pleasures of peace.

After the battle of Wagram, Francis, who really hated Napoleon with all the hatred that a puny tyrant bears to a strong one, was sufficiently subdued in 1810 to give him his daughter Marie Louise in marriage. In the following year Austria was reduced to the humiliating position of declaring itself bankrupt. This measure of course fell with terrible effect on the working part of the community ; but the butterflies of the Court fluttered about more gaily and gaudily than ever. In 1813, the Austrian Emperor, after the crafty Metternich had woven a complicated web of intrigue, once more declared war against Napoleon, son-in-law though he was. Now followed the battle of Leipzig, and the Treaty of Paris ; the great disturber of nations was consigned to Elba ; and the Congress of Vienna met to map out Europe afresh, erecting some of the fallen landmarks, but forgetting the proper place of others. Great was the array of princes and diplomatists, beauties and adventurers, then assembled in the gay German capital. But ere long the lingering festivities were disturbed by the terrible news that the Corsican tiger had escaped from his cage. Prussia and England once more took the field, and, as we are not likely to forget, the French were beaten at Waterloo. Then came the visit of the

allied Monarchs to Paris, where Francis of Austria stayed several months.

During the middle and latter part of his reign, the Emperor left all the business of the state to Prince Metternich, his States Chancellor, with the exception of some paltry affairs which it pleased his narrow mind to pry into. Yet we must do him the justice of allowing that he did not neglect one important duty incumbent upon an absolute Monarch,—that of reading the reports of his secret police, and receiving personally information from his spies. What was the feeling of this governor towards the governed may be inferred from his celebrated speech: '*The people! what of that? I know nothing of the people; I know only of subjects.*' When his physician, Baron Stifft, once told him, in a congratulatory speech about his health, that there was nothing like a good constitution, Francis exclaimed, 'What do you say? We have known each other very long, Stifft; but let me never hear that word again. Say, "robust health," or, if you like, "a strong bodily system;" but there is no such thing as a good constitution. *I have no constitution, and never will have one.*' What were his notions of justice and mercy, let the cells of the Spielberg testify, where Silvio Pellico, Ottoboni, and many other men of refined mind and gentle manners, were doomed to spend years of hopeless misery.

Francis was fond of his garden, and tended his plants with a much lighter and tenderer touch than that paternal one which he reserved for his subjects, especially the Lombards. He also amused himself with making boxes and bird-cages, varnish, sealing-wax, and such like: in fact, he was much better fitted to be a small cabinet-maker, and belabour a few apprentices, than to rule over millions of men. He died, at the age of sixty-seven, in 1835, having outlived three of his four wives, at whose demise he manifested about as much concern as Bluebeard himself. His prime minister, Prince Metternich, whose name is identified with the whole of the last half-century of Austrian history, was descended from an old Rhenish family, and possessed the liveliness and volatility characteristic of the race. Having also the advantage of a pleasant face and fine figure, his plan of action was so to combine the beau with the statesman as to make his pleasures the means of eliciting the deepest secrets of both hostile and friendly Courts. Of a more generous disposition than his master, he yet managed to play the game of despotism well: in fact, more than once Francis owed the retention of his dominions to the *finesse* of his intriguing States Chancellor. Metternich was at once the type and the defence of the dissipated crowd of nobles who throng the purlieus of the Austrian Court. Held back by no notions of morality, thinking every trickery fair in politics and in love, worshipping the deity of despotism because it still stood erect,—though none knew better

than himself the base quality of the clay which composed its statue,—Metternich was the Austrian version of Talleyrand,—a man whose meanness was at least equal to his mental activity and licentiousness of life.

The principal events in the reign of Francis's son and successor, FERDINAND I. of Austria, will be fresh in the memory of our readers. They will call to mind his imbecility and incapacity for governing such a heterogeneous mass of states as had fallen to him by inheritance; his allowing himself to be a mere tool in the hands of Metternich, and a slave to the caprices of the Archduchess Sophia; his flight from Schönbrunn, when bad government and oppression had reached their climax, and produced their natural result in the insurrection of May, 1848; and his resignation, or rather deposition, in the following December, to make room for the boyish FRANCIS JOSEPH, the son of the Bavarian sister-in-law who had been his ruler and the evil genius of his reign. Ferdinand still survives to enjoy his *otium* in the Hradschin at Prague, while the masculine Archduchess exists at Ischl in a retirement regretted by none who had the misfortune to be under her command in former days.

The present Emperor has not as yet done anything towards the fulfilment of the fair promises which he made when his beclouded uncle was dethroned in his favour. On the contrary he took the first opportunity of annulling that Constitution to which he so solemnly swore on his accession; and having played false with Hungary, and annihilated what little civil liberty existed in his dominions, he seems to have done his best, by the *Concordat* with the Pope and other ill-advised measures, to place himself and his subjects at the mercy of the Romish tyranny. What ameliorations of policy may result from his recent tour through his Lombardo-Venetian territories, remains yet to be seen: but little dependence can be placed on imperial promises lavished in a popularity-hunting visit. The tardy liberation of a few political prisoners, and the invitation to his refugee ex-subjects to come and live secure with them under the surveillance of the Austrian police, do not strike us as very promising auguries for the future. Yet we will venture to hope for the best. The Italians under the Austrian rule have shown so much constancy to their principles, and so much self-restraint amidst circumstances peculiarly trying to southern temperaments, that we cannot but believe that brighter days are approaching for them, if they only remain true to themselves. Over the whole Austrian Empire now rests the deepest shade of secular tyranny, aggravated by the new access of power accorded to the ultramontane priesthood: but the well-wisher to its people may draw comfort from the fact,—familiar to every tracer of the history of nations,—that the proudest triumph of the Jesuits is invariably the immediate precursor of their deepest fall.

Into a full discussion of the present condition of Austria we cannot now enter. We trust that the attention of our readers will be drawn by this slight sketch to the exceedingly interesting annals of that Empire, and that by a study of these they will qualify themselves to help, by prayer and sympathy, those who are there striving and suffering for the cause of Protestantism and constitutional government. We regret that as yet we can refer them to no completer History than that of Coxe: but side by side with his prim and partisan-like pages may now be placed Dr. Vehse's volumes of striking incident and pleasant personal detail, to enliven the Archdeacon's dulness. We could, indeed, have wished for more frequent references to the sources from which the lively doctor derives his statements; but his principal authorities are unexceptionable, and from them he has culled much that will be new to English readers. The work is well translated by Mr. Demmler: the few inaccuracies in proper names, &c., will, we trust, receive due attention and correction in any future edition of the English version.

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- ART. VI.—1. *The Power of the Soul over the Body, considered in relation to Health and Morals.* By GEORGE MOORE, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. Third Edition. London: Longman and Co. 1846.
2. *Essays on the Partial Derangement of Mind in supposed Connexion with Religion.* By JOHN CHEYNE, M.D. Dublin: Curry and Co. 1843.
3. *The Use of the Body in Relation to the Mind.* By GEORGE MOORE, M.D. Second Edition. London: Longman and Co. 1847.

AN event recently occurred in the northern capital, which not only startled that place like the shock of an earthquake, but also smote with doubt and trembling the hearts of many Christians throughout the land. And to the thoughtful mind this is not the least painful aspect of such a catastrophe as the death of the late Hugh Miller. The devout philosopher may be able, in the face of so tragic an event, to hold fast his deepest convictions of the promised shielding and sheltering power of Christ over His faithful servants; but the multitudes of simple-hearted, pious men need to have this dark mystery, not indeed fully opened up to their comprehension, but brought within the reach of their godly confidence and faith. The philosophy of insanity must be presented to them in Christian terms. For to them the Christian of high profession and attainments stands forth as one to whom they are but too apt to look as a living exhibition of all the possible influences of the Gospel. They want to know

how it was that the *plague did come nigh his dwelling*, since the promise made to every one that *dwellevh in the secret place of the Most High*, is that *he shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty*, who will, therefore, *satisfy him with long life, and show him His salvation*. The case was actually thus proposed to ourselves, as counter-evidence against the world's estimate of the goodness of one of the highest literary attainments and piety of the last generation, who was cut off by a supposed 'pestilence.' And, moreover, the fact alluded to has something like a terrible charm to certain minds which, we may suspect, have to struggle with temptations of their own, for which *they* too would be glad to find an excuse in the force of outward circumstances, or constitutional tendencies of sufficient potency for secret justification.

Having found it needful for private reasons to investigate the causes of what appeared to us to be not religious eccentricities, but forms of insanity, in cases brought under our own immediate observation, we think it may be important, at this time, to record them, not only in the hope of relieving some wounded sufferer under life's darker mysteries, but also of throwing a few rays of light upon the path of the professional spiritual guide, without which we believe his best efforts in certain cases will be misdirected, vain, and possibly productive of further mischief. We make no pretensions to scientific knowledge but such as we have obtained from the careful study of professional authors, who have investigated these topics for the benefit of non-professional readers. But careful observation has long convinced us, that, without some information of this kind, the spiritual guide goes forth incompletely equipped for his arduous and difficult duties. Psychology reveals to its few votaries the mysteries of the human mind; but it meddles not with the mysteries of its connexion with the body; and yet it is quite certain that mental operations are so essentially dependent upon bodily conditions, that mental aberrations, greater or less, cannot be satisfactorily explained but by means of this kind of knowledge. For not only is the body influenced by the mind, which most know, but also the spiritual mind is influenced, in its progress or deterioration, by the body, which fewer understand. Hence Dr. Moore has written upon *the morality of the stomach*.

We are hedged in by laws which are really what the Median and Persian only pretended to be, unalterable. Men may modify or direct, but they cannot alter the laws by which the acorn becomes the oak. If the seed of the oak is cast on the sea, or set in the sands on its shore, or exposed to the atmosphere on a stone or on the hard soil, it will not grow; because it is subject to laws which all these circumstances violate. And similar remarks are applicable to every organized body with which the wants or the fancies of man induce him to deal. Steam and the

electric fluid will obey him, if he will first of all obey them. Steam will do his bidding, if he will investigate the constitution of that most subtle machinery, in which alone the laws by which it is hedged in will permit it to work. And the electric fluid will pass under the ocean and carry his messages to earth's poles, if he will expend millions in inventing for it that machinery without which its marvellous powers will yield him no obedience.

And, to follow up these cases a few steps further, for the sake of illustrating the maxim, that man and his world are hedged in by laws so stern and unyielding, that in other instances they either enforce obedience or result in death,—let us look at the ship richly freighted with human life and material wealth, which steam, obeying its own laws, is urging over the unwilling seas, winds and waves fighting together against its progress in vain. What a glorious vision for him whose thoughtful mind is stored with materials for filling up the vast chasm between the Indian's first rude attempt to make a road on the waters, and that gallant ship! On she sails, man's pride and glory and faith! An explosion more terrible than thunder shivers the goodly vessel into fragments. That fearful crash that shook the stout heart of every sailor on board,—that momentary climax of human misery, too awful and too profound for words to body forth,—the floating spars, the sole remains of that noble vessel,—what do they tell us? They simply tell us that some one of the laws by which steam is hedged in had been violated, and that it exacted death in some of its most terrible forms as the penalty.

But, further, a machine may not only be destroyed at once, but also damaged, and so become more or less unfit to fulfil perfectly its functions. Or, there may be latent evils at work, counteracting some one of its laws, but so slowly that the fatal issue comes on at last almost unperceived. Such has been the origin of the destruction of some steam machinery. There has been a weak or faulty part overlooked or undervalued, which was, however, contrary to the laws by which steam (to employ the phrase of another) 'is hedged in;' and when, in its certain march, the evil reached the prescribed degree, the engine was destroyed by the laws of its own steam.

And this is strictly applicable to that organized machine which is hedged in with the unalterable laws of health and disease, of life and death,—the human body. Not only will some sudden and palpable disaster—the knife thrust into the heart—produce instant death, but there are other evils, fostered either by ignorance or a wilful violation of known laws, which will gradually but as surely prepare the body for premature destruction, or inefficiency, as the overlooked or disregarded mischief in the steam-machine. For just as we have seen mechanical instruments laid aside as useless, because some law of their constitu-

tion had been gradually violated, so have we seen human bodies prematurely laid aside as useless, for like causes, either in the sick chamber or the lunatic asylum. And the two cases are philosophically, and not fancifully, parallel.

Perhaps, indeed, (if we may protract yet further these introductory remarks, pleading the importance of the theme as the excuse,) there is no subject upon which even thinking men are content to remain in such ignorance, as the laws which 'hedge in' the human body. Nothing but this, we apprehend, can explain the large fortunes which have been so often made by the ignorant vendors of quack medicines to such confiding crowds of patrons. We ourselves knew one of this successful but ignorant class, who, after realizing a handsome fortune by one patent pill, died prematurely, as his qualified medical attendant affirmed, through gross ignorance of the commonest laws of his own stomach; and yet myriads had trusted him with theirs! We suppose that Goethe must have had such cases in his mind when he penned the hideous scene in *Faust*, in which father and son, both amateur doctors, administered their potions to multitudes, and destroyed them by *höllischen Latwergen*. The speaker tells Wagner that all this was done in pure ignorance, amidst the gratitude of the survivors.

‘*Ich habe selbst den Gift an Tausende gegeben,
Sie welkten hin, ich muss erleben
Dass man die frechen Mörder lobt.*’

And the experience of very many can trace prematurely ailing bodies to similar ignorance of physical laws. We have often considered, therefore, whether some elementary knowledge of the structure of the human body should not enter into general education. We think it was Milton who suggested, in his book on education, that every student should at least be taught to manage his digestive organs; in addition to this, such elementary information might be given as to the structure of the brain, as would save many in after life from daily tampering with its functions and powers, with the certain penalty before them of the mournful end of the suicide, or of the inmate of the lunatic asylum. This is thrown out for consideration, not because educated people in general are altogether without this kind of warning knowledge, but because there is always a great moral difference between that general knowledge of a danger which popular notions respecting it teach, and that which arises from the accurate teachings of science.

But the ethical bearings of our subject are, perhaps, the most important of all. The melancholy stories of insanity which have been connected with and traced up to religion, demand such a clear statement of what insanity is, and does, or may occasion, as shall free man's noblest and best earthly heritage from so dreadful an accusation. And, fortunately, such statements have

been made by those who were not only experimental Christians, but also experimental men of science; and on this subject we ourselves should not care to abide by the judgment of either the theoretic Christian, or the theoretic man of science. We turn, in the first place, to the work which stands second at the head of this article. Dr. Cheyne, in his *Essays*, thus records his professional opinion:—

'That mental derangement may originate in superstition or fanaticism,—by either of which, behind a visor of religious zeal, all sobriety of mind is invaded, to the interruption of social and domestic duties,—will be understood by those who know that insanity, in the predisposed, may arise from any cause that excites, at the same time that it agitates, the mind. But that true religion, which removes doubts and distractions, explains our duties, and reconciles us to them, and teaches that all things work together for good to them that love God; and thus not only guides but supports us as we toil through the weary maze of life; which, in every pursuit, demands moderation and method,—that true religion should be productive of insanity, is not easily credible, and would require the clearest evidence.'—Page 131.

Again, he elsewhere expresses himself thus:—

'We firmly believe that the Gospel, received simply, never, since it was preached, produced a single case of insanity; the admission that it has such a tendency ought never to have been conceded to the enemies of the Cross. We have granted that fanaticism and superstition have caused insanity, as well they may; nay, derangement of the mind may often have been caused by the terrors of the law; but by the Gospel—by a knowledge of and trust in Jesus—*never*.'—Page 144.

And the testimony of Dr. Moore is to the same effect. Thus we read:—

"Some say religion is a frequent cause of insanity. No; true religion is the spirit of love, and of power, and of a sound mind; ever active in diversified duties and delights, and always busy in a becoming manner, and in a decent order. But the wild notions, unmeaning superstitions, spiritual bondage, unrequired and forbidden rites and ceremonies which wayward men have substituted for the liberty of God, begin in disobedience and end in darkness."—*Power of the Soul over the Body*, p. 296.

Upon the strength of such testimony as this, the spiritual guide can confidently, without painful and shrinking misgivings, seek to reduce any case occurring within his own experience to its true causes, always at the outset casting aside the element of religion as encumbering it, however much ignorant or interested persons may wish to introduce it.

But before proceeding to illustrate supposed cases of religious insanity, we will show how the spiritual condition is influenced by disorders of the body. By investigating the influences of food and drink on the mind, we soon discover the strongest motives for self-denial, and learn many a lesson concerning the nature and extent of our responsibility. The comfort and efficiency of the

intellect, nay, the moral perception, manliness, and virtue of the mind, depend greatly on our use of aliment; and in the very means by which we sustain the strength of the body, or most directly disorder its functions, we at the same time either fortify or disable the brain. It is of course known, that the physical nature of man depends upon his food; but it is less known how much the moral nature depends upon the physical nature; or what changes in the temper and disposition are introduced by physical influences. An example, which truly illustrates this, may be fairly accepted as proving the principle, and with this view we avail ourselves of the following medical testimony. If the human body is dissected before putrefaction takes place, the dissector, if he cuts himself, or if he has a previous wound in his hand, is in danger of absorbing from the dead body a *something* that is frequently destructive of life. Many years ago, a medical gentleman, of liberal mind and amiable disposition, while engaged in the dissection of a body, imbibed the poison referred to through a puncture in the skin, in consequence of which he well nigh lost his life. From the time of his illness, from which he slowly recovered, it was observed that he was morose and selfish. The conclusion of this short history is remarkable. Several years afterwards the same individual came under the influences of godliness, and one of the first effects of this—the only principle of true reform—was an act of great generosity; and ever after his life was a course of gentleness and unostentatious benevolence.

It is the *principle* implied in this that, in other exhibitions, bears out the opinion quoted with approbation by Dr. Moore, that 'it has been said, and probably with truth, that food has a higher bearing on the mind than on the physical frame of man.' It has been shown experimentally, that the mind can only exert its powers through the instrumentality of the bodily organs. If the nerves which convey sensation be compressed, there will be no perception of bodily qualities; if the brain be compressed, thought will be suspended; if the nerves of motion be compressed, the will can no longer command them. And from the doctrine deducible from such facts as these it follows, that every fresh inroad upon the mind, every example of amnesia, delusion, or insanity, is connected with some corresponding change in the condition of the body. Dr. Cheyne remarks, that he never 'saw a case of mental derangement, even when traceable to a moral career, in which there was not reason to believe that bodily disease could have been detected before the earliest aberration, had an opportunity offered for examination.' And the same highly religious and scientific authority adds, 'Not only does every deranged state of the intellectual faculties and the natural affections depend upon bodily disease, but also derangements of the *religious and moral sentiments* originate in diseases of the body.'

Hence it can be explained, that the sinking of despair is not more dreadful or extreme than the hopelessness which depends merely upon the diseases of the *nervous system*. But what warnings are conveyed by such facts to him, who, instead of mastering his appetites, the indulgence of which is the fruitful parent of so many diseases, is mastered by them!

Perhaps it may startle some to be told that even the *conscience*, which is popularly supposed to be the faculty most of all independent of physical causes, is yet affected by health and disease. Facts, however, seem to place this theory beyond dispute. Examples are found in such as indulge excessively in the use of ardent spirits, opium, tobacco, and other narcotics, which become insensibly attractive, partly from habit, and partly *from loss of mental energy*, caused by their acting injuriously on the nervous system. It is also known to be matter of daily observation by persons whose profession throws them in the way of such cases, that men who were originally honourable and honest, become false and dishonest through habits of intemperance, and at last have their consciences deadened as if seared with a hot iron.

Again, diseases of the brain or nervous system are said to produce similar moral changes. An instance is adduced by Dr. Cheyne, of a young woman who was affected with St. Vitus's dance, accompanied with slight palsy, who lost all respect for truth, of which, before her illness, she was by no means regardless. He also adduces the case of a young lady of fortune and family, who, under the influence of *hysteria*, would adopt the strangest means for awakening pity. One, in which she was more than once detected, was the laceration during the night of her gums with a needle, to procure blood, with which she would saturate a pocket handkerchief, to be produced in the morning, as evidence of hæmorrhage. Dr. Cheyne knew this young lady for many years, during which neither the hysteric symptoms nor any attempt at deception took place, unless while there existed a very disordered state of the stomach.

That the conscience is more or less active, according to the condition of the body, is illustrated by the state of the latter when exhausted by pain or sickness, or even fatigue: the conscience is then less sensitive, and 'in that half-dreamy state which precedes sleep, especially after great fatigue, trains of thought or lines of conduct are allowed to pass through the mind in review, which would be at once rejected were the body in vigour and the conscience on the alert.'—What a commentary on the words, *The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak!*

Since, therefore, disease affects this guide to all right conduct, it becomes important to ascertain the difference between a sound and an unsound conscience, in cases in which the condition of the bodily health must be taken into the account. Painful and humiliating as such a view may be, it only confirms the maxim

so often otherwise proved, that God does not interfere with the laws of nature; and therefore adds its warning voice to urge the duty of mastering those passions and appetites, whose indulgence leads to more bodily ailments than the legitimate wear and tear of a long life. All disobedience to Divine laws, says Dr. Moore, whether natural or moral, must be followed inevitably by suffering and disorder. In such cases, which the careful Christian minister is sure to meet with, the irregularity of the condition of the conscience may help to detect the true cause; for relief, without the adequate causes of confession to God, repentance, faith, and love, cannot be genuine experience, and may fairly, therefore, point to some bodily disturbance which affects the whole mind. Indeed, this theory has been confirmed beyond doubt at the dying bed, where it has been so often needed to satisfy weaker minds, which longed to see the undisturbed departure to his heavenly mansion of one who has so often proclaimed the power of religion to triumph over death. The occasional dark cloud which enveloped the mind of Mr. Scott, the commentator, during his last illness, is justly accounted for by noting the time when it periodically returned: that is, says his biographer, 'it always came on with the daily paroxysm of fever.' Mr. Scott himself took this view of his case, as its true solution. And the testimony of another (medical) writer is pregnant with instruction to the careful and thoughtful spiritual visitant of dying beds: 'Good men may be unreasonably depressed, and bad men elevated, under the near prospect of death, from the mere operation of natural causes.' And to prove how little any merely mental condition of calmness in the dying sufferer, to which affectionate friends cling so anxiously, can be depended on, Dr. Moore says that 'the bodily condition, immediately preceding death, generally produces, or at least is accompanied by, such a quiescence of mind, that volition itself seems to slumber, or consent to death, and there is almost always, after long and great debility, a peaceful anticipation of the coming event.' To the deeply important lessons which such unquestionable facts as these offer to the spiritual guide, we cannot resist the pleasure of adding a similar but more gratifying testimony of the late Sir Henry Hallford. 'After forty years' experience,' says Sir Henry, 'of the great number to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hours of their lives, I have felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go to the "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." Many, we may easily suppose, have manifested this willingness to die, from an impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference which is sometimes the result of debility and extreme bodily exhaustion. But I have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future, from faith in the doctrine which our religion

teaches. Such men were not only calm and supported, but even cheerful, in the hour of death : and I never quitted such a sick chamber without a wish that "my last end might be like theirs."**

There is another mental state, with which the spiritual guide should become acquainted, because the Holy Scriptures lay much stress upon it. *We are saved by hope*, says the Apostle. *Hope unto the end. Hope that maketh not ashamed. Hope thou in God*, says the desponding Psalmist. Hope is the expectation of happiness, by the aid of which man accomplishes the pilgrimage of life. Now, even this essential element in human happiness, whether in reference to time or eternity, depends very much for its healthy condition upon the state of the body. Disease soon changes a buoyant into a desponding nature ; and this again re-acts upon the body, and weakens it still more. The medical statement of the case is this :—indigestion will produce despondency, even when there is no *moral cause* to account for the destruction of hope. And the essence, it is said, of that species of monomania which is commonly called melancholy, and *which always depends upon bodily causes*, is the suppression of hope. Of course, this is not the whole statement of the case. The inconsistent follower of Christ can give another account of the loss of his hope ; and it is the part of a skilful spiritual guide to ascertain the true cause of the malady, that he may be able to prescribe the proper course to be pursued. The forty-third Psalm exhibits very beautifully and truthfully the process of the soul from despondency to the recovery of hope.

Dr. Cheyne once heard a lady of high Christian principles, whilst labouring under hopelessness from bodily disease, declare that God had doomed her to destruction, and was promoting His decree by means of the ingratitude of her dependents. An anxious dread of some temporal evils, with which attacks of *hopelessness* may begin in pious persons, often retires before the more dreadful anticipation of everlasting destruction. Such persons imagine they have been deceiving themselves with false hopes, and that they never had within them the root of true religion. In extreme cases of this kind there is frequently the temptation to suicide. But that such a state of soul may spring from bodily causes is confirmed by a remark of Dr. Burrows, 'that the operation of certain medicines in such persons has removed a propensity to suicide.' It was remarked of the late Hugh Miller, that if he had overcome his reluctance to resort to drugs, and taken the prescribed dose on that fatal night, the catastrophe might have been averted.

In proceeding to give a few sketches of insanity in supposed connexion with religion, in the hope of aiding the inexperienced guide, it is obvious to remark, that the forms of its *approaches*

* * Essays and Orations.*

chiefly require to be understood, as the confirmed disease itself lies wholly beyond his department. The following case will illustrate the value of this kind of information, which, we believe, would be wholly mistaken, and treated with erroneous measures, by one who had not been initiated in the theory we are propounding: 'Such a state as mine you are probably unacquainted with, notwithstanding all your experience. I am not conscious of the suspension or decay of any of the powers of my mind. I am as well able as ever I was to attend to my business; my family suppose me in health, yet the horrors of a madhouse are staring me in the face. I am a martyr to a species of persecution from within which is becoming intolerable. I am urged to say the most shocking things, blasphemous and obscene words are ever on the tip of my tongue: hitherto, thank God, I have been enabled to resist, but I often think I must yield at the last, and then I shall be disgraced and ruined for ever. I solemnly assure you that I hear a voice which seems to be within me, prompting me to utter what I should turn with disgust from, if uttered by another. If I were not afraid you would smile, I should say there is no accounting for these extraordinary articulate whisperings, but by supposing that an evil spirit has obtained possession of me for the time. My state is so wretched, that, compared with what I suffer, pain or sickness would appear but trifling evils.'

A somewhat similar case occurred within our own experience, with which religion was so mixed up as to lead to a suspicion of demoniacal possession. We visited the person almost daily for many weeks, and had to listen to the same sorrowful account of her temptations to utter blasphemous words and oaths, and of her struggles to repel the most impure suggestions. The case proved to be strictly a medical one, as we told her from the first, though it gave ample opportunities afterwards for instruction and warning. She was punitively made to *possess the sins of her youth*; such temptations having pointed to what in former years had been the habits of her life. The object of citing these and similar cases is to verify the medical opinion, that mental derangements are invariably connected with bodily disorder; and that the Christian teacher has but little encouragement to place Divine truth before a melancholic or hypochondriacal person, until the bodily disease with which the mental delusion is connected is removed.

Hence it is clear, that a case is often referred to religious despair, which, in truth, is to be accounted for by the absence of the controlling influences of religious principles. The Christian who is ignorant of the laws by which the human body and mind are hedged in, or careless of observing them, may easily bring on diseases which will tend to render the conscience obtuse, destroy hope, and cut short his days, or deprive him of

his reason. For religion frees not its most ardent votary from the yoke of physical laws. If, for the sake of subduing the flesh, or of obedience to ecclesiastical discipline, extreme fasting is practised, the penalty will be exacted at some time, as the premature death by consumption of many an enthusiastic female has proved. And just in the same manner, if the true servant of God, disregarding the laws of the body, tasks it beyond its powers, even for the noblest ends, premature decay or dissolution will be the penalty. And the literary man goes to his work under the same unalterable conditions. The brain of every man is constituted to perform a certain amount of labour only, without receiving injury; and therefore all beyond that must entail evils which, it is plain from analogy, may accumulate by repetition until its ruin follows. Abuses of the laws of the digestive organs will in the same way accumulate by repetitions, until this instrument, by which life is built up, becomes virtually destroyed, or unequal to its necessary functions.

Before passing on to consider cases of complete insanity, it may aid our purpose of supplying information to the Christian teacher, which is capable of being turned to practical issues, to exhibit the *possible* amount of injury of which the brain is susceptible. We do not therefore quote the following statements in illustration of the evils of the particular crime of drunkenness, but to point out the necessity of observing all the laws under which man is intrusted with an instrument capable of the noblest uses, and the most terrible abuses. 'In delirium,' says Dr. Cheyne, 'produced by intoxication, we have often heard sufferers declare that they saw and heard fairies, elves, devils, spirits watching them, grinning at them, whispering together and conspiring against them.' And Dr. Moore describes this condition in the following nervous language:—

'Objects around him become veiled in a haze, and obscure, bubbling, whispering sounds, as from the boiling of the witches' cauldron of infernal abominations, fall on his ear, not to disturb, but to enchant his soul with a horrible spell. The mistiness fuming out from that cauldron grows higher and wider, and the serpent-sounds thicken and grow louder, until all at once he seems surrounded by a living cloud full of strange forms and faces, at first pleasing as the fancies of a child, and then suddenly twisting into obscene contortions and hideous grimaces, while words of blasphemy and filthy merriment mingle their babble so closely on his ear, that they seem to issue from his heart. He starts, he roves about wildly, he breathes laboriously, he struggles for life, as if grappled with a murderer.'—*Use of the Body in Relation to the Mind*, p. 324.

It is enough for our present purpose to remark upon these cases the impossibility of determining the amount of moral wreck which a completely disordered brain may undergo.

In pointing out other initiatory approaches to insanity, Dr.

Cheyne tells us that he had several opportunities of seeing a young woman, of limited understanding, but strong devotional feelings, during the commencement of an illness which terminated in insanity. At first she was disturbed in prayer; and when about to repeat the Lord's Prayer, there arose within her an almost irresistible impulse to say, 'Our Father which art in hell,' with a vehemence which forced her to start up as the only means for resisting it. She related the incident with deep agony of mind.

Upon this case it may not be amiss to remark, that it would be solved by some as an instance of demoniacal possession. But, with Dr. Cheyne, we cannot consent to refer a mental condition to that awful mystery, whilst it can be accounted for on other principles. It is a doctrine far too liable to abuse to be admitted but upon irrefragable evidence. We cannot enter further into this topic here; but having given considerable attention to it, though we fully admit the revealed doctrine of Satanic possessions, and that Satan goeth about as a roaring lion, yet we are persuaded that, under our present dispensation, a case of assumed demoniacal possession would require to be established by a particular kind of evidence which is not vouchsafed to us.

Another example of the effect of disordered functions is not uncommon to the visitant of the dying chamber. We ourselves have had to listen to it as a proof of the soul's safety in death, that, during the night, the sick sleeper saw beautiful sights of waters and gardens, and heard angelic melodies. The experienced physician at once confidently consigns such cases to the class of delusions to be accounted for by physical laws. Far stronger claims than the above to what after all, if they be true, must amount to a Divine revelation, are confidently referred to delusions of the senses. It is certain, however, that lasting moral changes have occasionally followed such scenes; (as in the remarkable case which resulted in the conversion of Colonel Gardiner;) and a very high authority, Jonathan Edwards, aware of the difficulty they presented to some minds, but confident of their natural origin, states his judgment thus: 'It is possible that such suggestions may be the occasional or accidental cause of gracious affections; for so may a mistake and a delusion.' This decision seems to place such cases on their true footing. We feel we are treading on dangerous ground; but the facility of the abuse of such airy nothings as dreams, which every night must produce in myriads, involving awful dangers to the immortal soul, is so great, from the natural credulity of the human mind, and from its preference for such cheap evidence to the more costly but only true evidence of real repentance, trust in Christ, and the indwelling influences of the Holy Spirit, witnessed by change of life and conversation, that we deem it needful to be able to speak with confidence and decision.

In cases, however, in which a spiritual guide may feel confident that an hypothesis of demoniacal possession is wrongly assumed, and that the beautiful sights and angelic sounds are of the earth earthy, the difficulty will yet remain, how to convince the poor deluded sufferer, that both the anguish and the joy are alike without a spiritual basis. In particular cases, however, this has been effectually accomplished, by explaining the causes which harass the sight during disease; that sparks, flashes of fire, haloes, and the like, are produced by disorders of the optic nerve or the brain; and that discordant noises or articulate sounds depend solely upon accelerated circulation through the brain or affections of the auditory nerve. By medical treatment and clear explanations of natural causes and effects, persons who supposed themselves demoniacally possessed,—given over to Satan,—have been relieved from excruciating perplexities. Or, as it has been more tersely expressed, 'Cure the choler, and the choleric operations of the devil will cease.'

There are also disordered states of the *affections*, which border so closely on insanity, that all who have to do with the souls of others, should understand something of their causes and the remedies. For example, through the influence of disease, loving parents have lost all regard for their children, and, deeply conscious of their condition, have mourned over that as a crime which was due to a misfortune placed beyond their control. One unhappy mother has been specified, who, from a mere sense of duty, discharged in an exemplary manner all her duties towards her children, after every emotion of parental affection had been suspended or destroyed. By understanding that such cases are indicative of real disease, the enlightened Minister may have it in his power to administer relief to distressed consciences, in particular instances, which no general directions and counsels could reach and allay.*

As considerable stress is laid by some upon *tears* as a sign of softened feelings, it may be a relief to some sufferer to know that 'tears have been interrupted by a severe injury done to one of the affections, as effectually as words by the destruction of one of the faculties of the mind.' For 'weeping,' as Dr. Cheyne beautifully says, 'is as much the language of grief as speech is of thought.' 'How often,' he continues, 'have we, in passing through this vale of tears, heard the following lament!—"O that I could only cry! I feel as if it would so much relieve me!

* Whilst we were writing this, a friend, not at all aware of the interest with which we listened, mentioned a similar case which occurred within his own experience. It was that of a mother, who was so strongly tempted to murder her child, that she begged to have it removed. She could point out where and when the temptation first assailed her. The child was removed, the mother was cured of her complaint, the maternal affection again returned, and the child was restored to her.

There seems nothing natural in my grief. I who wept so bitterly for my father, have not a single tear to shed for my child." This tearless condition remains in some cases to the very end of life; and we may hear individuals who were originally possessed of the liveliest affections speak to the following effect: 'Ever since my husband, or son, or daughter died, my affections have been frozen and my eyes dried up.' It is very generally observable, when the first bitterness of grief is overpast, when the more violent, selfish, or ecstatic stage of the passion has had time to subside, the tears will again begin to flow.

It is confidently asserted by Dr. Cheyne, that various immoral and vicious practices ought to be ascribed to insanity. To this may be added, for the sake of the moral deducible from it, the following medical statement of the same pious physician:—

'From the soul becoming the minister of the body in consequence of the ascendancy of the carnal principle, many evil practices have arisen which have still further impaired the physical constitution of individuals and families, and thereby further degraded their minds. For example, to preserve domestic purity, intermarriages between relatives are forbidden. Even from the intermarriage of first cousins, inveterate forms of scrofula are sometimes generated, and a liability to insanity. A vicious habit of intemperance will excite in children, procreated after the habit is established, a propensity to the same habit, which has descended to the third generation.'—Page 160.

We may, perhaps, find in the latter part of the above extract an illustration of the mysterious doctrine of penal suffering by the supposed innocent for the guilty, as formally enunciated, under the most solemn circumstances, in the second Commandment. The solution of this awful doctrine certainly cannot be simply this, that, *because* the parent has sinned, *therefore* the remote descendant must *arbitrarily* pay the penalty, but not according to a fixed moral law, defining and limiting the extent and nature of the punishment. He who accepts this apparently easy explanation, will not be able to reconcile the statements of Ezekiel and Moses. The former thus states this doctrine: *Doth not the son bear the iniquity of the father? When the son hath done that which is lawful and right, and hath kept all My statutes, and hath done them, he shall surely live. The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father.* (Ezek. xviii. 19, 20.) On the other hand, the lawgiver Moses says, *The sins of the father shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me.* Ezekiel, therefore, teaches that he who commits a crime shall suffer the direct and proper punishment for it. *The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father.* For each and every act of intemperance, the perpetrator shall give account at the judgment-seat of Christ: this is the doctrine of Ezekiel. But the same 'vicious habit of intemperance will excite in chil-

dren, procreated after the habit is established, a propensity to the same habit, which has descended to the third generation : ' this we believe to be the doctrine of Moses.

This explanation would afford the judicious preacher materials for potent appeals to the strongest affections of our nature, which in few cases, perhaps, would be wholly disregarded and scorned. For what considerations can be more replete with shame, pity, and remorse, than those suggested by the sight of children suffering in both body and soul, through the depraved indulgences of a parent, by which their path to eternal life has been made so much more thorny and narrow? Many evil living persons, indeed, manifest their truest love to their offspring, and at the same time openly pass condemnation on themselves, by doing all they can to prevent them from treading in their steps. To such self-condemned persons an appeal, founded on this view of the ordained course of nature, might be of use in aiding the execution of their better resolutions. Of the truth of this doctrine we entertain no doubt; for without it we should have been wholly unable to account for certain startling facts of human depravity which have come under our own immediate notice, in behalf of which this theory awakened within us thoughts of mercy and forbearance, as the question arose, ' Who maketh thee to differ ?'

There are, however, instances in which religion is supposed to be the direct agent of producing insanity, and of this part of the subject we now propose to sketch a few shadowy outlines. We recollect many years ago hearing an exceedingly ignorant keeper of a lunatic asylum (before persons of education obtained such appointments) say, in reply to a question put to him, that ' religion was one of the principal causes of madness.' This way of talking, at the period we allude to, was a fashionable mode of damaging religion, though it has long since given way to the scientific investigation of the true causes. In many instances, however, the effect or result of certain causes of insanity would naturally enough lead superficial observers to form such a theory.

For example, in the asylum just referred to, there was a respectable individual, whose uniform reply to inquiries after his health was given in the brief but sad formulary, ' Forsaken by God and man.' This of course seemed to justify the supposition that it was a case of religious insanity, though the antecedents of the patient might easily have disproved it.

In reference to such cases an able writer observes, ' We almost invariably remark, in long continued cases of insanity, when the hallucinations are in any degree variable, that perverted ideas of religion will present themselves, though utterly unconnected with the original cause of the excitement.' Yet, in returns from establishments for the insane, such are, or were, usually given under the head of ' Insanity from religion.'

That mental derangement, amounting to insanity, may

originate in examples of extreme superstition or fanaticism, may well be admitted by all who are aware that insanity, in the predisposed, may arise from any cause which excites and agitates the mind. Nor does the assertion of French philosophers, that before the great Revolution a large proportion of the insane of France were monks, help to substantiate this charge against religion; because the past history of the habits of such fraternities has amply supplied hypotheses for the solution of such cases, without having recourse to the influences of true religion. Confinement, where the desire for freedom might become a passion; daily struggles against the impulses of an unsubdued and unsubduable nature, under circumstances which excluded hope of change or escape, must but too frequently have fallen on minds unable to endure such a pressure, and which therefore ultimately gave way, because outward religious practices had been undertaken too onerous to be borne where they had to find and create the corresponding nature,—the religious state,—instead of proceeding naturally from that state.

Hence, then, the suggestion is obvious, that when persons of religious habits have become insane, it is but right, as in other cases, to ascertain 'what faculty, affection, or sentiment is primitively disordered.' And if it is discovered that the presence and operation of the humbling rules of the Gospel are wanting, whilst, through exaggerated pride, vanity, selfishness, or imaginativeness, the mind has become deranged, the true cause has been found. For example, we recollect hearing or reading some time since, that a large proportion of the insane proceeded from one class, that of governesses; the explanation of which was, that so many of them have been compelled, by the vicissitudes of life, to descend in the moral scale, and find their unwelcome occupation and homes in scenes of vulgar wealth, amongst such as, wanting their own refinement and education, either could not, or would not, or did not know how to do, in such cases, as they would have wished others in like cases to do unto them.

The following facts, given on the authority of Dr. Cheyne, will illustrate the true value of popular charges of this kind against religion:—

'A widow lady, who possessed considerable natural ability and a cultivated understanding, and was devoted to religion, but devoid of prudence, engaged in a speculation, which required a considerable capital. She never doubted that she could find means of liquidating debts incurred by her in order to support an undertaking which had been a subject of prayer, as all her undertakings were. To doubt in this matter would be, as she thought, to dishonour God. During the week she was in a state of unceasing labour of body and mind; and when Sunday came round, and her secular duties were suspended, her mind, instead of finding rest, was in a state of rapture. Months and years rolled round, pecuniary embarrassment increased, and bankruptcy

was impending; yet, the destitution of her children was little considered in comparison with the injury which she thought religion must sustain from her discredit. Her religious opinions gradually became even more enthusiastic, and then she lost sight of her pecuniary difficulties; and we witnessed her first overt act of insanity in a composition on which probably some of her friends looked with admiration; namely, a scheme of the Gospel, which she caused to be printed in the form of two inverted pyramids, which met at their pointed ends. She went shortly after to the house of a friend in the country, and proclaimed the millennium, which she said had begun that day. She has ever since been in confinement.'—Page 137.

The commentary upon this case is very easy, and completely frees true religion from any share in it. To the inquiry which some would propose, 'How could a merciful God permit one who consulted Him in all her proceedings to go so wrong?' the reply is found in Mr. Scott's words: 'When any undertaking is inexpedient or unadvisable in the opinion of competent judges, and yet the inclination leans that way, in this case that which men call the opening of Providence is generally no more than a temptation of Satan.' To pray about what we have secretly resolved at all hazards to do, to which the deceitful heart so often disposes us, is by no means, we believe, an uncertain way of courting failure. At all events, man's solemn and blessed privilege of prayer must not be taxed to bear human vagaries. Moreover, it is to be noticed in this lady's case, that on Sunday, in which the merciful command is to abstain from all manner of work, she prepared herself for those religious exercises that stimulated an already jaded imagination by neurotic medicines.

Dr. Burrowes, in his work on insanity, mentions some cases, which he regards as referable to religion. One is of a lady regular in her devotions, who, whilst listening to the doctrines of Swedenborg, went to the Lord's Supper, and, finding the cup which was presented to her without one drop of wine, hurried from the church in dismay, the fact seeming to prove to her superstitious mind that she was rejected by God: a paroxysm of mania ensued.

Another case, told by the same authority, is that of a young lady of genius, ardent in imagination, and in everything an enthusiast, whose disturbed mind issued in insanity, and the cause was traced up to the preaching of a 'Minister, not more remarkable for zeal, than for his persuasive powers in enforcing dubious tenets.'

Whether or not, however, further inquiries into these cases might have placed them in other aspects, it is readily admitted by competent judges, that insanity has been known amongst true Christians; though they as confidently affirm that it was not occasioned by their creed. Instances are named in which all sense of religion in devout persons has been permanently destroyed by insanity. But it must be ever borne in mind, that

Christianity, in its purest influences, does not free its followers from those corporeal laws on which insanity always depends.

Enough has been adduced, we think, to prepare the way for some remarks confirmatory of the supposed cause of the untimely end of the lamented and eminent person alluded to in the opening of this article. Since we commenced this task, suggested to us by that event, we have read through with keen interest and enjoyment his auto-biographical sketch, *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, in expectation that something might be found there to throw light on the sad issue of such a remarkable and successful career. But that book exhibits only the history of the progress of a healthy understanding, under the wholesome influence of that fear of God, which is the beginning of true wisdom. We found no traces of early eccentricities, or mental aberrations, which might have augured a dark conclusion. It may, however, raise suggestions which will aid in accounting for it. For the great change from the daily habits of his earlier life, when he lived abroad in the open air, vigorously exercising all his bodily faculties, to the close confinement of an editor's and author's closet, could not, without much self-management and self-denial, fail to affect seriously his bodily condition. We have no means of knowing how far this was affected, but the local newspapers have said enough to lead to the supposition, that his health must have been much impaired. We read of terrors of robbers and burglars haunting him, and of his precautions against them, which but little correspond with the apparently fearless nature of his earlier days. And these, in other similar cases, have always proved to be the symptoms of a distempered brain. Moreover, the history of a ruined brain has been too often minutely recorded, to render the issues of such intense mental application as his at all uncertain. Dr. Moore remarks, that the strongest brain will fail under the continuance of intense thought. All persons who have been accustomed to very close mental application, will recollect the utter and indescribable confusion that comes over the mind, when the brain has been wearied. An illustration of this condition is furnished by the case of Dr. Spalding, who tells us, that his attention having been kept too long on the stretch, and also greatly distracted, he was called upon to write a receipt; but, having written two words, he found himself unable to proceed further. For half an hour he could neither think consecutively, nor speak, except in words not understood by himself. After the recovery of the use of his faculties, he found that, instead of writing a receipt for 'so many dollars, being half a year's rent,' &c., he had written, 'fifty dollars through the salvation of Bra—:' the last word being left unfinished, and without his having any recollection of what he had intended to write.

The same authorities (for of course we are only collecting and compressing the opinions of professional writers) tell us, that *illusive convictions* are all more or less connected with disorders of that part of the nervous system on which perception depends; and that it will be found that nervous exhaustion from over attention is the common cause of such a condition. For it is the mind that uses up life. Men of genius (such as Mr. Miller certainly was) are usually as full of feeling as of thought; and whatever direction their minds have received, their intellect is urged on by that love of distinction which none of that class can wholly escape. Such as these are considered to be most of all liable to insanity, their minds being employed to the full extent of nervous endurance; though they are often good men, devoted to the highest interests of humanity. Under the strain of such devotion to their pursuits, many a mighty mind has sunk into madness or imbecility, amidst the mysterious darkness of which some demon sits close at the ear to whisper its accents of despair and the only remedy. Long, however, before this dreadful state of mind is reached, the body gives unheeded warnings of the growing danger, by irregular appetite, *tormenting visions*, and unaccountable sensations; for '*insanity is always a bodily malady.*' And it is probably the irritability of the body, which allows no respite to the mind from the constant stimulus of attention and will, that most frequently drives the maniac to commit suicide. Death seems in such cases the only refuge from the weary vigilance of morbid sensibility. The awful remedy is frequently sought under the impulse of a kind of instinct, when the mind becomes so possessed by its misery, as to be quite incapable of comparing the desire felt with the previous convictions; and so the patient is blindly urged on, by longing for relief, to take the first opportunity for self-destruction which may present itself; association only serving to connect the means of death with the idea of escaping from a tormenting body, or some taunting impression.

Delirium, in a weakened state of the brain, arises from mental stimulants; for to make mental exertions when the brain is wearied or unduly excited, is to exaggerate the disorder, and endanger its fine fabric. Thus, persons under the pressure of urgent business, instead of yielding to the demands of a jaded mind, work on until delirium succeeds to a state of health. Dr. Moore gives the following illustration of this condition:—

'The Secretary of an extensive and useful institution suffers from bad health; his mind and heart find no rest at home: at this juncture the Directors call for accounts, and a multitude of correspondents are urgent for replies. He finds some one of their agents is guilty of defalcation; he grows miserable, his digestion fails, he appears flushed and hurried, his head aches, he can scarcely connect

his thoughts, his hand trembles, he uses wrong words both in speaking and writing; he retires, and immediately begins to connect the feeling of his own inability to attend to business with the idea of robbing his employers, and at length fancies that he is the defaulter, by whose case his mind has been excited. He confounds his own faults and temptations with what he knows of the guilty person, and, haunted by the worst consequent phantoms, he becomes intolerable to himself, and feels as if called on to expiate his crime by destroying his life with his own hand. His pious habit still prevails, and he executes the horrible deed, in calm and devout resignation to what he deems the will of heaven.'—*Power of the Soul over the Body*, p. 297.

It is noticed, also, that genius and disease are connected together, as the history of remarkable men seems to prove; not as cause and effect, but that the powerful operation of intense motives, such as stimulate master minds, leads to disorders of the brain, and this disorder re-acts to produce a perverted habit of application.

A careful attention to such medical facts and opinions as these will help to account for any particular case of insanity to which they are applicable. And true insanity, we presume, frees every one, whether previously bad or good, from moral responsibility. Every one is, of course, responsible for the wilful misconduct which preceded and conducted to it; but when the actual condition is produced, the earthly account has been already closed; and the deeds that follow, we are sure, will be mercifully judged of by Him who knows whereof His poor, frail creatures are made, and remembers that they are but dust.

It happened within our own experience, that we had to seek for an explanation of one of these dark events, when the materials for framing a confident judgment were wanting, and had to be subsequently obtained by reading. In striving to make out a case for evangelical religion, in the place where the catastrophe must have much jeopardized it, our arguments were then not much beyond conjectures, which were uttered with secret misgivings of their real value.

No one, we believe, in that miniature rural world where Mrs. — had so long lived, doubted that she had been a faithful and loving follower of Jesus Christ. With the prospect of urgent duties before her, she was attacked by a severe illness; for the cure of which, in an evil hour, she put herself under the care of an unscrupulous, drunken, quack doctor, of much local celebrity, who professed his ability to cure a disease in a few days, which, it was obvious from its nature, could not be cured but with the aid of time. By violent remedies she appeared to regain her strength and spirits almost at once, and confidently resumed her duties. Again the disease broke out with envenomed vehemence, and she perished by her own hand.

On mere Christian grounds such an end of a life of prayer was most shocking and inexplicable : upon physiological grounds, however, (upon which, since the days of miracles, Christianity does not profess to trench,) it could be accounted for, reconciled with all the previous conditions of Christianity, and the momentarily lost hope of those who loved and respected her, restored back to them again, in the place of despair.

And now, with sadness and awe, but in sure and certain hope, we let down the veil over that true son of genius, whom so many admired in life and mourned over in death. The results of his scientific career will yet come before us ; and from these it will probably appear that, dark and lurid as was the providence which permitted his sun to set in blood, his work was accomplished ; his testimony to the truth of revelation was fully given ; and who that has any intimation of the lingering horrors of a ruined mind, will not readily believe that Infinite Mercy permitted the stroke, and caught up his ransomed spirit as he passed within the shadow of the cloud ?

- ART. VII.—1. *Dictionnaire des Sciences philosophiques, par une Société de Professeurs et de Savants, sous la Direction de M. AD. FRANCK, Membre de l'Institut (Académie des Sciences morales et politiques)*. Paris : L. Hachette. Six Vols. 8vo.
2. *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Philosophie en France au 19^e Siècle*. Par PH. DAMIRON, Membre de l'Institut. Paris : L. Hachette. Two Vols. 8vo.
3. *Les Philosophes Français du XIX^e Siècle*. Par H. TAINÉ, ancien Elève de l'Ecole Normale, Docteur ès Lettres. Paris : Hachette. 12mo.

THE subject which we purpose considering in the following pages is one of the highest importance. It not only forms an interesting chapter in the history of modern literature, but its connexion with the political events of the last fifty years is obvious ; and during the nineteenth century, quite as much as under the régime of mediæval civilization, the Sorbonne has had its influence on the destinies of Europe. But yet further, we have reached a period when we may properly take a survey of the tract through which French metaphysical speculation has journeyed since the great cataclysm of 1789 ; for, after the short but brilliant reign of that Eclecticism which M. Cousin inaugurated so powerfully, the ground has been once more cleared, and the all but absolute triumph of materialist doctrines appears likely to open a new and remarkable era in the history of philosophy. The epoch at which we are now arrived includes the growth of a school whose destinies are accomplished, whose mission has

been fulfilled, and which is now numbered for ever amongst the things that were.

In order to understand the origin of the French metaphysical theories of the Restoration, we must trace the progress and development of the sensationalist system founded by Condillac: this, in its turn, can only be fully appreciated by the help of a brief glance at the defects of the idealistic philosophy which Descartes has stamped with his name, and which, towards the beginning of the last century, was still the system adopted by the majority of French thinkers. Invaluable as a method, and especially for having demonstrated that all our ideas do not spring either from the senses or from our intellectual activity; establishing the true criterion of certitude, and giving us the best demonstration of the existence of God, Cartesianism had its weak points, nevertheless. We do not mean to allude here to those exaggerations which led Malebranche and his followers to the borders of Pantheism; but, by neglecting or disdaining the facts which we know from experience, Descartes necessarily gave a one-sided character to his philosophy, and provoked the re-action which some years after precipitated the whole of the eighteenth century towards the opposite extreme. Men began by denying almost the validity of the information we derive from our senses; they ended by denying authority to aught but the senses, as guides to the knowledge of ourselves and of the world around us.

Several causes contributed powerfully to the spread of sensationalist doctrines during the eighteenth century. Amongst the chief, we may reckon the influence of Locke, whose philosophy gave the solution of many questions completely set aside by Descartes. Nor must we neglect to mention the many improvements which had taken place in those sciences which have for their object the observation of nature, its phenomena, its laws. Lastly, the low state of morality, everywhere prevalent, helped also to bring into favour a system of philosophy which constantly appeals to our senses: for, although we would by no means be understood to identify Sensationalism with immorality, or M. Destutt de Tracy with Naigeon, it is nevertheless quite certain that, for a society such as that of France was under the reign of Louis *le bien aimé*, the axiom *Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu* is the only appropriate motto. A writer has well remarked, that if the seventeenth century was rash, the eighteenth carried timidity to the most extraordinary degree; at all events, as far as metaphysical speculation goes. 'Dreading all the seductions, but especially those of genius, avoiding to look beyond this world, for fear of being deceived by brilliant but vain imaginings, Sensationalism left untouched several important questions which the school of Descartes had been unable to solve; it gloried in what it called its circum-

spection, and classed unmercifully amongst impossible chimeras everything that did not bear upon the analysis of either sensations or ideas.* Without examining here all the authors who, like Diderot, Helvétius, d'Holbach, contributed to spread in France the doctrines of Sensationalism, we shall for a few moments observe these doctrines in Condillac, the clearest, the most perspicuous of the thinkers belonging to that school, and the one to whom they do homage as to their infallible guide. 'Locke had, in a systematic but erroneous investigation, acknowledged only two sources from which we derive all our notions: viz., 1. Sensation, which is at the bottom of our elementary ideas. 2. Reflection, which combines and digests the materials supplied by sensation. This classification rendered impossible the most elevated and the most fruitful of our ideas, those which Plato considered as the reminiscences of another life, those which Descartes described as innate, and which Aristotle referred to some faculty of a peculiar nature. Condillac went further than that; he eliminated reflection, that is to say, the activity of the mind, the free agent which contributes to the formation of so many of our ideas. Sensation, according to Condillac, is at once the only source of all our knowledge, and the sole principle of all our faculties, whether affective or simply intellectual. By means of a mere transformation, sensation becomes in turn identical with our attention, our comparison, our judgment, our desire, and our will; the soul itself is nothing but the collection of sensations which we experience, and of those which memory recalls to us.†

Such, in a few words, is the system of Condillac, a perversion of Locke's views, and doomed, in its turn, as we shall see hereafter, to be perverted by the exaggerations of the *idéologues*.

The refutation of Sensationalism has so often been given that we do not wish to attempt it here once more; besides, the monstrous conclusions to which we find Volney, Cabanis, and Garat, irresistibly brought, carry along with them the strongest condemnation of a dangerous theory. Sensationalism, we have perceived, confines itself exclusively to sensation; to that knowledge which we derive from our senses. But through such means what else can we know except matter and physical things? Bodies and their qualities, the world and its relations, the universe and its laws, such are the phenomena which our senses can appreciate; besides these they have cognizance of nothing. For a man placed in such conditions, the soul, its power, and its life are not only unknown quantities, *they are not*; and consequently the limits within which man's powers of learning are confined, will also circumscribe his powers of affection; for it is an indisputable truth, that our practical activity can exert itself upon the things

* Henne, *Dict. des Sciences Philos.*, s. v. *Idéologie*.

† *Ibid*.

alone which our thought examines and understands. Matter is therefore the moral end of the man reduced to sensation; in everything which he does he must consider exclusively his body, his organs, all that affects their well-being and their healthy condition. The great, the primary aim of man will be to preserve himself, to seek for those things which are likely to promote the vigorous play of his physical organism, and to make the whole circle of his studies subservient to that all-important object. Self-preservation, from this stand-point, is the great moral law; virtue becomes a sanitary question, and the vicious man is he who disregards, for instance, the legitimate use of his digestive organs. Volney was quite logical when, improving upon the well-known maxim, he *substituted* cleanliness for godliness. Condillac, of course, did not deduce these consequences from his system, and he would in all probability have disclaimed them himself; but that they are the legitimate corollaries of Sensationalism there is not the slightest doubt.

When we view the character of the doctrines now under consideration, when we see the extraordinary results to which they lead, we cannot help being surprised at the extreme popularity they obtained; but we must remember that they were contemporary with the great Revolution of 1789, and that the Sensationalists of that time were, by the strangest of all inconsistencies, fervent upholders of the doctrines embodied in the National Assembly; they had all espoused the popular side, and the declaration of the Rights of Man was the work of their own party. This we call an act of inconsistency; and we shall have no difficulty in showing that it was such. Let us take up, for instance, the work of M. Destutt de Tracy,* one of the leading thinkers of the Condillacist school, the commentator of Montesquieu, the metaphysician of modern French Sensationalism. What are the principles which we find advocated there in connexion with natural law, with ethics, and political government? Our rights, he says, are identical with our wants, and our duties with the means we have of supplying these wants. Our weakness is the source of our rights, and our power is the origin of our duty; that is to say, of the rules in accordance with which that power ought to be exercised. Hence this principle, that our rights must always be unlimited; whilst, on the other hand, our duties are all comprised in the paramount duty of satisfying these wants as best we may. Hence, also, as a matter of consequence, every one has the right of doing whatever he pleases to the whole extent of his power; and therefore, properly speaking, there is no such thing as abstract right or abstract wrong. M. de Tracy, far from recoiling before so monstrous an inference, accepts it, and acknowledges that, for man in a natural state, there can be

* *Eléments d'Idéologie*, more especially the part known as *Traité de la Volonté*. Paris. 2 vols., 8vo.

neither just nor unjust; for in that state each one has a sum of rights equal to the sum of his wants, and his duty is to satisfy fully these wants independently of any foreign consideration. Restrictions, limitations arise, of course; but only when conventions, either tacit or formal, are agreed upon between different communities, or different members of the same community. In this more advanced stage alone, we see the twofold idea of justice and injustice resulting from a balance struck between the rights of the one, and those of the other,—rights which up to that time were necessarily equal. Here M. de Tracy meets with Hobbes, whom he praises very much for having proved that the idea of just and unjust arises from the social conventions established amongst men.*

A theory such as the one we have now been sketching, would seem to be the work of one who aimed at fastening upon his fellow-citizens the heaviest chains of despotism; and yet in his *Commentaire sur l'Esprit des Lois*,† M. Destutt de Tracy has described as the most desirable of all governments, that which is based upon the wishes of the majority; and we know that his political conduct was always in accordance with the views he expressed in the *Commentaire*. Thus it is that often men are not to be judged from the doctrines which they profess. Explain this inconsistency, this want of logic, as we may, it is quite certain that the leading members of the sensationalist school were staunch upholders of the principles of the Revolution; and, after the re-organization of the Institute, they taught and propagated, under the sanction of that learned body, the tenets of constitutional government which they had striven for amidst the greatest dangers, when the dictatorship of Robespierre and the despotism of the *terrorists* had introduced into France under the name of liberty the most iniquitous of all despotisms. Such being the case, we are not astonished that Napoleon, after having assumed the supreme power in France, should have looked with feelings of distrust and suspicion upon those men whom he feared whilst he pretended to despise them; and whose ideas, he knew full well, were not the idle dreams of Utopian enthusiasts. When the *Académie des Sciences morales et politiques* could not speak freely, Sieyès, Cabanis, Volney, Garat, Ginguéné, Thurot, Daunou, Destutt de Tracy, used to assemble at Auteuil, in the drawing-room of Madame Helvétius, and there, in their eloquent conversations, they both discussed the great questions of metaphysics, and encouraged each other in their adherence to those principles of enlightened liberty which the Corsican General was trampling under foot. During the Consulate and the Empire, the celebrated Auteuil Society was the great centre of constitutional

* Cf. *Dictionnaire des Sciences Philos.*, art. *Destutt*. (By M. Bouillier.)

† Paris. 8vo. 1819.

opposition to Buonaparte, and from its midst came those who, in 1815, voted for the dethronement of the Emperor.

Sensationalism, like all systems of philosophy, may be applied practically to the various forms of intellectual life. We can conceive of legists and politicians, for example, codifying from the sensationalist point of view; there are sensationalist physicians, sensationalist divines, sensationalist lecturers. Let us glance round the illustrious circle which graced the *salon* of Madame Helvétius, and there we shall find representatives of these various forms of applied Sensationalism. Omitting naturalists such as Lamarck, mathematicians such as Laplace and Monge, who are rather beyond the limits of our subject, we are at once arrested by four names which represent perfectly all the tendencies, all the aspirations of the French school of philosophy during the eighteenth century. Destutt de Tracy may be termed the metaphysician of the *coterie*, Cabanis its physiologist, Volney its moralist, and Garat the popular lecturer, whose business it was to vulgarize the modified doctrines of Condillac, to teach them, to diffuse them in a simple form amongst persons unaccustomed to the higher mysteries of metaphysical abstraction. With a short account of these four personages, we purpose connecting the principal remarks we have to offer on the sensationalist school; but, before entering upon this part of our subject, a few words on the three works which have suggested the present review of French philosophy, may not seem inappropriate.

Want of unity is the great defect of all productions for which we are indebted to a variety of *collaborateurs*. Although the stand-point adopted may be the same, although the different authors engaged upon the undertaking may have the distinctest possible conception of the principle upon which they intend to judge either men or doctrines, still there must be at least in the execution of the volumes some obstacles which appear almost unconquerable. Here, an important article is probably discussed in too summary a manner; there, undue moment has been given to some uninteresting topic: this paper is deficient in style; that bears evidence of insufficient scholarship. What objections were started, for instance, and justly started, against the celebrated *Encyclopédie méthodique* at the first time of its publication! These are difficulties which the *Dictionnaire des Sciences philosophiques* had to contend with; and we are bound to say that the *comité de rédaction* has overcome them most successfully. It is the great eclectic *résumé* of opinions on metaphysics and metaphysicians; and the unquestionably high talent which the majority of the articles display, does the greatest credit to the society of *savants* who projected and carried on the undertaking.

M. Damiron, author of the *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Philosophie*, is one of the *collaborateurs* of the Dictionary. Well known as a lecturer, and as the author of several philosophical treatises, the

friend and the editor of the late M. Jouffroy, he has collected in the volumes now noticed a variety of articles previously published in the *Globe* newspaper. M. Damiron is a genuine eclectic, and the verdicts which he passes are all delivered from the eclectic point of view. His work, consisting of a gallery of portraits, seems unconnected, and some of the chapters are too sketchy in their character; but the critiques it contains on the sensationalist school are extremely valuable; and we have consulted them with great profit.

We alluded, in the beginning of this article, to the reaction of the disciples of Condillac against the official philosophy advocated at the Sorbonne during the reign of Louis Philippe. Foremost in the phalanx of that new school, M. Taine holds a distinguished place. Not that his *Philosophes Français du XIX^e Siècle* is a book of great merit: there is about it much of what the French call *outréculance*; and the off-hand way in which he cuts up M. Cousin more particularly, is sometimes very disagreeable: but, as the advocate of modern Sensationalism, he deserves to be studied, and we are bound in strict fairness to balance his statements against those of historians belonging to the other side.

Such are the chief works of reference which we have consulted in connexion with our subject; and by comparing our own impressions with the statements of the critics just now enumerated, we may hope to lay before our readers a summary which shall not be without its interest.

M. Destutt de Tracy was, as we have said, the metaphysician of the sensationalist school. The doctrine he gives in his *Eléments d'Idéologie* is extremely simple: he traces back to the senses our different faculties, which he arranges under four great categories; viz., the phenomena arising from, 1. Sensation; 2. Memory; 3. Reason; and, 4. The affections. But this apparent simplicity is merely artificial, and, in accounting for it, M. de Tracy has neglected several important facts, which could not square very well with his classification. The greatest fault, however, we can find with it, and a fault which invalidates the whole system, is, that it rests upon a physiological, not a psychological, basis. From this false principle it is not difficult to see, for instance, that only a false theory of liberty can originate. M. de Tracy considers liberty merely as a power, as the power of acting. In his opinion, it is exclusively the physical act by means of which our volition is realized, finds its accomplishment. Thus man is free to the full extent of his power, his freedom increases with the same ratio as his power, his power alone secures to him the liberty which he enjoys. 'Such a statement as this,' says very truly M. Damiron,* 'requires some explanation. If our

* Cf. *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Philosophie*, vol. i., p. 93, et seq.

liberty is identical with the power we have of acting, and with that exclusively, we cannot, on the other hand, maintain that it exists in the phenomena which precede that power. Fatality, therefore, meets us everywhere except in the execution of the act; but that execution itself springs from our will, it is the result of it, it participates in its character, and is consequently fatal to some extent. Our liberty may be power, but it certainly has none of the distinctive features of free will; it is mere force, and nothing else.' We have already pointed out the disastrous consequences to which M. de Tracy's system leads; his theory of liberty is not likely to reconcile us with his theory of *idéologie*.*

Having died as lately as 1836, M. de Tracy may be considered as the last representative of the old sensationalist school; Cabanis, who was the immediate disciple of Condillac, is one of the earliest. Born in 1757, celebrated as a physician, a writer, and a physiologist, Pierre Jean Georges Cabanis has enjoyed in the world of metaphysics a reputation which he owes more to the boldness than to the soundness of his views. 'If Condillac,' he said, 'had been better acquainted with the laws of our organization, he would have known that the soul is a *faculty*, not a *being*.' This is as much as to say, that Condillac would have been a downright advocate of Materialism. Starting from this idea, Cabanis set to work to simplify, to correct, to complete Condillac; and in attempting to do so, he certainly produced a theory so clear, so harmonious, that the studying it is almost like a pleasurable recreation. And let us, by the by, notice how commonly we find theories which will not bear close investigation, striking us at first by an appearance of symmetry which is perfectly bewitching. It is so easy to solve difficulties by ignoring them, and to make metaphysical theories accord with our preconceived notions on the world and our own nature! This was just the case with Cabanis: his great book, the *Rapports du Physique et du Moral de l'Homme*, appeared;† and every body began to wonder how ignorant people could talk of the dryness and dulness of metaphysics. There was a work on philosophy which was almost as interesting as a play, and which brought *idéologie* within the reach of even the *élégantes* of the Directoire period. Let us listen, for a moment, to our friend M. Damiron's remarks on the subject: 'An impression received, the action and reaction of the nerves, the feeling which results therefrom, —such is the whole theory. Every difficulty respecting the connexion between the physical and the moral elements in man is cleared at once. The relation in which the one stands to the

* Cf. M. Mignet's brilliant sketch of M. de Tracy in the *Mémoires Historiques*, and M. Guizot's *Eloge* delivered before the French Academy.

† The work consists of twelve disquisitions, read before the *Académie des Sciences morales et politiques*. Charpentier's edition, one vol. 12mo., is the best.

other is that of cause to effect, the one proceeds from the other, and the feeling we experience is at the same time the last of the phenomena which constitute the animal life, and the first of those which relate to the mind.

'Let us also remark the readiness with which this theory bends itself to all applications of a special character. We know, for instance, that age, sex, diet, climate, temperament,—all these various causes exercise a great influence on the moral disposition of individuals: this we can conceive very easily, because all these causes, affecting and modifying the nervous system, affect and modify through it our sensibility, our intellect, our will. Go back to the causes which produce an impression upon the nerves, to the state of the nerves themselves, to the impression which results from them, and you will be able to explain, without the slightest difficulty, all the moral phenomena of the human soul.'*

To this process of simplifying M. Damiron makes one objection, which we think is absolutely unanswerable. When a psychological phenomenon takes place, we can see sometimes that an external cause has acted upon the sensitive organ; but whence does the reaction proceed? What is the internal agent which sends back the impression from the centre to the circumference, after it has been directed from the circumference to the centre? This is more than physiology can account for. In the second place, if you ascribe sentiment to the nerves, you destroy the unity of man's moral nature, you do away with his personality; for, according to your own confession, each nerve will be a distinct *me*, and if you try to escape from the difficulty in localizing the *me* in a nervous centre, you are only assuming as real a unity which is merely nominal. The comparison by which Cabanis explains how the brain *produces* thought, is so singular, that we must quote it here for the benefit of our readers. 'In order,' says our *philosophe*, 'to form a just idea of the operations whence thought results, we must consider the brain as a particular organ, specially appointed to produce thought, just as much as the stomach and the bowels are appointed to produce digestion.' But Cabanis does not intend here to draw a mere parallel. Between these imagined operations there is, for him, a complete similarity. In order to prove this, he thus comments upon his text. And, in the first place, as far as *impressions* are concerned, 'they are,' he says, 'the food of the brain; the impressions journey towards the brain, just as the food journeys towards the stomach.' Then the brain and the stomach begin their work; 'the impressions,' Cabanis goes on to say, 'arrive at the brain, and excite it to activity, just as much as the food, by falling into the stomach, excites it

* *Essai sur l'Histoire, etc.*, art. *Cabanis*, vol. i.

to secretion, &c.' But further: 'We see,' continues Cabanis, 'the substances which we eat falling into the stomach, with the qualities which are peculiar to them; we see them coming out with new qualities, and we conclude that the alteration which they have undergone proceeds from the organ through which they had to pass: we LIKEWISE SEE' (Cabanis saw that!) 'the impressions arrive at the brain,.....isolated, incoherent; but the brain becomes active, re-acts upon these impressions, and soon sends them back metamorphosed into ideas.' Now for the conclusion: 'Therefore, we conclude with certainty that the brain digests the impressions, and secretes, organically, our thought!!'* This was, our readers will say, simplifying Condillac with a vengeance.

The long extract we have given strikes us as remarkably calculated to make us appreciate, in all their mournful absurdity, the consequences of Sensationalism. We hasten to add, that many parts in the works of Cabanis are written with a power and a depth of observation which make us regret the more that so eminent a thinker should have endorsed opinions destructive alike of morality, religion, and liberty. We add, likewise, that towards the end of his life Cabanis seems fortunately to have been led to modify rather deeply the system developed in the famous *Rapports du Physique et du Moral de l'Homme*.

We have glanced at a metaphysician, we have stopped for a while in the company of a physiologist; let us now say a few words of the moralist, the publicist of Sensationalism.

Volney's *Catéchisme de la Loi naturelle* may be considered as the practical application of the doctrine of that school; and all we can say is, that a society governed by the principles he advocates is doomed to destruction. We are astonished that the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Philosophiques* should not have devoted an article to Volney; but M. Damiron's excellent chapter † is one which the reader cannot but study with much profit. Starting from the materialist point of view, Volney called good whatever tends to preserve and to bring to perfection man's organism; everything which tends, on the contrary, to destroy and deteriorate that organism is called evil. Life is the *summum bonum*, death is the *summum malum*; nothing is preferable to physical happiness, nothing is worse than bodily suffering; the supreme good is health; therefore, vice and virtue are and can be nothing else than the voluntary habit of actions, either contrary to, or in accordance with, the law of self-preservation. With respect to virtuous and vicious acts, considered separately, they are identical, the former with all the conservative practices, the other with all the unwholesome

* Cf. *Dict. des Sciences Phil.*, art. *Cabanis*. The excellent critique from which the above quotation is taken, is the work of M. Dubois d'Angers.

† *Essai sur l'Histoire*, vol. i.

habits, which man can give himself up to as a private individual, as member of a family, or citizen of a state. Science, temperance, courage, activity, cleanliness, are individual virtues, because they all are excellent means of self-preservation for man, viewed as an individual being. Domestic virtues have the same foundation, because they have the same use. Economy is, at the same time, a source and a guarantee of enjoyment. The accomplishment of man's duties as a husband, a father, a son, a brother, a master, a servant, procures and maintains peace in the family, and insures to those who are members of it that security, that constant support, that kindness, which contribute so powerfully to our happiness. It is the same case with social virtues: justice, probity, humanity, modesty, and simplicity of manners, all these bear fruit, and help us to spend our life free from pain and from anxiety. On the other hand, vices, either individual, domestic, or social, are all dangerous, because they expose men to discomfort and suffering.*

A system so entirely grounded upon selfishness had no need to find its sanction in the authority of God. Volney, in fact, distinctly repudiates religion. 'Faith and hope,' says he, 'are virtues, with the help of which dupes are imposed upon by knaves.' Unfortunately, it is not enough for an aphorism to be smart; it must likewise be true; and, supposing that believers were merely dupes, it would still remain a matter of question whether it is not better to be a dupe than a knave. One further example will prove how totally erroneous Volney's system is. 'Murder,' he says in his *Catéchisme*, 'is prohibited by the most powerful motives of self-preservation. For, first, the man who attacks, exposes himself to be killed by right of self-defence; secondly, if he kills his adversary, he gives to the relatives and the friends of the victim, nay, to the whole of society, an equal right, viz., that of killing him, and thus his own life is no longer safe.' Whereupon M. Damiron remarks very justly, that if the legislator sanctions a positive law by such motives, we can understand him; but from the point of view of morality it is false to assert that we should abstain from committing murder on the plea that by so doing we expose ourselves to be murdered in return: for, after all, an individual acting in accordance with Volney's theory, has no longer any motive of restraint, if he can place himself in such a position that the law shall be unable to reach him. Besides thus discarding altogether religion from his scheme, Volney takes no notice of the fine arts. And, in fact, what can poetry, painting, music, or sculpture, be in a system which neglects utterly the spiritual part of our nature? For a code of doctrines such as that, the beautiful, as M. Cousin says,† can only be identical with the agreeable; but then the

* *Essai sur l'Histoire*, vol. i., pp. 110, 111.

† *Du Vrai, du Beau, du Bien*, 6^e Leçon.

agreeable is not the measure of the beautiful, because in certain cases it destroys it, and makes us forget it: it cannot be the beautiful, because it is found, in the highest degree, where the beautiful is not. Volney is not the only sensationalist philosopher who has omitted æsthetics in his theory; Condillac did not devote a single page to the subject. The fact is, that, not knowing very well how to explain beauty in their system, these philosophers found it easier to leave it quite unnoticed.

We have now endeavoured to describe the characteristics of the sensationalist school of philosophers, as it appeared in France after the Revolution of 1789. We have seen it rising to a system of ontology in the teaching of M. Destutt de Tracy; then resolving itself into a physiological theory under the influence of Cabanis; and, lastly, applied by Volney to practical uses, and to the moral administration of France, as it appeared after the overthrow of royalty, and the establishment of republican theories. When, during the period which succeeded the Reign of Terror, the National Convention attempted to re-organize France, and to erect the basis of the social edifice, public instruction of course was not neglected, and the very first efforts of the new Government were directed towards the training of the rising generation,—that generation which, according to the wishes of the philosophers, was to spread throughout Europe, throughout the world, the principles of a free people. Whilst the *Institut de France* was created with the object of concentrating together, as in one powerful focus, all the highest talent of the country, the *Écoles Normales* were also instituted, a species of training-school where scholars from all parts of the Republic, after having learnt ideology, or rather Materialism, under the most eloquent teachers, were then to disseminate throughout the length and breadth of the country the doctrines instilled into them by the pupils of the Encyclopædists. Amongst the lecturers at these *Écoles Normales*, Garat was one of the most conspicuous,—Garat, the eloquent, the clear, the scientific speaker, the expounder of Condillac, the man appointed to digest and to prepare, *ad usum populi*, the philosophical doctrines of regenerated humanity. Full of confidence in the transcendent merits of his system, armed at all points against the dreams of idealism and the unsubstantial fancies of Utopian Cartesians, Garat, on some fine morning in the year III. of the Republic *une et indivisible*, appeared in his lecture-room before an audience such as few teachers have had the privilege to address ever since. He had taken as the motto of his course of lectures the following passage from the Works of Lord Bacon: '*Etenim illuminationis puritas et arbitrii libertas simul inceperunt, simul corruerunt, neque datur in universitate rerum tam intima sympathia quàm illa veri et boni.*'

This passage implies evidently two series of facts distinct

from one another,—the facts springing from the mind, and those which have their origin in the will. Hence, for the philosopher who wishes to study our nature in a complete manner, the necessity of examining not only the intellectual but also the moral man. Garat, however, misinterpreting Bacon's sentiment, considered in man only the understanding; and in the understanding, in accordance with Condillac's scheme, he saw nothing but sensation. For him there was no such thing as the moral sense from which should spring the notion of virtue. The moral ideas, said he, the *most perfect which the human understanding* can conceive, do not come to us through one of the senses, but through all the senses together: the whole system of the senses in man must needs be moral, because there is for the whole system the necessity of shunning pain and seeking happiness.

Discussing afterwards the great question of the origin of language, Garat here again makes himself the mere echo of Condillac, and of all the sensationalist school.

The pupils who attended the lectures at the *Ecoles Normales* were all of them by their previous studies quite capable of appreciating the doctrines presented to them, and of viewing in their proper light the fallacies which were propounded *ex cathedra* by the official organs of the French University. A great many letters were addressed to the lecturer, containing strong objections to his theories, and critiques, which he evaded rather than answered. At last, on the 23rd of *Pluiose*, a young man rose from amongst the students, and, claiming a hearing, began a regular refutation of the lectures of Garat: this young man was Louis Claude Saint-Martin, subsequently better known as the *philosophe inconnu*. The refutation lasted two consecutive sittings, and it may be called the first serious blow dealt at the idol which the eighteenth century had hoisted on the throne of metaphysics.

M. de Saint-Martin started by showing that, although the motto selected from Lord Bacon by Garat pointed to two sources of our knowledge, the lecturer had erroneously considered only one, viz., the understanding. The moral sense was entirely left out of notice by sensationalist thinkers, on the ground that there ought to be one moral sense enabling us to judge of things morally good, and another one enabling us to appreciate things morally bad. But this is an idle distinction, because in natural philosophy the same organ enables us to see objects, whether beautiful or ugly, and in metaphysics our understanding, although essentially one, is perfectly capable to distinguish propositions which are true from those which are not.

Speaking of the universal scepticism to which the school of Socrates was led, Garat had said, 'This scepticism was certainly the true starting-point of philosophers, but they ought not to have taken it as the end of their efforts.' Then, on another

occasion, he had asserted that 'it is useless for us to seek, and impossible for us to know, whether matter thinks or not.' But, in the first place, in the universal doubt described by Garat as the point where we should neither arrive nor settle down, if there is a question the solution of which interests us, it is certainly to know whether matter thinks or not; in the next place, it is quite clear that the lecturer's opinion leans towards the hypothesis which *does* ascribe thought to matter, and from the very constitution of matter M. de Saint-Martin proves that it cannot be a thinking substance.

The discussion was carried on with a good deal of spirit on both sides,* and Garat endeavoured to get out of the difficulty by assertions which were either vague or quite the contrary to common sense, although very ingenious. We cannot go through all the details of the controversy; but it is quite evident that M. de Saint-Martin had the advantage, and, shortly after, the *Ecoles Normales* were closed, the experiment which led to their formation having produced no good results.

The honour of raising the first standard against the sensationist philosophy belongs to M. de Saint-Martin: the history of that great man is the more remarkable because it proves how natural the mystic re-action is in seasons of deepest unbelief, and most uncompromising free-thinking. It was ever thus: during the decline of the Roman Empire, at the very time when heathenism was vanishing, and when the ancient creeds were on all sides met with jeers and taunting sarcasms, superstition was rampant, and the human mind, which must always find something to believe in, had endeavoured to secure an answer to its aspirations from cabalistic *formulæ* or incantations of a mysterious nature. Whilst, on the one hand, the withering criticism of the philosopher Lucian was reducing the divinities of Olympus to become merely the creatures of the poet's fancy, the pretended miracles of Apollonius Tyaneus, on the other, were gravely discussed and firmly credited. The last years of the eighteenth century presented the same phenomenon in France: men, whose evangel was the *Système de la Nature*, or the *Origine de tous les Cultes*, were to be found gathered round Mesmer's magnetic bath, attending the *soirées* of the Count de Saint Germain, or corresponding with Cagliostro. A pupil of the Portuguese Jew Martinez Pasqualis, an enthusiastic admirer of Jacob Böhme, M. de Saint-Martin was one of the great mystic philosophers of his times. This fact, however, would not have been sufficient to justify our speaking of him here at any length, if he had not by his clever refutation of Sensationalism opened the way to the

* On Saint-Martin, cf. two very remarkable works: *Réflexions sur les Idées de Louis Claude de Saint-Martin, le Théosophe*. Par L. Moreau. Paris: Lecoffre. *Essai sur la Vie et la Doctrine de Saint-Martin, le Philosophe inconnu*. Par E. Caro. Paris: Hachette.

re-action which was speedily to follow. Besides, wherever he thinks proper to eschew the doctrines of his favourite Böhme, and the mystic properties of numbers, his remarks are extremely interesting; and from his numerous writings* many a passage could be selected, stamped with good sense, and evidencing deep powers of observation.

The question of the origin of our ideas was, as we have seen, one of the great points of discussion between Garat and M. de Saint-Martin; in fact, it was *the great* question of the time; and so much so, that the pupils of Condillac had selected as their common name the epithet *idéologues*, which sufficiently pointed out the direction which they gave to their researches. What is the generation, what is the origin of our ideas? What is language, and what is its use as the instrument of our thoughts? Such were the current questions of the day, questions started first by Condillac, and which were repeated after him by all his disciples. Nor can we wonder at this; for as at that time the study of abstract sciences was engaging the general attention, metaphysics could be nothing else than a system of logic: for men, as M. Damiron says,† who are exclusively argumentative and given up to thought, no other scheme of philosophy can be acceptable than ideology or logic. The services rendered by the philosophers of the eighteenth century in this branch of human knowledge cannot be overrated; but their utopian theory of a model language, *une langue bien faite*, as they used to say, was perfectly impossible, and this is one of the points which M. de Saint-Martin has beautifully elucidated in one of the most extraordinary of his works.‡ For a language to be perfect, the persons appointed to make it should necessarily possess that complete and real knowledge which would be reflected in the grammar and the structure of the idiom; but Condillac and his followers sought, on the contrary, to reach to science through the instrumentality of the language itself. The idea, in fact, always precedes the sign; so that, instead of putting the following question, "What is the influence of signs on the formation of our ideas?" it would have been more according to the rules of logic in the French Institute to reverse the query, and to ask what is the influence of our ideas in the formation of the signs which express them.

There are many serious defects in the philosophical structure of M. de Saint-Martin, but he has the great merit of having been the first to proclaim those two great names, GOD and PROVIDENCE, in the ears of a generation whose accredited teachers were

* A list of them will be found in M. Caro's able monography.

† *Essai sur l'Hist.*, vol. ii., p. 90.

‡ *Le Crocodile, ou la Guerre du Bien et du Mal, arrivée sous le Règne de Louis XV., Poème épico-magique en 102 Chants, en Prose mêlée de Vers, Œuvre posthume d'un Amateur de Choses cachées.* Paris, an VII., (1799,) in 8vo.

the apostles of materialism and the champions of force. The long debated question of the origin of language is also the basis upon which rests the spiritualist edifice of another celebrated metaphysician, Viscount de Bonald. We have begun our consideration of the antagonists of Sensationalism by glancing at a modern mystic; let us now stop for a few moments in the company of one of the greatest French publicists of our own time.

M. Damiron has placed Viscount de Bonald amongst the chief representatives of what he calls the theological school; and certainly no other writer has done so much to reinstate amongst us the religious ideas eliminated by the last century. Rousseau had rather obscurely expressed a true idea when he said that 'the word was necessary to introduce the use of words:'* it is not reasonable to suppose that God, in His wisdom, should have created man with the greatest, the most constant of all his desires, the desire for society, without supplying him at the same time with a language, the instrument and necessary condition of all social intercourse. What genius must that man have possessed who could have risen, by his unaided efforts, to the conception of a language and of the elements which compose it! and suppose such a genius could have been found, by what means would he have imparted his knowledge to his fellow creatures? How was it possible for him to teach the use of a language to beings incapable of understanding one, and therefore of communicating with the man who had undertaken to instruct them? The more we think of it, the more we must conclude that man has been created with a language just as much as with the senses of sight, hearing, taste, and all the other means of self-preservation he now possesses. Such, in a few words, is the system of Viscount de Bonald; our readers will perceive at once the logical consequences which naturally were deduced from it by a politician who upheld the principle of the Divine right of Kings and all the traditions of absolutism. Man, placed in the condition which we have just now supposed, is bound irrevocably to the forms of the language which he speaks: he can, therefore, conceive nothing but ideas handed down to him by tradition; the political form under which he lives, the religious and moral axioms which regulate his conduct, must be those which he has received from his forefathers. With this theory on language, Viscount de Bonald combined a general principle from which he deduced all his views on domestic and political life. All objects, he says, belong to the threefold category of cause, means, effect. The terms, 'God, mediator, and man,' transformed in the physical world into cause or first principle of movement, movement, effects of bodies, become, in the social system, respectively, power, minister, subject; and, in the family, hus-

* *La nécessité de la parole pour établir l'usage de la parole.*

band, wife, and child. This threefold division, so harmoniously arranged, is somewhat fanciful; but, without stopping to criticize so trifling a defect, we shall content ourselves by meeting it with the great objection that nothing but a theory of absolutism can be educed from it. In his *Législation Primitive*, Viscount de Bonald has expressly said, besides, that 'the power is one, because the power *wills*, and the will is necessarily simple; whilst, on the other hand, the ministers who represent the principle of action must be many, because action is necessarily compound.'

Like all the other publicists of the Royalist party thirty years ago, Viscount de Bonald had endeavoured in his metaphysical system to bring about once more the old alliance between philosophy and theology; but his attempts to explain the mysteries of Christianity are not very happy; and we object more especially to his views on the redemption of the world, because he sees in that great event, not so much a free determination of the Divine Mercy, as the rigorous unfolding of a providential law which must almost have taken place even independently of the fall of man.*

Viscount de Bonald has left behind him many works, but the most remarkable of all his writings is the *Législation primitive*, which may be said to be an *instauratio magna* of the principles of policy which had been overturned by the French Revolution. In the face of the absolute and sweeping axioms delivered by the disciples of Voltaire, he constructed a system quite as impracticable, and which will subsist only as a monument of human genius, and as an evidence of the direction towards which minds were bending when the Restoration of 1815 took place. 'God, the supreme power over all beings; the God-man, exercising His power over the whole of mankind; the man-chief of the State, exercising his powers over all the men of the State whom he represents in his public character; the man-father, exercising his power over all the persons of the family whom he represents all in his domestic character,'—such, in Viscount de Bonald's own words, are the leading postulates of his theory. Buonaparte, who saw in him a master-mind and an uncompromising advocate of the system of government he had himself established, named him to a councillorship in the French University. During the Restoration, Viscount de Bonald came to power with the party which had all his affections; created a Peer of France, he once more retired to private life when another Revolution had once more, and most probably for ever, swept away the elder branch of the Bourbon family; and he died in 1840, after having had the disappointment of seeing the practical illustration of his own

* Cf. *Dict. des Sciences Philos.*, art. *Bonald*, and especially art. *Signes*. The first is by M. Bouchitté, and the second by the learned editor, M. Ad. Franck.

fond theories discarded as chimerical by the very persons for whose benefit he had framed them.*

M. Sainte-Beuve has remarked that Viscount de Bonald's writings contain some of the views of Malebranche expressed in the dry colourless idiom of Condillac: this defect accounts for the fact that they are not generally studied, and that they will never obtain a high standing as models of composition. The same objection cannot be made to the works of Count Joseph de Maistre, who is the best known perhaps of the metaphysicians of the theological school during the Restoration period. The author of the *Soirées de Saint Pétersbourg* owes a great deal of his reputation to his clear and elegant style; but we believe that he would never have been so popular if he had been satisfied with discussing theories like his friend M. de Bonald, instead of dealing practically with Ultramontanism, Gallicanism, and the other questions of the day. When Count de Maistre took up the pen, two illustrious writers belonging to the liberal school had already, in the most brilliant manner, given their views of revolutions in general, and of the French Revolution in particular. Madame de Staël's celebrated book *De l'Influence des Passions sur le Bonheur* is the production of a staunch admirer of Jean Jacques Rousseau; nor is it difficult to see in every page of her clever essay, that she had derived her notions of happiness and peace from the deists of the *Encyclopédie*. M. de Châteaubriand, on the other hand, when as a very young man he wrote the *Essai sur les Révolutions*, was steeped in scepticism, and his work is most distressing, because it is nothing else but a manifesto of religious and political unbelief. 'It matters little,' says the author, 'who governs us;' and, a little further on, he exclaims, 'The world is like a large forest where men lie in wait to rob one another..... The greatest misfortune for men is to have laws and government.' M. de Châteaubriand was not, at that time, the champion of legitimacy, and we turn with a feeling of relief from his system to that of Count de Maistre.

The author of the *Considerations* represents men as connected with God by a chain which binds them to His throne, and holds them without enslaving them. To the full extent of this chain we are at liberty to move; we are slaves indeed, but we are freely slaves (*librement esclaves*;) we must necessarily work out the purposes of the Supreme Being, and yet the actions by which we do work out those purposes are always free. So far, so good; but here come the peculiarities of our author's system. He does not consider men as individually responsible before God;

* M. de Bonald's writings have been published at various intervals. His *Théorie du Pouvoir Social*, first printed in 1796, was suppressed by order of the Directoire. A new edition in three octavo volumes appeared about thirteen years ago. Cf. *Histoire de la Littérature Française sous la Restauration*, par M. Alfred Nettement, vol. i.; and M. Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries du Lundi*, vol. iv.

he takes them as nations, and the nation, for M. de Maistre, is made up of the King and the aristocracy. Even considering each order separately, he asserts that all the members of the same order are indissolubly bound together, each bearing a share of the mutual and joint responsibility which weighs on the whole order. Now, let us suppose the case of a revolution. In those terrible events which follow the disregard of all the laws of right and wrong, although the persons who fall victims to the fury of the multitude may sometimes be those whose very crimes have called down the Divine vengeance, yet very often, nay, in most cases, the individually innocent suffer most. But then, although individually innocent, they must come in for their share of the solidarity which belongs to the whole order. This results from the fact that the doctrine of atonement is the principle on which rests the constitution of society; the sins of the guilty are visited on the innocent, and the blood of the innocent, in its turn, atones for the guilty. Here is to be found the keystone of M. de Maistre's theory. The Savoyard publicist develops it with all the resources of logic and erudition, and it is rather amusing to see how he presses even etymology into his service. '*On peut ajouter,*' he says somewhere in the *Soirées de Saint Pétersbourg*, '*que tout supplice est dans les deux sens du mot Latin supplicium d'où vient le nôtre; car tout supplice supplie. Malheur donc à la nation qui abolirait les supplices; car la dette de chaque coupable ne cessant de retomber sur la nation, celle-ci serait forcée de payer sans miséricorde, et pourrait même à la fin se voir traitée comme insolvable selon toute la rigueur des lois.*'

It has been well remarked, that a system such as this is fatalism of the very worst description. Not only does it take away the free agency of men considered as individuals, but it effectually proclaims the validity of the maxim which many critics blame M. Thiers for enforcing; namely, that *might is right*. How can it be asserted that, at the last day, the Almighty will call to account 'for their deeds done in the flesh' beings of whom it is quietly said that they acted thus and thus 'for the same reason that Vaucanson's mechanical flute-player made no false notes?' Even Bossuet did not resort to extravagances so wild as this, when in his *Discourse on Universal History* he describes God as overruling all things, the progress of events, and the rise and fall of nations, on behalf of His own elect. The fact is, that the historians and publicists of the Encyclopedist school, those who supported with the greatest energy the principles of the French Revolution, had aimed at dethroning the Almighty; and M. de Maistre, hurried along by the praiseworthy desire of exposing their absurdities, transformed the whole of the human race into a set of puppets.

The list of M. de Maistre's works sufficiently proves the activity of his mind, and the inexhaustible fertility of his pen.

It comprises the *Du Pape*, the *Eglise Gallicane*, the *Soirées de Saint Pétersbourg*, and the *Examen de la Philosophie de Bacon*. Gallicanism, Protestantism, Sensationalism, and Sans-culottism, such are the principles which are consigned to his *Index Expurgatorius*, such are the enemies against which he, the true knight-errant of a forlorn cause, has entered the lists. Bacon, especially, he visits with his most intense wrath,—Bacon and Locke, we should have said; he makes the two greatest of English philosophers responsible for the absurdities propounded by Helvetius, and he sees the germ of infidelity in the *Novum Organum*, and the *Essay on the Human Understanding*. M. de Maistre was, in fact, a strong Platonist, and therefore opposed to empiricism in metaphysics: deeply plunged, like his contemporary Saint-Martin, in the contemplation of first principles, and constantly endeavouring to realize a direct communication with the Almighty, he could not bear to hear that knowledge is in anywise accessible to us, except as immediately coming from God.

With his Homeric motto, *ΕΙΣ ΚΟΙΠΑΝΟΣ ΕΣΤΩ*, M. de Maistre thought that he had settled for ever all the disputes between the rulers and the ruled, by a system of theocracy and hierodicy, the apex of which was the successor of St. Peter. His great idea was that, in a world disfigured and corrupted by the fall, man has no right to happiness, taken in a general sense; for the same reason, he is not justified in claiming social happiness as his due; and human rulers, by applying punishment where a fault has been committed, only imitate the *Heavenly King*, their model and their type. While exercising their authority, earthly governors may fall into mistakes, consequently the people may have just reason to complain; but of the two only ways of redress open to them, neither is justifiable. The intervention of the multitude in the discussion of the laws ends in nought but confusion; the attempt to obtain redress by main force, the introduction of the revolutionary principle, is still worse. In such an extremity, what is to be done? 'Why,' replies M. de Maistre, 'appeal to the Pope as to the representative of God, and clothed with the absolute power of the Almighty.' This is certainly a compendious, though by no means infallible, way of settling difficulties.

Theories! theories! when will men understand that the world cannot be governed by the help of airy speculations, and that the most beautiful schemes which may be devised for the safety of communities and their rulers, are often defeated through the villany of a Robespierre, or the infatuated stubbornness of a Bomba? * And yet it must be a sore trial for a man of

* 'On croyait les théories infaillibles. L'expérience est venue qui aurait dû nous instruire; et pourtant depuis, enfants que nous sommes, combien n'avons nous pas bâti de statues de neige, au pied desquelles nous avons écrit: Esto perpetua!'—M. Biot, Disc. de Réception à l'Académie Française.

strong purpose and earnest convictions to find out that his darling plans, the ideas which were to him as dear as his life-blood, are either sneered at by *practical* men, or denounced as dangerous. M. de Maistre lived to see this, and the disappointment which was the natural consequence appears quite clearly from the following passage in one of his letters: 'Other thorns are tearing my heart; my mind feels the effect of them; from being small it has become null; *hic jacet*; but I die with Europe; I am going to the grave in good company.' Count Joseph de Maistre died on the 26th of February, 1821.

We shall dismiss with a mere mention the mystical *réveries* of another writer, M. Ballanche, whose metaphysical ideas on the doctrine of expiation have some similarity to those of Count de Maistre; and we shall come at once to M. de Lamennais, of whom, whatever may be our opinion of his doctrines, we shall not err in saying, that he was one of the greatest metaphysicians and most accomplished writers that France has ever produced.

When the Abbé de Lamennais began his career as a writer, his friends little suspected that after having maintained for a short time the principles of the most complete absolutism in politics, and of the most thorough Ultramontaniam in theology, he would end by being both a Red Republican and a disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau; but it is no exaggeration to assert that in the *Essai sur l'Indifférence* might already be discovered the germ of the Radicalism which characterizes the *Paroles d'un Croyant*.

The *Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion*, published in 1817, raised immediately to the pinnacle of fame a young man of thirty-five, who up to that time was known only to a few friends as an earnest priest, a deep thinker, and a man of great energy of character. The author's object was 'to refute the opinion so prevalent in our days, that all religions are indifferent; that is to say, equally good, or equally unimportant and useless. The Abbé reduced this indifference in matters of doctrine to three systems. There are, first, philosophers who suppose that religion is simply a political invention, necessary, perhaps, for the people, but superfluous for themselves, for enlightened minds. They inwardly despise all religious doctrine as a cunningly devised fable. Secondly, there is another class of thinkers who, acknowledging nothing as incontestably true but *natural* religion, as they term it, look upon all *positive* or *revealed* religions as at least doubtful, teaching that every one should remain in the Church of his fathers, follow its external observances, and not trouble himself with dogmas. Lastly, we find a few sectaries (M. de Lamennais meant the Protestants) who, admitting a revealed religion, reduce it to *fundamental* articles, assuming the right of discarding whatever does not

agree with their private judgment. The author attacks vigorously, in separate chapters, these three categories of individuals, whom he comprises all together under the common designation—*indifferent*. The only religion worthy of the name, the only true, complete, and acceptable in his sight, is the Roman Catholic: and he concludes by endeavouring to establish its importance relatively to man, to society, and to God Himself.*

In order to do this, M. de Lamennais proceeds, in the next place, to examine what is the criterion of certitude; and he thus transforms into a treatise on metaphysics what was originally to have been an apologetic work. The argument of the author is, that reason, the senses, nay, consciousness itself, cannot secure to us the possession of the truth: if, therefore, the individual man, so lonely, so feeble, so limited, is constantly oscillating between error and verity, let him have recourse at once to the Catholic Church, the centre and guardian of the truth. An antagonist then steps forward, and suggests that if the individual man is certain of nothing, he cannot possibly be sure that truth really exists in the Catholic Church. 'You, Ultramontanists, would trample under foot all our rights, all our privileges, our conscience itself, for the benefit of a power on whose behalf you claim infallibility. But this last proposition is an assumption on your part; you must prove it, and then, but only then, can we consent to surrender into your hands those great facts which make us what we are.' In answer to this M. de Lamennais propounded his celebrated theory of the common consent; that is to say, he attempted to prove that the only criterion of certitude or truth lay in the general opinion, the common consent, the universal agreement of human conviction in all ages and in all places, as to the essential doctrines of faith. The Romish Church, or, in other words, the Papacy, was held up as the *Divine* organ, the *infallible* interpreter of this general opinion, in such a manner that every word that falls from the chair of St. Peter is stamped with the mark of perfect certitude. M. de Lamennais added, that it is inherent to our moral nature to admit the authority of universal consent, and that truth is no longer a matter of dialectics, but a *simple fact* of which our common sense is judge.

M. Damiron has proved very conclusively that scepticism is, after all, the result of the system propounded by M. de Lamennais.† We are told that, if we would obtain the truth, we must adopt the decisions of the persons who know it. But how did these persons happen to secure the knowledge which they possess? They must have learnt it from other people, who, in their turn, were indebted for it to those who preceded them.

* 'Lives of the Illustrious,' vol. vii., art. *Lamennais*. (By Professor de F. Lec.)

† *Essai sur l'Histoire*, p. 233, et seq.

By tracing thus our course backwards, we come to men who must either have found in themselves the elements of the knowledge they had, or have derived it immediately from God. In both cases, these first depositaries of human truth were necessarily driven to appreciate the genuineness of that truth by the use of their senses, their consciousness, their reason. Thus, the criterion suggested by M. de Lamennais is vitiated at its very fountain-head, and we fall into the rankest scepticism. In the second place, if we would receive the verdicts of authority, we must know at all events that the persons competent to decide do actually deliver their judgment. Now, this can only be done if we hear their words, and connect with these words a certain meaning. Hence the sense of hearing is brought into play for the perception of the sounds uttered, the meaning of these sounds is made clear to us through our understanding, and the operations of the understanding itself are necessarily connected with our existence as moral and responsible beings. But, according to M. de Lamennais, these three different classes of phenomena deceive us: therefore the principle of authority, to which they are, as it were, a substratum, deceives us also. Everything, therefore, is a matter of doubt, and we are again driven to scepticism.

'Scepticism,' says M. Damiron, 'springs out on all sides from the philosophy of M. de Lamennais. The author explains neither the right of those who are in authority to claim implicit assent from the multitude, nor the manner in which those for whom that word is to be law can understand and trust it. It accounts neither for the science of teachers, nor for the understanding of the pupils; it supposes that the former know, and that the latter learn, whilst, at the same time, it contends that they have not the power of either knowing or learning.'

The novel attempt made by M. de Lamennais to establish the criterion of truth in the common consent of the majority, was certainly intended by the author to consolidate the power of the Catholic Church in applying the celebrated rule of Vincentius Lirinensis to everything which comes under the cognizance of the human understanding. However, the French Prelates were not slow in discovering that a publicist who borrows his arguments from Montaigne and Bayle can be no very good champion of the faith against the continual growth of indifference in matters of religion. Consequently the second volume of the *Essai* met with a reception rather different from that which had greeted the first. When the young *Abbé* had sent forth the earlier part of his work, written with all the eloquence and the bitterness of Jean Jacques Rousseau, every body thought that the 'eagle of Meaux' had met with, in him, both a conqueror and a successor. In one day the humble priest found himself invested with all the authority Bossuet formerly

enjoyed.* Great was the enthusiasm even at Rome. The Pope and the Cardinals now rejoiced at having obtained a supporter whom they could oppose to their most distinguished adversaries. The second volume appears, and immediately the voices which were loudest in sounding the author's praise, are almost as loud in condemning him. No wonder. M. de Lamennais had, in reality, taken his first step towards the fatal consequences which, twelve years later, were to hurry him on towards the most thorough-going radicalism: behind the metaphysical principle of common consent, as the criterion of certitude, was lurking another mighty axiom, that of the sovereignty of the people, which M. de Lamennais himself at that time detested, in all probability, quite as much as M. de Villèle or M. de Polignac. No doubt it was on behalf of the Church that the author of the *Essai* made his appeal; but supposing that events should lead that author to doubt the capacity of the Church, as interpreter of the *consensus generalis*, what was to become of his system?

In the mean while, proud of the support of champions such as Count de Maistre, M. de Bonald, M. Ballanche, and the Abbé de Lamennais, the religious party in France—and by this designation we mean the Catholico-royalist league—was going on, endeavouring to lead the Government into the dangerous road of absolutism, and speculating, as it were, on the anxiety for peace which pervaded the mind of the majority. Periodical newspapers, written with much talent and countenanced by the Cabinet, disseminated throughout the eighty-six departments the principles of the great thinkers we have just now sketched. In the celebrated Conferences held at the church of St. Sulpice in Paris, the Abbé de Frayssinous, afterwards Bishop of Hermopolis and Minister of Public Instruction, developed them before crowded congregations in an attractive and popular form. They were modifying deeply even the literature of the day, and becoming, for a time, an element in the new formula of æsthetics propounded by the *école romantique*. Read the early compositions of M. de Lamartine; turn to M. Victor Hugo's first volume of *Odes*; you will find there unmistakeable traces of the strong influence exercised by the eloquent metaphysicians who were imparting a new *éclat* to the somewhat faded glories of the Gallican Church. He who was to be the author of *Jocelyn* thus addressed M. de Bonald:—

*'Ainsi, des sophistes célèbres
Dissipant les fausses clartés,
Tu tires du sein des ténèbres
D'éblouissantes vérités.*

* This expression was used by Father Lacordaire, in bygone days one of the most devoted disciples of M. de Lamennais.

*Ce voile qui des lois premières
Couvrait les augustes mystères
Se déchire et tombe à ta voir ;
Et tu suis ta route assurée
Jusqu'à cette source sacrée
Où le monde a puisé ses lois.**

But we must not forget that, side by side with this reaction towards theocratic absolutism, there was still, by the very force of circumstances, a continued and an increasing activity in an opposite direction. When M. Lainé, M. Flaugergues, M. Destutt de Tracy, and many others, had brought about the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbon family to the throne of France, their intention was not to substitute one form of despotism for another, nor to raise the worm-eaten structure of feudal government on the ruins of a system which, at all events, had procured for the country an imperishable military glory. The encroachments, the imprudent boastings of the clerical party, gave much *à-propos* and imparted a great stimulus to the philosophers of the sensationalist school, who were perpetuating at the Sorbonne under the sanction of the University, and likewise through the means of their writings, a somewhat modified form of Condillac's doctrines. M. de Gérando, M. Laromiguière, and M. Broussais are the best known and the most justly celebrated amongst these thinkers: we shall now try, in a few words, to describe their character and their influence.

After having, under the rule of Napoleon, filled several important positions, where he rendered the greatest services by the uprightness of his character and the superiority of his talent, M. de Gérando gave himself up more exclusively during the Restoration to the study of philosophy, and published several works which have made his name very popular in France. He began, as all his contemporaries did, by accepting the doctrines of Condillac, and by endeavouring to explain the various phenomena of our moral nature with the help of Sensationalism. But in his *Génération des Connaissances Humaines*,† in his work on signs,‡ more especially in his History of Philosophy,§ we soon discover, that if M. de Gérando endorsed the teaching of Condillac, it was only with due reserve, and in a deeply modified form. For instance, he does not acknowledge the famous maxim, that our knowledge of the truth is identical with the perfection of the language; and he denies that our disputes, and the errors into which we fall, arise from the imperfection of the signs we make use of. He does not think it possible for man to make a philosophical language completely free from defects; and, according to his opinion,

* *Méditations Poétiques*, xix. *Le Génie*.

† Berlin. 1 vol. 8vo. 1802.

‡ Four vols. 8vo. Paris. 1800.

§ *Histoire comparée des Systèmes de Philosophie*. Fourth Edition. Paris. 1823. 4 vols. 8vo.

instead of declaiming uselessly against the vices of idioms in common use, metaphysicians would be better employed in turning to as good account as possible the means, the instruments, placed within our reach. The philosophers of the day, carried away by their passion for abstract sciences, were even anxious to apply to metaphysics the language of Algebra; and one of their favourite schemes was the possibility of reducing reasoning to be nothing else than a mathematical notation: against this M. de Gérando essentially protests. He also proves, contrary to the general opinion of the modern sensationalists, that the primitive and essential form of the human thought is syllogistic; he acknowledges the rigorous exactness of the system of logic adopted by the schools; and he sees in Aristotle the greatest thinker, the most didactic genius that ever appeared on the horizon of philosophy. It is, we suppose, in consideration of these proofs of independence, that M. Damiron has placed* M. de Gérando amongst the metaphysicians of the eclectic school; but this classification is scarcely borne out by the facts, and, although not prepared to espouse implicitly all the opinions of his first master, yet M. de Gérando was to all intents and purposes a sensationalist.

The teaching of M. Laromiguière at the Sorbonne will long be remembered,—his elegant delivery, the clearness and perspicuity of his style, the simple way in which he explained the problems of metaphysics, and illustrated before his hearers the various phenomena of our nature. 'His lectures were a species of conversation; he never gave one the idea of a professor teaching *ex cathedra*; he talked with his pupils just as a friend would converse with his friends..... Whilst his eyes kindled with the light of intellect, his mouth, half-smiling and sometimes animated by irony, added the seductions of gracefulness to the power of truth.'† For those who never had the privilege of hearing the eloquent Professor, we would recommend the attentive reading of his works. They will find there a disciple of Condillac who has all but renounced his master, a sensationalist who has all but gone over to the spiritualist party, and a philosopher who has had the rare and valuable secret of making metaphysics entertaining. The system of M. Laromiguière may be described in very few words. He admits, as Condillac did, a primitive faculty, the origin, the *principium et fons* of all the others; but that faculty, instead of being sensation, is, in M. Laromiguière's system, attention. 'Attention supplies us with precise and exact ideas; but that is not enough; we must likewise have analogies and connexions between these various ideas.

* *Essai sur l'Histoire*, vol. ii.

† H. Taine, *Les Philosophes Français au XIX. Siècle*, chap. i. Cf. the excellent article in the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Philosophiques*. (By M. Ch. Mallet.)

These connexions are ascertained by comparison. They may, besides, be either simple or complex: in the first case, a single act of comparison enables us to discover them; in the second, they can be found out only by reasoning. Attention, comparison, reasoning, such are,' says M. Laromiguière, 'all the faculties which have been given to the most intelligent of created beings; and the combination of these is called the understanding.'

'That is not all; man is not only a being capable of knowing; he likewise wishes to be happy, and that desire in him is constant. Now, when reality comes to thwart this instinctive tendency, when a want torments us, when the privation of the desired object is powerfully felt, then it is that the soul acts with its greatest energy. The attention is concentrated upon the idea of the thing we long for; the comparison of the privation from which we suffer, with the recollection of the enjoyment we derived from the object in question, renders the privation more painful still, and reasoning leads us to seek every possible means of securing once more what we had lost. But this direction of the understanding towards the outward cause constitutes the desire. The desire, fixing itself upon one object out of many, takes the name of "choice;" a choice made after due deliberation is called "liberty." The reunion of desire, choice, and liberty, is designated by M. Laromiguière as the "will." Lastly, the understanding and the will together are grouped under the name of "thought."

'Several objections may be raised against M. Laromiguière's system; to say nothing of the genealogy he gives of our faculties, which is not correct, because they all act simultaneously and not consecutively, we would ask why, amongst the faculties belonging to the understanding, he has omitted generalization, that power whence originates the idea of classes and of law,—induction, which, by the help of the present and the past, reveals to us the future,—and reason, which shows to us the necessary being and necessary truths? On the other hand, how is it that desire, a phenomenon of a purely fatal character, finds its place amongst the faculties of the will?'*

We have thus proved that M. Laromiguière forsakes Condillac in his description of our faculties: on the great question of the origin of our ideas he dissents from the views both of Condillac and Locke. He acknowledges, indeed, with the English philosopher, that from reflection proceed the ideas which have for their object the state and the operations of the soul; he subscribes to Condillac's opinion, that sensation supplies us with the ideas which relate to the material world; but, in opposition to both, he denies that either sensation or reflection can ever be

* *Dictionnaire des Sciences Philosophiques*, vol. iii.

mediately or immediately the origin of ideas of relation, (*idées de rapport*;) or of moral ideas. In this manner M. Laromiguière is led to assert the existence of four different origins of our ideas, which he distinguishes very clearly from one another; and the only objection we have here to make is, that he has preserved the Condillacist vocabulary, in order to apply it to a theory which is in many respects altogether opposed to Sensationalism. This produces often a feeling of confusion which might easily have been avoided; it proves likewise what we otherwise know, that M. Laromiguière's idea was to *reform*, not to *destroy*, the doctrines of Condillac. But of these doctrines we may truly say what has been said of the Jesuits: '*Sint ut sunt, aut non sint*.'

About M. Broussais, at all events, there can be no mistake. If ever a materialist openly avowed his disheartening and destructive theories, it was the author of the treatise *De l'Irritation et de la Folie*.^{*} M. Broussais was not an original thinker; he had derived most of his views from Cabanis and Bichat; and, in order to appreciate fully the Materialism he professes, we must remark that, like Bichat and Cabanis, he was a physiologist, a pathologist, before he became a philosopher. He supposes that, under the influence of certain causes, a state of *irritation* takes place in our tissues; and, with the help of this irritation, he thinks he can account for all the phenomena of our being, intellectual as well as physical. The great hobby of M. Broussais was to deny everywhere the existence of an immaterial principle; and as, of course, this is in direct opposition to the facts of the case, he falls into the most extraordinary inconsistencies that can be imagined.[†] Thus he wishes to explain what is meant by perception, and he begins by saying that the objects are perceived (*perçus*) by our understanding; but he discovers suddenly that he has just been giving reality to what he disdainfully calls an 'entity,' and that he has unwillingly acknowledged the existence of an immaterial principle: he there stops, and corrects himself in the following naïve manner: '*I mean that we perceive the objects*.' He believes that he has thus avoided the necessity of ascribing a personality to the understanding or the *me*, and he shows himself quite satisfied at having corrected his sentence so as to say no longer that it is the *me* who perceives, although he is obliged to acknowledge that *we* perceive.

M. Broussais's system is so absurd, that we can hardly understand the importance which was attached to it at the time, except when we take into consideration the fact, that the *De*

^{*} One vol. 8vo. Paris. 1828.

[†] Cf. *Dictionnaire des Sciences Philosophiques*, vol. i.: an admirable sketch by M. Dubois d'Amieux. Cf. also M. Mignet's notices, and M. Dumiron's *Essai sur l'Histoire*, vol. ii.

Irritation is written in a most violent manner, and that every page evidences the deadliest hatred of the spiritualists, whom he calls disdainfully 'dreamers,' and of whom in one place he says, that they are 'madmen labouring under an irritation which is excited in their organs by the brain, and returned to the brain by the same organs.' M. Broussais had at first professed to be the successor and continuator of Cabanis: towards the end of his life he took up with great warmth the opinions of Dr. Gall, adopted them, and wished to develop them, so as to explain positively the condition of the cerebral mass when the production of the phenomena of thought takes place. Cabanis and Gall, at least, had not been rash enough to descend to such particulars; and they were satisfied with describing the general development of the brain, and the regular structure of the parts which compose it. Broussais went further; and he supposed a certain state of the nervous fibre, a state marked, according to his opinion, by excitation or stimulation, that is to say, by the shortening of that same fibre. As M. Broussais was stating a fact directly capable of being observed, it was quite enough for his opponents to appeal to anatomists, who proved that a contractile fibre exists in no part of the nervous system, and that, therefore, there is no organic state which can offer the symptoms of stimulation.

M. Broussais was the chief scientific representative of the thorough material school during the time of the Restoration; but we must not forget that the doctrines of the eighteenth century formed still the leaven of French society, and their influence appeared in several indirect manners, as a means of opposition to the Government both of Louis XVIII. and of Charles X. The *Constitutionnel* newspaper by its daily articles, Béranger by his songs, and Paul Louis Courier by his pamphlets, were helping on the movement, and the principal writings of the great authors of the reign of Louis XV. were issued at extremely low prices, and extensively circulated. Between the months of February, 1817, and December, 1824, for instance, 31,600 copies of Voltaire's complete works, amounting together to 1,598,000 volumes, found their way to every section of the community. 'The most dangerous works of that writer were published separately, under the title of *Voltaire for the Cottage*. Scepticism and irreligion thus stalked abroad at reduced prices. During the same period 24,000 copies of the complete works of Jean Jacques Rousseau, making a total of 492,500 volumes, had been also circulated. And we should not forget that from 1785 to 1789, two editions of Voltaire had appeared at Kehl under the editorship of Beaumarchais: the one of 25,000 copies (70 volumes); the other of 15,000 copies (90 volumes); so that all the successive editions published between 1785 and 1824 formed, taken together, the enormous amount of 71,600 copies, making

a total of 4,698,000 volumes,—a sort of Voltairean deluge poured upon society.*

Besides this, a number of small sects, whose purpose it was to propagate and apply practically the teachings of Materialism, had already begun to show symptoms of activity and talent. Saint-Simon, on his death-bed, after having undertaken the re-organization of society by industry, founded a newspaper, *Le Producteur*, and left the care of continuing his work to his disciples, MM. Auguste Comte, Olinde Rodrigues, Bazard, Enfantin, Gerdet, Buchez, Carrel. Charles Fourier, on his side, though with less success, was bringing forward his theories of Socialism, and collecting around him a small knot of followers.

Against this double manifestation of theocratic absolutism on the one hand, and of Sensationalism on the other, a sort of crusade was attempted by a few metaphysicians who had derived their spiritualist doctrines from the fourfold study of Descartes, Plato, Kant, and the Scotch philosophers. This new school, essentially eclectic in its character, gradually obtained a position in the Sorbonne; it identified itself with the liberal party in politics, conquered the *Ecole Normale*, under the guidance of M. Cousin, and, as long as the Government of Louis Philippe lasted, reigned without a rival. We shall conclude this short notice by an appreciation of the principal leaders of French Eclecticism.

M. Maine de Biran deserves a place in this part of our article, less perhaps from his being an eclectic, than from the deep and lasting influence he exercised over M. Cousin and M. Jouffroy. The prelude of the reaction against Condillac is generally fixed in the year 1811, when M. Royer-Collard and M. Laromiguière commenced their career as lecturers on moral philosophy; but M. de Biran gave the signal long before. In 1805 he wrote, on the subject of the decomposition of thought, a memoir in which the war-cry was already sounded; and in 1807, after having read another of our author's works, M. Ancillon congratulated him for having separated himself from '*la plupart de vos compatriotes, qui, depuis Condillac, ne veulent voir d'autre source de nos connaissances que l'expérience, ne placent cette expérience que dans les sensations, et s'imaginent qu'en analysant le langage ils résoudreont le problème générateur.*'

M. de Biran is certainly one of the most original of metaphysicians: he did not write much, but the books he has left† prove that, instead of borrowing from other systems, he studied deeply his own nature, and reasoned from his own experience. Preferring the idea of cause to that of substance, because he thought that the first is more immediately seized by our under-

* Nettement, *Histoire de la Littérature Française sous la Restauration*, vol. ii., pp. 342, 343.

† Four vols. Svo., published by M. Cousin.

standing than the second, he was thus led to the idea of God. The origin of our knowledge, says he, is our will; but the will does not, as the Stoics falsely asserted, always accept the truths which the mind proposes to it; and, in order to bring about this reconciliation, the interference of God is necessary. This is what is called in theology 'Divine grace.' We must refer our readers to M. Naville's remarkable biography of M. de Biran, in the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Philosophiques*, and be satisfied with saying that M. de Biran's religion never had the character of a sort of substitute or make-shift, adopted by a man to supply the place of a system of philosophy which he has found to be insufficient. It was the consequence, the full development of his metaphysical views, and the crowning point of a healthy and sound knowledge of the truth. After having begun with Condillac, M. de Biran ended with Thomas à Kempis, Pascal, and the Bible.*

A mere accident, so to speak, brought about the metaphysical revolution which drove away entirely Condillac from the position which he had occupied at the Sorbonne, through the teaching of his discipline. M. Royer-Collard, whom the Emperor Napoleon had just appointed to a Professorship of Philosophy at the *Faculté des Lettres*, was walking one day on the quays, when he found at a book-stall Thomas Reid's *Essay on the Powers of the Human Mind*: he purchased it, read it, and took it for the text-book of his lectures. M. Royer-Collard's works are not numerous; a few fragments, a discourse or two collected by M. Jouffroy,† such are the only *pièces de conviction* from which we can judge him who is still considered as one of the most eminent French thinkers of our age. As his business was, in the first place, to show the fallacy of the system which up to that time was the only popular one, he naturally began rather by criticizing than by dogmatizing. Reid had proved that our senses really judge of the existence of the object submitted to them; he had explained, moreover, how it was that, from not having understood this fact, all former philosophers, both sensationalist and rationalist, had been unable to affirm the existence of the external world. M. Royer-Collard was deeply struck by the truth of this remark, and he spent the whole of the first year of his teaching in commenting upon it. During the second, he proceeded to state to his pupils how he conceived the progress and the formation of our knowledge; and he completed, by a masterly synthesis, the sound views already propounded by Reid. On one side, M. Royer-Collard places the knowledge which we gain by induction, and which reaches further than the senses, although

* Cf. M. Cousin's *Fragments Philosophiques*, vol. iv., and M. Taine's *Philosophes Français*, chap. iii. M. Cousin called M. de Biran 'le plus grand métaphysicien qui ait honoré la France depuis Malebranche.'

† In his translation of Thomas Reid.

it does not supply us with necessary principles; on the other, are the truths which we necessarily possess, by virtue of the very constitution of our nature, and which comprise four principles: the notions of, 1. Causality; 2. Substance; 3. Pure space; 4. Absolute time. This doctrine, though left in an incomplete form, thus embraces all the questions connected with metaphysics. Occupied by the politics of the day, taking a part in the debates which arose, under the Restoration, from topics of the highest moment, M. Royer-Collard* only appeared at the Sorbonne for three successive years, and gave up his chair to that distinguished pupil of his, M. Victor Cousin, who was the veritable founder of French Eclecticism, and who now survives a system which may be said to have owed its transitory success chiefly to the eloquence, the learning, and the character of its originator. We need say nothing of those brilliant lectures which for so many years brought crowds to the old amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, when M. Cousin, in connexion with his friends MM. Guizot and Villemain, shed an imperishable *éclat* on the teaching of the French University. The masterly exposition, the clear and clever discussion, the beautiful style of the *Cours de Philosophie* is still, as much as ever it was, the admiration of all those who have any relish left for intellectual pursuits. At that time, a general impulse seemed to be leading the majority of thinking men to the intricate paths of metaphysical speculation. M. Théodore Jouffroy, more inclined to scepticism than his friends of the *Ecole Normale*, was translating Reid, Dugald Stewart, and announcing in two celebrated articles† the speedy dissolution of positive religion. A new periodical, *Le Globe*, representing the aspirations and the desires of the rising generation, and whose political *collaborateur* was an accomplished and brilliant writer, M. Charles de Rémusat, advocated M. Cousin's Eclecticism, although without the participation of M. Cousin himself. A review, the *Revue Française*, founded about 1829 by M. Guizot for the propagation of the same doctrines, was also serving as a sort of rallying point for the thinkers of *la Jeune France*. The clerical reaction continued; political events increased the irritation of the various parties; the Revolution of 1830 broke out; and the philosophy of Eclecticism, attaining to power, found itself in an official position, which for nearly eighteen years it held under the dictatorship of M. Cousin.

We cannot say that we feel much sympathy for that philosophy. If there is no system of metaphysics which is completely true, then we must acknowledge that for man there is no means of discovering, through philosophy alone, the truth. If every opinion is as necessarily false as it is necessarily true, we can

* Cf. on Royer-Collard M. de Rémusat's *Discours de Réception* at the French Academy, and the art. in the *Dictionnaire des Sciences* (by M. Garnier).

† *Comment les Dogmes finissent;—La Sorbonne et les Philosophes.*

neither deny nor affirm on any subject whatever, and we are irresistibly led to scepticism. Eclecticism, in fact, is nothing else. Why, then, did it succeed so completely? How can we explain the hold it obtained over the mind of so many distinguished writers? M. Taine has, we believe, answered this question very satisfactorily. Abstraction, in the first place, that essential characteristic of all speculative sciences, was a reaction against the philosophy of the last century, the substratum of which was empiricism and observation. It was a protest against the state of things which prevailed during the Empire, when every exercise of thought stood prohibited, except as far as it could be applied to the science of numbers and of facts perceptible through our senses. In the second place, M. Cousin, like MM. Guizot and Villemain, had identified himself with the liberal opposition: his lectures, therefore, had almost a political character, and were, so to say, bound with the destinies of that opposition. Lastly, the great revival of historic studies which took place at that time contributed immensely to the success of a school, the essence of which is the weighing of systems, the critique of doctrines, the collecting together of theories and ideas. The history of philosophy is the grand forte, the soul of Eclecticism. French Eclecticism forms no exception to this rule. The valuable works of MM. Waddington, Ch. de Rémusat, Jules Simon, Matter, Vacherot, Bartholmès, are brilliant evidences of the progress made by science and research in the unexplored regions of history: but, as a system, Eclecticism could not last; and as soon as a tolerably strong demonstration was directed against it by the still active advocates of the materialist philosophy, it fell powerless to the ground.

We have now—though, as we are aware, very imperfectly—gone through the subject we had proposed to consider in the present sketch. We have passed in review the various systems which obtained during the Restoration, and we have seen Eclecticism gradually, though only for a time, supplanting them all. We may, perhaps, on some future occasion, resume our account where we now leave it, describe the steady growth of socialist and materialist fancies under the new form of a scientific industrialism, and finally notice the reaction of Spiritualism as it now appears, aiming its isolated blows at the grim idol which a nation worn out by unbelief has erected on the ruins of its shattered liberties.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Autobiographic Sketches*. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Two Vols. Groombridge. 1857.
 2. *Miscellanies*. Two Vols. 1856.
 3. *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater, and Suspiria*. 1857.
 4. *The Cæsars*. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.
 5. *Historical and Critical Essays*. Two Vols. Boston.

THE science of æsthetic criticism is by no means perfect. There is, for example, one principle of division, both comprehensive and satisfactory, as we believe, which has been overlooked, or at least, so far as we know, only imperfectly apprehended, by those who have professed to analyse the imagination in its nature and functions. Imaginative writers are distinguishable into two great classes, according as they possess or do not possess a love of, and an eye for, art. The difference between an imaginative man who is gifted with the artistic feeling, and one who is devoid of it, is radical and unalterable; and this important difference lies at the foundation of innumerable traits and marks, positive and negative, in the one and the other, as we shall hasten to explain. It stands as a cardinal truth, that it is possible to be a man of powerful imagination, whilst unendowed with any share of artistic feeling; but that, on the contrary, it is impossible to have artistic feeling, in any available degree, without imagination. Thus imagination is divided into two parts, and imaginative power into two kinds, according as it is found, or not found, in conjunction with the artistic feeling and sympathy.

But what is it which we denominate 'the artistic feeling?' The term will convey its own explanation to many, but still it is necessary to give what exposition of it we can afford. We may describe it imperfectly as the presence of the grotesque; but this involves the further question: 'What is the grotesque?' We would answer that the grotesque is the imaginative without vulgarity. Whatever is quaint and fanciful, is removed from and the opposite of vulgar; whatever rejoices in the symbolic, is the opposite of the dogged, unobservant vulgar; whatever feels pleasure in neatness, fineness, and smallness, is opposed to the wasteful vulgar; that which looks to action, feels keenly the joy of life, indulges boldly the dramatic play of the passions, is the fiery foe of the repining, morbid, lazy vulgar; the quality which leads us to delight in the contrastive, the rapid, the singular, the momentary, that is the adversary of the vulgarity which delights in sullen movements, dirt colourings, pensive attitudes. The grotesque mind is vivid, determinate: it knows of the mysteries and riddles of existence, but with this knowledge it only strives to paint more brightly and clearly the things which it sees and loves; its ideals will always be truly and intensely dramatic,

really living and moving ; not merely shadows, stuffed out with a ghostly corporeity of attributes and abstract conceptions. The vulgar is always touched with sadness and melancholy ; its essence is to be ignorant, though it may have acquired much ; it is overborne and weighed down by the darkness enveloping the secrets of being ; it is indefinite, it refuses the light, it loves to grope and wander about the wide and wasteful places of the earth, upon which it refuses to build or house itself. Hence the vulgar takes delight in that which is hated by the grotesque. It hovers around the outskirts of a land which it refuses to enter ; it invests the past with an interest of its own sadness, which we call 'the romantic ;' but it will not bestir itself to imitate or restore what it mourns over ; it delights in the unformed, the vaguely suggestive, the sentimental. It is the mother of all cant. The grotesque on the other hand, *per se*, delights in the finished, the self-contained, the perfect, the sharply outlined ; it is quick, fiery, what you will in passion, but never pensive. Pensiveness is death to it. Vulgarity loves size and vastitude for their own sake : the grotesque may love them, but never for themselves, but always for the sake of the scope given by them for something else, the decorative or the expressive arts.

It is unfortunate that we have no term to express the imaginative power without artistic sympathy, as it exists in some of the great imaginative writers of the world. Vulgarity exhibits more than we mean. It exhibits it carried to an extreme, which is fraught with disagreeable associations. The word 'imaginative' itself is sometimes used in a limited sense, which conveys our meaning. It is not unfrequently opposed to the word *fancy* ; which again approaches in its meaning what we signify by the term *grotesque*. Used in this restricted sense, 'imagination' signifies the creative, inventive faculty, which deals with what is shadowy, infinite, and sublime ; and it will be seen that this faculty necessarily enters into the composition of a great poet ; and sometimes is sufficient of itself, and apart from, or in predominance over, the artistic or fanciful element, to exalt a man into majesty and fame. This faculty is found in its most unmingled and unimpeded action in the writings of the great speculative philosophers and the mystics.* In the poet it must be tempered with some infusion of the other element ; just as, on the other hand, in order to find the grotesque, in what we have also denominated the artistic element, in its highest purity, we must look at it through no medium of words rhythmical or unrhymed, but in the productions of art itself, in the corbel

* In this sense Hallam truly says that Bacon had the sublimest imagination of any man. He could foreshadow upon the infinite disc of unborn ages what was to be the future course of science ; could trace as upon a map the coasts and oceans of an unknown world. But Bacon was not a poet ; not having any infusion of the grotesque or fanciful within him.

that laughs upon the shaft of the springing arch, or the dragon that writhes from amidst foliage and flowering of crimson and gold and blue. But the two elements are successively so predominant in all poets and imaginative writers, that these are essentially distinguished by the one and other of them into two grand groups, schools, or classes.

Unapproachably at the head of one of these classes, at the head of imaginative writers who have yet evidenced little sympathy or homogeneity with art, stands the venerable name of Milton. Milton is, if we may for our particular purpose be permitted to utter a truism, one of the most central names of the world. He has grasped and brought together the grand modes and characteristics of the three great historical nations of antiquity, the Hebrew, the Greek, the Roman, in combination with the solemnity and sternness of the Christianity of his own times. He is this, he has done this, by dint of that omnipotent grasp and sweep of imagination, which enables him to perceive and apprehend the grand and huge and majestic things of the universe. But by very reason of this magnitude of imagination, the divine Milton overlooked, or was blind to, the many artistic ideals which lie open to another order of mind, even as the images of the hues of flowers and the warmth of sunshine upon green leaves, and the pleasantness of 'the blue above the trees,' had faded before death from his unseeing eyes. What does he see with the inner eye, which rolls so widely, and gazes so steadfastly? He beholds a hell of infinite expanse and deep as the nadir, murky in its gloom, yet not altogether hidden, but described in its murkiness and vastitude in many words: this hell is peopled by a countless, indiscriminated throng of fiends and evil ones; at the head of whom stand forth a few colossal yet shadowy figures, Death, Sin, and Satan, with the kings beneath him. Tremendous are his strokes in description of that Evil Spirit, in whom he is led by necessity of his vision to embody all the attributes of greatness fallen and obscured, all the potencies of an archangel frustrated but by this, that he has said, 'Evil, be thou my good:' wherein Milton differs how wonderfully from all before him, who portray that self-stinging serpent as but a mass of confusing furies and flurries, heats and cold obstructions, impotent, lame, and dull! So in that heaven which was seen by Milton, how awful are the uncrowned heights, the 'excessive bright,' the uncounted ranks of angels bowed beneath their wings; the unfolding gates beyond which lies the wide champaign of battle, where Michael lifts huge strokes, which sweep through half the sky! Milton stands at the head of those whose imagination has led them to delight in the vast, the awful, the stupendous; while displaying little sympathy with the artistic, the minute, the particular, and the infinitely varied. Joined with him by these traits are many others, as dissimilar to him as

possible in touch, and tone, and elevation ; so that, were not the principle of division upon which we go a very certain thing, it might seem strange to group them together.

Whom, amongst those whom we best know as gifted with another kind of vision, shall we place at the head of the other list? Shall it be Homer, who saw so clearly the dreadful looks of his Hector and Achilles, as they stood reeling together in clanging sword-play before the gate of Troy, Priam and his children kneeling in the tower behind? Shall it be Spenser, who saw that fairy-land, and so eagerly watched the gallant forms which issued from it, that we mark them and know them from helm to spur, in their sway and balance upon horseback, in their purple and violet plumes, in their steadied shields and levelled lances, as they prick forth fiercely into the smoke and dust of the plain? Must it not be Shakspeare, who knows so well the countenances and gestures of men, that he need but set down the words which accompanied them, and they stand breathing before us? Let it now be Dante, for the sake of more enforced contrast. Dante, like Milton, had a vision of hell, and a vision of heaven. Yet how vast the difference between the two! * How terribly distinct the steps by which in dreams Dante draws towards the one and the other death! He beholds a hell portioned out with exactness by torments, in which roll within stern limits the billows of that grim, oily, dirty flame; each circle of torture and depth of guilt is divided into cells and compartments, occupied by tormentor and tormented; and he visits and declares the form and writhing, the speech and look, of each. So that in this terrible grotesque he stands alone in poetry, rivalled only in sculpture by those nameless ones who depicted upon the upright lintels of the churches of ancient France and England the small compartments, in which writhe together, inextricably embraced, the dragons and strange beasts, devouring and devoured. Dante, moreover, like Milton, beholds in his dreams the Paradise above; and his vision, in its clearness and loveliness, may be likened to the gateway of Amiens, where prophets, priests, and kings rise circle-wise in the sculpture, tier within tier, towards the Majesty which sits highest; or the vision of Dante may be compared with the Coronation of the Virgin painted by Fra Angelico the Blessed; or the Worship of the Trinity, by Albert Dürer; wherein the mysteriousness of the Divine presence loses its indefiniteness without losing its awfulness; and wherein each group and each figure, which bows in the common impulse, flitting through the prostrate ranks of the saved, is so distinct and evident in its own individual purpose and action. How diverse therein from the shadowy presentiments of Milton!

* Milton was an accomplished musician, skilful in the art whose power lies in awakening long correspondencies of vague emotion. Dante was an equally accomplished designer.

Such, however, is the vast ideal of Milton ; infinity peopled by a few enormous figures, all other figures dissolving into the vagueness of the infinity which is their abode ; while the Dantesque ideal gives to view spaces well-nigh as immeasurable as the infinite void itself, but divided, peopled, carved over with innumerable figures, whose distinctness is their life.

We should be very willing to pursue these observations to a greater length ; but we have said enough to bear upon our present purpose. We are now in a position to estimate the mental character of the remarkable man whose name stands at the head of the present article. We must first ascertain to which class of imaginative writers he belongs, examining how, and in what degree, he exhibits those which we have stated to be the marks of that class ; and then, or rather collaterally, we must do what justice we can to his individual traits.

And we must, in the first place, premise that, though dealing with a mind of the great calibre of De Quincey's, we have a task in view much simpler than would be imagined. When we know where to put him, the work is pretty well accomplished ; and De Quincey himself has left little else in his writings than elaborate directions as to what public opinion is to do with him. No writer, not excepting Byron, has so frankly unfolded to the gaze of fellow mortals the secrets, the struggles, the weaknesses and faults of his own bosom. His peculiar constitution from childhood seems to have admonished him that he was an extraordinary being, destined to an exceptional fate. And he fearlessly demands gratitude, sympathy, and friendship from his readers, as performing no mean service to humanity in publishing statistics of his own sensations, whilst his fate was in process of accomplishment upon him. Further, he has left final instructions as to the very arrangement which he would wish to be followed in the classification of his works. We shall certainly avail ourselves of his directions. He makes three divisions of his writings : the first consisting of the *Autobiographical Sketches* ; the second, of the *Essays* ; and the third, of the *English Opium-Eater*, with the *Suspiria de Profundis*. Between the first and the third he makes this difference : that the object of the first is primarily to afford amusement to the reader, although at times the narrative rises into a much higher key ; whereas, the third is intended as specimens of an impassioned prose of a kind never set before the world with autobiographical truth,—an attempt to defix by the power of words the *grotesquerie* of the opium-eater's trance. We shall pursue the order given by himself.

And first concerning the *Autobiographical Sketches*. We can introduce these in no apter language than that which is used by De Quincey himself in their description. In doing this we introduce many things at once.

‘Generally, they pretend to little beyond that sort of amusement

which attaches to any real story thoughtfully and faithfully related, - moving through a succession of scenes sufficiently varied, that are not suffered to remain too long upon the eye, and that connect themselves at every stage with intellectual objects. But even here I do not scruple to claim from the reader occasionally a higher consideration. At times, the narrative rises into a far higher key. Most of all, it does so at a period of the writer's life, where of necessity a severe abstraction takes place from all that could invest him with any alien interest; no display that might dazzle the reader, nor ambition that could carry his eye forward with curiosity to the future, nor successes, fixing his eye on the present; nothing on the stage but a solitary infant, and its solitary combat with grief,—a mighty darkness and a sorrow without a voice. But something of the same interest will be found, perhaps, to rekindle at a maturer age, when the characteristic features of the individual mind have been unfolded. And I contend that much more than amusement ought to settle upon any narrative of a life that is really *confidential*. It is singular, but many of my readers well know it for a truth, that vast numbers of people, though liberated from all reasonable motives to self-restraint, *cannot* be confidential, have it not in their power to lay aside reserve; and many, again, cannot be so with particular people. I have witnessed more than once the case, that a young female dancer, at a certain turn of a peculiar dance, could not, though she had died for it, sustain a free, fluent motion. Aerial chains fell upon her at the point; some invisible spell (who can say what?) froze her elasticity: even as a horse at noonday, on an open heath, starts aside from something his rider cannot see; or as the flame within a Davy lamp feeds upon the poisonous gas up to the meshes that surround it, but there suddenly is arrested by barriers that no Aladdin will ever dislodge. It is because a man cannot see and measure these mystical forces which palsy him, that he cannot deal with them effectually. If he were able really to pierce the haze which so often envelopes even to himself his own secret springs of action and reserve, there cannot be a life moving at all under intellectual impulses, that would not, through that single force of absolute frankness, fall within the reach of a deep, solemn, and sometimes even of a thrilling interest. Without pretending to an interest of this quality, I have done what was possible on my part towards the readiest access to such interest by perfect sincerity; saying everywhere nothing *but* the truth; and in any case forbearing to say the *whole* truth only through consideration for others.'

From such an extract as this we may discover at once to what class of imaginative writers we are to refer De Quincey. He *has* imagination, and that of the most ungovernable degree; but it is of a kind as distinguishable as its degree. His mind is of an essentially modern caste; modern we would say, as opposed to mediæval: for we would desire to insist upon this fact, that, as in human politics, human religious and social institutions, there is evidently a cyclical motion (which were better called a *spiral*, if we deal in figures) in which growth is marked by decay, decline by resuscitation, and action sets perpetually into reaction; so it is in the two halves of the great orb of imagination: they ever

succeed one another in rotation, as time moves onward. One generation hearkens to the voice of teachers who declare the enshadowed realities of the infinite silent land; while another is taught to group and mould and colour into brightest life the things of which man has most certain cognizance here. In one generation the arts most prominently cultivated are poetry, or painting in 'impassioned prose;' in another, sculpture, architecture, painting. This last is true of the Middle Age; while the former holds good pre-eminently of the modern. In De Quincey's own high day, when modern poetry, under Byron, Shelley, and Southey, had sprung so triumphantly into power from the palsy of the eighteenth century; there remained upon painting, sculpture, and architecture a paralysis as complete as during that same eighteenth century, wherein all true art lay withered together, save that the spirit of beauty took refuge in music, and refused to be banished from among men in the lifetime of Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven. All imaginative power seemed, during the past two generations, to be confined to written words, and the art of painting in words was carried to a point of finish which has ended at last not unfrequently in absolute torture; while the range of mental vision was *habitually*, and as a matter of fashion, extended so far, that the objects sought to be apprehended were too distant to be irradiated by any light, and all clear eyesight perished. De Quincey, as we have said, belongs to the moderns in type and affections; his great power is deeply tainted by intellectual vices of most modern growth. His imagination expatiates in the sombre, the slow, the melancholy, to an extent unparalleled; he is haunted by the fiend of subjectivity so as never yet was human being; nay, he has erected self-analysis, self-dissection,—we may say, self-torture,—into a science as watchful and careful as its subject-matter is terribly morbid. Conspicuously he is a member of the class of imaginative writers who dwell in the vast and indefinite, whose sketches are always gigantic, often terrifying; usually addressed to the melancholy which is a portion of the infirmity of man, and the restlessness which he is forbidden to indulge; and very opposite to that true artistic spirit which finds its joy in perfect, firmly outlined figures, small if they be; and only deals with the incomprehensible very sparingly, and by a sort of conventionalism which brings it within the limitable domain of art.

The proofs of identification are not wanting in these *Autobiographical Sketches*. How dreadful the first articulate cry which we hear breaking from the childhood of De Quincey! 'Life is ended,' life is at an end for ever! Yes, life for him is closed within that little coffin, and he must sit without in a trance which is no negative opposite to life, but a positive opposite; for it is pierced and shot across, with the sharp pang of memory, the image of that dear dead face, towards which he

creeps when the house is still, and the motes are falling in the hot sunbeam from behind the blind. Poor boy, henceforth to lay hold upon life, hand over hand, not with an infant's tremulous apprehension of wonder and delight; but with a terror, and in a self-crushed wistfulness, so enforced, that the long attitude shall stiffen into deformity, the eye and vital action, retorted inward, shall behold at last nothing, save vast distorted shadows cast from outward things, until it combines them into a false and monstrous sham world, by means of marking their reappearances and combinations, as did those enchained prisoners in the glooms and fleeting shadows of Plato's cavern;* destined also to a childhood of silence and restraint, unlike the usual outspoken cries and voices of children; until the long-pent anguish breaks forth desperately at last upon the ear of the whole world!

De Quincey awakes to existence in this sudden terror, and continues to live in this numbness of despair. The tide of life flows slowly and unfreshly with him, touched by no sun which is not instantly clouded over with sadness, or converted into a pale and ghastly light by what it strikes. Most bitterly is De Quincey, even while still a child, the victim of that which is the saddest thing under the heavens,—that we cannot taste to the core whatever joy a moment may bring, before it is flown, leaving us with memory, and the reproachful consciousness that we have not been happy enough. He sees many visions of the same sort; rather, a return of the same series, often without differences. The light of all suns, the glory of all colours, the gladness of all blue and white skies, is as sad to him as the yellow gold and hectic flush of departing day. All is sobered down into the huge neutral tint of sadness: all is fraught with the phantasy, yet coherence, of a distorting medium. Nothing shall stand for itself; all things shall be the ministers of woe, which, undefinable, though felt so keenly, goes streaming on until it pours through every channel of his being. Shadowy arms stretch downwards all the day to meet and receive the shadowy pillows which are wafted upwards, with the dead upon them reposing so quietly; and yet, if we look again with eyes cleared from that mist of sorrow, we shall behold no more than the white clouds slowly mounting upwards in the sunlit blue. Emblems of that which is our condition in this world, the life spread so thinly and poorly over the vast opaque of death, are traced by the trailing sunbeams upon the smooth slabbed sur-

* *Rep.*, vii., *sub in.*; where Plato, by the figure of a number of men chained so as to be immoveable, and placed in a cave, on the opposite side of which they see the shadows of things carried past behind them, and hear the voices of those who carry the things past, confused by the echoes of the cave, but see and hear nothing else, whereby they are led to mistake shadows and echoes for realities,—illustrates the condition of those who mistake the figments of their own minds for the truth, and would be dazzled into blindness by true objects and the light of truth.

faces of gravestones; yet look once more, and behold only the coloured lights thrown seriously, but clearly, from emblazoned windows. That solemn swell from the organ, which muses so long in an under-tone, and then breaks forth gradually, until it overbears and carries down all other tones and voices in its own mighty and triumphant resonance, while the soul of the listener was lifted with it into sudden and tempestuous passion; is not that a befitting type of the mastering sadness which amalgamated all the other voices and movements of the soul of De Quincey, until the surge broke and varied into a harmony of its own?

De Quincey has such visions and meditations as these; and is long content to dwell therein. He has, as a child, a passionate sympathy for music, with no skill in it, nor ability to criticize it; but with a blind tenacious predilection making his choices therein, and lingering long upon the chords which lap him into melancholy dreams. He thus loves music for its suggestive power; and herein he discerns its true force; but he is more singular in what it suggests to him. The higher the delight afforded by music, the more various it is; and the more healthy the taste, the more catholic the liking. But the range of De Quincey is as limited here as in other things; or at least that which he extracts from music is of the same one-sided quality as in other things. He is arrested by the supernatural, and the plaintively or the passionately mournful. With the chivalric in music,—of which in truth there is very, very little,—or the joyful, or the rapid, he has no direct sympathy. First they must be transformed. And so of other tastes, as we shall remark in due course upon other parts of these remarkable writings. Observe here the strong confirmatory evidence which this affords to our placing De Quincey amongst those masters of imagination, whose power lies in grandeur and immensity of conception, with uniformity of colouring; apart from any marked artistic love of variety, neatness, and clearness. Add at present this moreover: that perhaps no man has ever so thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed Milton as De Quincey. He everywhere evinces such a reverence and knowledge of that master of the sublime, as proves him to be most truly of a kindred spirit.

And now we must speak of the process and faculty itself, whereby one man has been enabled to reveal to others so much of the secret texture of his soul. As we have never become cognizant of a man who has lived so entirely upon himself, receiving only what has been easily assimilated to his own peculiar complexion; so we have never witnessed the morbid process of self-anatomy performed with so fine an instrument, or with such cruel accuracy. There is something exquisitely irritating from this cause in the *Autobiographical Sketches*. It is so astonishing, so *outré*, to find a soul surrounded by one atmosphere, one circle of deplorable anguish and unconquerable

inertness, the victim of a weird seizure which bears it unresistingly away; which yet is so keenly alive in the midst of its suffering as to be able to retrace every step, repeat every throb of pain, untwist every fibre in the net of associations which has been cast suddenly around it, and has dragged it so far away. Nay, more, it is even appalling that this soul should be able to do all this, not only to its own secret consciousness, but should devise an organ capable of communicating its subtle and impalpable experiences to other men. We know that a few times in a life-time some strong passion bursts away from its secret prison-house, and utters itself articulately to alien ears; but it is not often, even if the will be present, that such outspoken frankness is attainable. Passion mutters and mumbles generally in tones not intelligible to the many, only recognised by the similarly excited. How then can a man pass his life-time in watching and recording in an intelligible manner, not merely the fact of passionate excitements, but the formation, the growth, the variations, the occasions, the elements, which go together in each act of imaginative passion? What art of depiction can human skill elaborate for such work as this?

De Quincey possesses, in a degree almost unmatched, a peculiar power of words, which has a charm of its own, and qualities proper to itself; but this is essentially, and for ever, to be distinguished from what is usually conveyed by the term *eloquence*. He possesses this in common, we may observe, with a large and increasing class of modern writers. He is not eloquent; for there is no rush, no flow, no fusion, in his style; neither is there any sustained melody. There is music truly, but it is broken and fitful, and not a very noticeable thing in him. He is very copious, and ready in words, and has a strong power of description; but it is rather the art of overlaying something thin and imperceptible in itself, than a bold free current of language flowing onwards, sentence after sentence, and page after page, in wavelike strength, filling up everything, yet losing not its own true wavelike contour. In De Quincey every consideration is plainly lost in the main design of arresting by words the indefinite and the fugitive. His accuracy in the choosing of expressions is wonderful; but the marks of the painstaking in this evidence themselves strongly, and make him on the whole rather a curious than an attractive writer. His music is that of balanced modulation; his power lies in discriminating among the nicely shaded meanings of words, and the massing together of picturesque phrases in sentences not remarkable for skill or variety of structure, in which particular it is probable that much of the secret of true eloquence lies. Yet how wonderful is this power of enunciating the transient and evanescent, by means of the subtleties and associations of words! A mature language like English has been stripped of every superfluity by the course of centuries,

and has lost in the process a vast amount of its freedom and manliness, and original chivalric flexion; but has acquired instead a prefigurative subtlety, which a mind like De Quincey finds irresistible. The following quotation will be at once a description and illustration of this peculiarity. He is speaking of the sudden sensations, convictions, revelations, of absolute truth and everlasting beauty, which he, in common with many other sensitive minds in infancy, has suddenly experienced in something apparently very slight or trivial. The passage is very beautiful.

‘These cases of infancy, reached at intervals by special revelations, or creating for itself, through its privileged silence of heart, authentic whispers of truth, or beauty, or power, have some analogy to those other cases, more directly supernatural, in which (according to the old traditional faith of our ancestors) deep messages of admonition reached an individual through sudden angular deflexions of words, uttered or written, that had not been originally addressed to himself. Of these there were two distinct classes,—those where the person concerned had been purely passive, and, secondly, those in which he himself had to some extent co-operated. The first class have been noticed by Cowper the poet, and by George Herbert, the well known pious brother of the still better known infidel, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in a memorable sonnet: scintillations they are of what seem nothing less than providential lights, oftentimes arresting our attention, from the very centre of what else seems the blank darkness of chance and blind accident. “Books lying open, millions of surprises,”—these are among the cases to which Herbert (and to which Cowper) alludes,—books, that is to say, left casually open without design or consciousness, from which some careless passer-by, when throwing the most negligent of glances upon the page, has been startled by a solitary word, lying as it were in ambush, waiting and lurking for *him*, and looking at him steadily as an eye searching the haunted places in his conscience. These cases are in principle identical with those of the second class, where the inquirer himself co-operates, or was not entirely passive; cases such as those which the Jews called *bath-col*, or “daughter of a voice,” (the echo augury,) viz., where a man, perplexed in judgment and sighing for some determining counsel, suddenly heard, from a stranger, in some unlooked-for quarter, words not meant for himself, clamorously applying to the difficulty besetting him. In these instances the mystical word, that carried a secret meaning and message to one sole ear in the world, was always unsought for: *that* constituted its virtue and its divinity; and to arrange means wilfully for catching at such casual words would have defeated the purpose. A well-known variety of augury, conducted upon this principle, lay in the *Sortes Biblicæ*, where the Bible was the oracular book consulted; and far more extensively at a later period, in the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, where the *Æneid* was the oracle consulted.

‘Something analogous to these spiritual transfigurations of a word or a sentence by a bodily organ (eye or ear) that has been touched with virtue for evoking the spiritual echo lurking in its recesses, belongs perhaps to every impassioned mind for the kindred result of forcing out the peculiar beauty, pathos, or grandeur that may happen

to lodge (unobserved by ruder forms of sensibility) in special passages scattered up and down literature. Meantime, I wish the reader to understand, that in putting forward the peculiar power with which my childish eye detected a grandeur or a pomp of beauty not seen by others in some special instances, I am not arrogating more than is lawful for every man, the very humblest, to arrogate, viz., an individuality of mental constitution so far applicable to special and exceptional cases, as to reveal in *them* a life and power of beauty which others (and, sometimes, which *all* others) had missed.'—*Autobiographic Sketches*, chap. iii. *Infant Literature*.

Our readers will see from such an extract as this the characteristics which we have been labouring to point out,—the conjunction of an imagination delighting in grandeur with an analytical faculty of astonishing nicety. And here we must add what we have also hinted at before, that notwithstanding these gifts, De Quincey somehow appears lacking in the power of grouping, or in the grasp which presents a thing in its totality at once. He does see things vastly and magnificently; but this quality of his imagination seems to be counteracted by his analytical instinct and immense power of detail. The sequacity with which he indulges this propensity to detail is often irritating, sometimes very tedious. Perhaps, moreover, he sees things too nearly, with too much *personal* interest, to be capable of contemplating them in their entirety. But whatever account we give of it, it is certain that there is some defect in this strange mental organization, which prevents him from being able to body forth any very large design, even if capable of containing it. He has never attempted to grapple with any colossal subject in a style of treatment equally colossal. All that he has done is in the way of sketches, essays, &c. We know that many will be slow to attribute this fact to a want of the power requisite for great achievements. Many have been waiting in long expectation of the *magnum opus* which was to issue from the laboratory of this erudite and far-seeing giant, and refuse to ascribe their disappointment to the cause which we assign, but rather to unconquerable inertness of temperament. There is, however, a final reason for our supposition. When has De Quincey *ever*, even for a moment of regretful energy, shown himself the container of great designs by *imperfect* executions? Where are his fragments? the great task begun and abandoned in its first chapters? the leading ideas hastily flung together which were to strike into unity and coherence large parcels of human uncertainty and ignorance? It is what he projected more than what he completed which marks for Lord Bacon the elevation which he occupies; and it is his fragmentary remains, as much as his perfected undertakings, which attest the wide reach and power of De Quincey's own friend Coleridge. But the writings of De Quincey, though small in bulk, are anything but fragmentary.

They are elaborated up to perfection upon the type proposed, which is never anything more extensive than an essay or a sketch. We cannot, therefore, allow him credit for a faculty of which he has never given the smallest evidence.

We now leave the *Autobiographic Sketches*, and proceed to the second division of the writings of De Quincey; namely, the *Essays, Sketches, &c.*; in short, all that he has written, except the *Autobiographic Sketches* and the *Opium-Eater*. Here we meet, in the first place, with a series of characteristic biographies, a picture gallery of the most eminent of the friends of De Quincey,—Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and others. These are beautifully executed; the sort of writing which gives full scope to the powers of observation and analytical description of character which De Quincey is endowed with. They are marked, also, with what is among the finest traits of De Quincey, an exquisite tenderness for character. This is observable throughout all his writings: even where he is called upon for reprehension, he always writes 'more in sorrow than in anger;' and quickly he turns away to sympathize with what is tender and humane.

From the mass of his writings we select for special observation the *Essay on the Cæsars*, as illustrating, in a very marked manner, what we have endeavoured to place as the character of his genius. De Quincey is a worshipper of power of every kind; this it is which draws him forth into communion with the great and the sublime. We might easily be able to predicate this of a nature, of which it may be said so truly, that its strength is its weakness. In corroboration comes the fact, that the staple of his vast erudition consists in what bears reference to that nation which, above all others, has realized most unexceptionally the facts of magnitude, extension, and power. The Romans were an imaginative people, though so far from being an artistic people: their minds were habitually trained to the contemplation, as their energies were disciplined to the realization, of vast impersonal ideas. Throughout the Republic, the ideas of the state, of patriotism, of public spirit, and of liberty of citizenship, were found sufficient to influence the conduct and the thoughts of whole generations; so that the domestic virtues disappear from sight in the stern virtues of citizenship, even as the domestic ties are swallowed up in the factitious associations of the *gens* and *tribus*; and the life of the individual is lost in the life of the state. This abstract idea of power is afterwards hypostatized in the persons and throne of the Cæsars, which stand as the idol of all power-worshippers for a period of fifteen hundred years, existing for nearly half that time as the embodied representative of the terrific, yet impalpable, forces lodged in the ancient idea of the Republic. There was no grotesque, though great imagination in the Roman mind; although *all* who have

written upon the subject concur, for want of a distinction between the kinds of imagination, in describing the Romans as an unimaginative people. But they had such imagination as to figure to themselves this most formidable idea of power, and devote themselves like swarming masons to build it up in blood. To this people it is that the historical studies of De Quincey have been attracted; and he delights to contemplate that part of their history where their amassed and elaborated power was concentrated upon an individual, and they themselves, with the truest instinct of power-worshippers, fell down as one man in abject humility before the idol which they had devised and consecrated. This *Essay on the Cæsars* is full of the qualities which we have been discovering in De Quincey; and historical writing, whilst it gives full scope to his excellencies, denies the same freedom to his no less glaring defects. It is only occasionally that we are distressed by these; yet we *are* sometimes disposed to murmur at a tediousness which it is impossible to evade,—for we defy any one to read De Quincey otherwise than slowly; and we remark that in some instances he does not seem to know how to let things alone, or where to have done with his analytical refinements.* And we cannot help regretting that, from whatever cause, he has not undertaken something more serious than an essay. The slight design, or argument, necessary for that species of composition, seems absolutely overborne by the wealth of knowledge poured upon it. The want of serious purpose makes itself felt incessantly. Perhaps historical writing is the kind for which our author is most fitted. There is an uncertainty in history which allows fair play to a happy faculty of conjecture, such as De Quincey is eminently master of; and this is less likely to be carried to triviality in history than in most other of the literary departments. The historical mode of realization is by analytical description of character; there is something of the skill of Tacitus in the way in which our author handles this method. He comprehends motives, interpenetrates and contraposes the different elements which go towards the forming of a character, with a zeal and sympathy which remind us of the historian of the enigmatical Tiberius; so that we wish again and again, that De Quincey had undertaken for the whole life and actions,

* Take an instance or two. Julius Cæsar dreamt the night before his assassination that he was 'soaring above the clouds on wings, and that he placed his right hand within the right hand of Jove.' This is a fact, a very fine fact, taken with other events. Let it alone; let the dream have come whence it will; or say God sent it. De Quincey cannot do this; he hastens to explain. 'It would seem that perhaps some obscure and half-formed image floated in his mind of the eagle as the king of birds; secondarily, as the tutelary emblem under which his conquering legions had so often obeyed his voice; and, thirdly, as the bird of Jove.' That is the way Cæsar came to dream! Again, the monster Nero, hunted into his last poor refuge by the avenger, after much vacillation stabs himself in the throat; but he cannot do it except 'under some momentary impulse of courage, gained, perhaps, by figuring to himself the bloody populace rioting upon his mangled body.' Perhaps *not* also.

which he evidently knows so well; and that he did not rest content with giving us a few features, which, without the rest, look so exaggerated and yet so perfect, that we feel convinced the whole of the likeness is in his keeping. Altogether, we have seldom read a work of such mingled strength and weakness as this of De Quincey's on the Cæsars.

We pass over the rest of the productions of De Quincey, not feeling inclined to linger even over that horrid bit of by-play, the *Essay on Murder considered as a Fine Art*, and its *Postscript*, bearing date 1854,—in which our author shows himself as morbidly addicted to the horribly mysterious as a man of similar analytical propensity, but vastly superior constructive genius, the late Edgar Poe, of America,—nor that very bad tale, (we suppose that it is a tale,) the *Spanish Military Nun*, in order to arrive at the *Confessions of an Opium-Eater*. We well remember that the impression produced on first reading this celebrated book was one of considerable disappointment. It did not seem to answer either to its title or to its fame. It did not seem to make enough out of the subject; and was, in our eyes, defaced from beginning to end by an egotism that lacked the quality of dignity, which alone renders egotism pardonable, and descended not unfrequently into the region of small jocoseness. The impassioned exhibitions of word-power, for which we looked upon every page, came only at intervals, and their intensity did not equal our expectations. Passages of unquestionable force and grandeur broke forth occasionally, but, in our opinion, their brilliancy was not enough to cover the faults of the book. There was, moreover, something in the spirit of the writing which offended us. It was a confession, yet made with an evident glorying most dissimilar to the silent shame of a strong nature which has been drawn into sin, and goes on sinning. We could discover no evidences of the rich animal temperament whose keen sense of enjoyment makes the indulgence of excesses less wonderful, and perhaps more pardonable. De Quincey seems to boast of his irregular habits, his laudanum-drinking and opium-eating, and his late hours, much as the weakly youth in the *Spectator* boasted of the desperate measure of leaving off his flannel waistcoat without his mother's sanction. It was only when we realized the great amount of the narcotic which De Quincey could accommodate, that we acknowledged that he had reason to boast of an enduring constitution at any rate; and probably, also, of a vigour of brain superior to a greater amount of slow poisoning than the brains of most men.

Subsequent re-perusal has confirmed our opinion as to the literary merits of the book: There is something about it which prevents it from exciting or pleasing very highly. If we regard it as a piece of autobiography, we cannot admire the spirit in which it is written. If it be considered as a work of art, in which light,

probably, the author would wish it to be viewed, the failure is still more complete. We are deterred from allowing our own imaginations to go hand in hand with that of the author, because we are assured that there is no imagination concerned in the case. All these visions, terrible and fair, are no offspring of the imaginative faculty, but are the vivid traces of phantasmagoria which have literally passed along a brain at once stimulated to preternatural activity, and thrown into a state of preternatural coma. Thus, all the interchange of sympathy between writer and reader, which forms the charm and spell in works of imagination, is at once precluded. The only remaining sense in which the *Confessions* can be considered as a work of art, is as specimens of word-painting, of 'passionate prose,' descriptive of some curiosity, natural or unnatural. We are summoned, as it were, from the highways and broad places where the imagination expatiates, banished from the bright and healthy sunshine of the outer world, and summoned to enter an esoteric den, where we may hear the victim of a terrible infirmity detail his own symptoms in 'passionate prose.' Further, we are requested to regard and estimate these utterances and statements of literal facts as a work of art, on account of the power they display. This power again, by virtue of which they are to rank under works of art, consists in their passionateness, as their author tells us himself. Now it will be seen that here is an attempt to combine two mutually destructive things. Passion only obscures a statement of facts, which should be as deliberate, carefully expressed, balanced, and concise, as can be. Passion belongs to eloquence, and eloquence to a mind revelling in ideal truth, not to a mind confined to the detailing of matter of fact, however *outré* or peculiar this may be. We shall find, upon reflection, that the disagreeable quality which undeniably struck ourselves—and we have had our experience confirmed by others—in reading these *Confessions*, arises in truth from the attempt to render artistic and set forth in 'passionate prose' what is essentially matter of fact; an attempt analogous to the claim to the title of genius, so often made upon the ground of eccentricity. It would much simplify the *modus operandi* of those who aspire to the admiration of their fellow men,—and add greatly to their own ease and comfort,—to remember that they whom the world calls greatest, have, so far as we know, been plain practical men, walking their world-path in all simplicity and dignity, not seeking to be singular; and that the surrender of all notions of anything like self-indulgence does of itself confer a great deal of intellectual nerve and power; and that amongst the truest sayings in the world must be numbered that which defines genius to be the faculty of seeing wonders in common things.*

* De Quincey is himself partly aware of the strangeness of his undertaking in the *Opium-Eater*. He observes that no autobiographical record has yet partaken of this

As specimens of description, then, these *Confessions* are good; though we have often enough seen descriptions which excel them in power and subtlety. They derive, however, an interest which they will not readily lose from the extraordinary nature of their subject. Most literary people will feel once in their life a curiosity to see the book of which so much has been said, which contains the history of what befel one of the most singularly endowed of the human species in a long period of recurring and most unnatural stimulation. Well, there the book is, full of faults, a literary failure, wherein imagination is dragged down to the grossest fact, and the power properly belonging to fact spoiled and obscured by the struggling imagination,—disappointing to the taste, harmful in its tendency, as being a revelation of what ought to be concealed for ever; but still invested with an adventitious fascination, which may prove to many an influence fraught even with ruin. For there is something in the garish light of the extraordinary almost irresistible; and to the multitudes who possess enough of the temperament of genius to be ardent, aspiring, and unsettled, this attraction, even when ending in pain and repentance, may easily become a temptation alluring them from the paths of wisdom and peace into by-paths and deviations, ending nowhere but in destruction. Humanity, especially youthful humanity, loves to try its strength and feel its life; and little scruple would be felt by many in sharing the agony of the Opium-Eater, and breathing his *Suspiria de profundis*, on condition of attaining a concentration of faculties and energy of perception such as he boasts. Thus it is a miserable fact, that in some freak or other of this kind irretrievable damage has been actually sustained, and the life and strength that was intended for years been consumed in a few moments. We should but ill perform our present duty, if we did not publicly express our regret at the spirit in which a great part of the *Confessions* is written. No man, however exalted by genius, has a right to publish a word which may have a wantonly mischievous effect upon others; and there is in the *Confessions* a self-complacency and levity which make their title most emphatically a misnomer. How different from the heart-broken sighs of the enslaved Coleridge!*

It is of the spirit of the book that we complain. Were there less self-glorification in it, less levity, less insistence upon

quality, which he calls passion. St. Augustine is not passionate, except for one brief moment, in his *Confessions*, nor Rousseau. De Quincey is therefore sensible that he is making an experiment, the extreme novelty of which, if no other reason, should have told him that it postulated its own failure.

* An unjustifiable thing to all appearance, nay, even a cruel and heartless thing we must regard it, that De Quincey has published to the world in his *Opium-Eater* several details, showing the pitiable weakness to which Coleridge was reduced, and which rendered it impossible for him to resist the temptation to which he, De Quincey, rose superior. A singular tribute to the memory of a departed friend and glorious intellect!

the seductive, and a stronger exhibition of the simply repulsive side of the indulgence, the facts of the case might be pointed into a very different moral effect. It is not a mere record of the excessive pleasures and base after-pains of a debauchee. De Quincey was led to his first quaffing of this nepenthe by a bodily state of torment which threatened dissolution; which was 'not pain,' he says, 'but misery;' and he continued in its use with variations, corresponding with what Le Sage calls, '*les grands maux d'estomac*.' He ultimately took it in terrible excess for a number of years, until he was threatened with absolute destruction, either of body or mind, in the centre of the deplorable folly in which he lay involved. Then, at length, upon the appearance of symptoms which were unmistakeable, he embarked upon the almost hopeless purpose of abandoning the course of ruin. After a continuance of hideous suffering, his resolution prevailed against the fiend; and he leaves us at the end of the book, and at the expiration of four convulsive months, crushed, writhing, and shattered, but a victor. Here is a sublime tale of heroic fortitude, strength of purpose, and of the heavenly mercy which guides such strenuous efforts to a good result. But the tale is marred in the telling. It is not the purpose of De Quincey to set forth, in proper contrast, the evil and the good, the temptations of the flesh and the devil brought to nought before 'the equal temper of heroic minds.' He is his own hero, certainly, but in a sense very different to this. To strive to reduce to beauty the evil colours which ought to glare for ever in hideous disorganization; to blend into harmony the parts of a discord which ought to howl on throughout eternity; to draw within the ordered circle of the ideal that which is essentially hell-born and confused; this is, in fact, the business which the unconscious De Quincey has given himself to do. He may well have failed in the awfully hopeless task. Many of our readers will recall a memorable scene in Mr. Kingsley's novel of *Westward Ho*, in which the febrile excitement of one under the narcotic, who has abandoned duty, friendship, and the realities of a life of heroism, is sternly contrasted with the storm and battle hardihood of the noble adventurer, Amyas Leigh. Such contrast is altogether wanting in De Quincey; and yet it was in his power to have exhibited it very fully. For, in truth, it was an act of noble heroism in him to vanquish that tempter, even though it were already drawing the alluring mask from its visage, and assuming its true form of death and madness. But an unhappy littleness leads De Quincey to take obvious credit to himself on intellectual grounds for the terrifying visions which his distempered brain endured, as though they were the product of vividness of imagination; and he will not paint the evil as the entirely hateful and fearful thing it is. He spends all his power of verbiage

in decorating and setting it forth. How many, for example, would not think that the sacrifice of 'health and quiet breathing' would be compensated by such a gorgeous vision as this following, which is among the 'Pains of Opium?' It is the most powerful passage in De Quincey.

'Then suddenly would come a dream of far different character,—a tumultuous dream,—commencing with a music such as now I often heard in sleep,—music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and, like *that*, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day, a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where,—somehow, but I knew not how,—by some beings, but I knew not by whom,—a battle, a strife, an agony, was travelling through all its stages, was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable, from deepening confusion as to the local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams, where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet, again, had not the power; for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause, than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarm; hurryings to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives; I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad: darkness and lights; tempests and human faces; and, at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me; and but a moment allowed,—and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings,—and then, everlasting farewells! and, with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated,—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated,—everlasting farewells!

'And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, "I will sleep no more!"'

This is the closing vision of the book. The agony and terror of the fiend-haunted brain reached this climacteric. Then came the pause before reason should sink for ever in madness, or life in stupor; and then the cries, and tears, and convulsive movements of more than mortal anguish, with which this lost wanderer dragged himself back towards the path of life.

Remember, while reading this wonderful passage, and the other visions before it, that there is here no effort of imagination, but only the carefully-worded narrative of a man skilled in composition after his own manner; no vision of the inward eye,

but the torture of an overwrought brain ; further, that no use is made of it towards the adornment of any ideal of the imagination, but that it is present before us as a naked and appalling fact. And then form conclusions as to the desirableness of such a sleep as this ; which you cannot summon and dismiss at pleasure, but which haunts you into madness, returning unbidden with ghoulisb importunity and tyranny. And then inquire, Where is the glory of it ? Where, even if the agony burn itself into your memory so fiercely as to force from you cries of torment as Promethean as these which you have read ?

But there is something in our author's favourite work besides that which furnishes its special character : something, too, which may better account for its unusual popularity. The early biographic details of the *Opium-Eater*, which form the introductory part of the narrative, afford perhaps the most lively, and at the same time the most lasting, interest to the reader of these *Confessions* ; and especially does this remark apply to the touching episode of poor Ann, the forlorn outcast of Oxford Street. In all the writings of Mr. Dickens, who has struck out so much pure pathos from the London pavement, there is nothing more affecting than this transcript of a faint and vanishing memory ; this picture of a misery so obscure, caught on a heart of sensibility, and transferred for ever to the page of genius. What strange contrast—yet what strange coincidence—between the fortunes of that homeless boy and girl ! The young well-nurtured scholar finds a companion in the poor wandering pariah, victim of licentiousness and perfidy ; but in truth there was a bond of sympathy in his very youth and innocence, which admitted of no blush of shame, but added a deep tenderness of their own to that sensibility of genius which ever sees in woman an object of the highest reverence and affection. And there is something very pathetic in the way in which these two were parted,—in the boy's hopeless search after the poor creature whose kindness stood to him in the place of every virtue ; in his reflection that, though hidden from him perhaps only by the distance of a street, that distance in effect held them wide as eternity apart ; and, most of all, in the bitter comfort which came to him, when he remembered his companion's fatal cough, 'and that which had been his grief was henceforward his consolation.'

We must now conclude this imperfect sketch of a name so celebrated, and which is linked inseparably with some of the greatest in English literature. We have drawn a character of mingled strength and weakness,—iron, clay, and gold,—endeavouring to set forth both that which brings our subject within a large and cognizable order or class of minds, and also that which differentiates him from all other men. And the conclusion to which we have arrived may be succinctly stated as follows : The class-quality of this man, the grand imagination which absorbs

and assimilates so much, has been rendered inoperative by the habit of too eager self-scansion,—a habit so easily acquired, and so fatal to the highest imaginative excellence,—and by the cruelty of a fate which has drawn into large development the morbid tendencies that should ever lie within us in faint consciousness. And yet this fate has invested the sayings and doings of this man with an influence as irresistible as it is dangerous; so that two generations have been content to remain blind to his weaknesses and faults, striving to discern in his unequal strength and self-collected utterances the voice of a teacher whom they might believingly follow. His finest productions teach nothing, are sullied with sadness and melancholy, disposed rather to weaken than to strengthen; nay, are a passionate appeal for sympathy, aid, and support from the reader, made by one who can no longer support alone the burden of his own woe and weakness. And what is the strength which we say mingles itself with this weakness, these imperfections? A cunning strength, whose essence is that he who has it is a worshipper of power of every sort; so that it is passive, observant, imitative. The very strength of weakness; which sometimes laughs with a dreadful hilarity; sometimes mourns in passionate cadences, yet so as never to transcend the weakness of which it is the energy. It is the fitful play of this strength which gives the dazzlement, illusive and alluring, that has awakened men into admiration and awe. Nay, at times this strength does verily work wonders beyond the range of other strength, just as the *furor* which is tearing away the life of a madman, gives him power to shake and rend above what other men can do.

We have followed De Quincey in the order prescribed by himself, to the consummation of the *Opium-Eater*. And we have seen, and know for a positive fact, that hitherto even has the blind credence of humanity followed him with that eagerness which deifies the very infirmities of genius, mistaking for sublime imaginings what are in truth very gross and painful realities. And, further, it is evident to us that he himself, the singularly gifted author of this book, has actually been self-deceived herein, and, mistaking the enormous, ghastly, and materialistic duplicity which mimes the true imagination, for the true imagination itself, has laid himself in unthinking worship at the feet of the monster, seeking to adorn and render specious by ideal power and word-power what is inly as deform and foul as the false witch Duessa, in all her gold and scarlet. Would that this so grand imagination had been confined to the fair appanage which a healthful life alone can bestow, and taught to expand itself within its own domain,—to build its own ideal world within the compass of that mighty infinite provided of Heaven for man's most noble faculty,—instead of being compelled and tortured beneath the despotism of the unnatural,

which usurps the place of its natural! How different and how glorious might have been the life of this great man! and yet how terribly instructive it is! How sublime a warning does this voice convey, so mighty despite its querulousness, so earnest in the midst of its self-complacency, if only heard aright!

ART. IX.—*The Unity of Worlds and of Nature: Three Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy; the Plurality of Worlds; and the Philosophy of Creation.* By the REV. BADEN POWELL, M.A., F.R.S., &c. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London: Longman and Co. 1856.

THE inductive philosophy is in some danger of being betrayed in the school of its friends. Such a calamity is greatly to be deprecated. If science has, of late years, been put on a broader and firmer basis; if it has astonished us by the rapidity of its progress, and the certainty of its results; if it has disclosed the marvellous affinities and beautiful harmonies which pervade and unite universal nature; all this is mainly attributable to the method which was inaugurated by Francis Bacon. If that method should ever be abandoned or perverted, we should at once be either thrown back on the *à priori* vagaries of the Middle Ages, or drifted into the unfathomable bathos of transcendental speculation. Some of our modern inductionists are chargeable with the disrepute into which their school is falling. They often satisfy themselves with too scanty a collection of facts; they not unfrequently mistake vague resemblances for real analogies; they sometimes disregard the logical analyses of induction; and they are ever prone to press the results of their generalizations into an unseemly collision with the teachings of metaphysics and the truths of religion. These abuses of his method were foreseen by Bacon, whose weighty words ought never to be forgotten. 'It requires,' says he, 'that we should generalize slowly, going from particular things to those which are but one step more general, from those to others of still greater extent, and so on to such as are universal. By such means we may hope to arrive at principles, not vague and obscure, but luminous and well defined, such as Nature herself will not refuse to acknowledge.'^{*}

The Oxford Savilian Professor of Geometry has been disturbed in his academical retirement by observing that 'the subjects of the primary grounds of inductive reasoning, and the theory of causation,' are 'involved in much confusion of thought;' and that this is 'the source of many unhappy diffi-

* *Novum Organum*, lib. i.

culties and objections connected with the so-called doctrine of "final causes," and the evidences of natural theology generally.' To clear up some of these difficulties, and to inculcate better views, Professor Powell published, in 1838, his work on the *Connexion of Natural and Divine Truth: or, the Study of the Inductive Philosophy, considered as subservient to Theology*; a work which supplies ample evidence of the great literary power of the author, but which, we regret to say, contains the germs of those serious errors which are more elaborately developed in the *Essays* now before us. It is, however, some satisfaction to learn from the author, that the argument pursued in the *Connexion* has been 'overlooked' in some of the 'otherwise able and valuable writings' of the present day. If by 'overlooked' we understand that the argument has been abandoned as altogether ungrounded and untenable, this is substantially true; but in another sense it has not been 'overlooked,' inasmuch as it has been thoroughly sifted and completely exploded in the 'able and valuable writings' which have recently been contributed to our standard theological literature. The chief excellence of such works as *The Course of the Divine Government*, the *Burnett Prize Essays*, and *Faith in God*, is, that they have carried their foundations lower down, and have raised their superstructure higher, than did the authors of some of our earlier and popular treatises on Natural Theology. But Professor Powell is not satisfied; and again he interposes to put the whole question 'on a more satisfactory and unobjectionable basis.' Hence these *Essays*. We are always willing to be instructed by so competent a critic. His entire mastery of a fresh, nervous, and transparent English; his almost unprecedented affluence of scientific illustration; his instinctive appreciation of the more palpable, as well as of the more recondite, analogies of things; and his intense delight in broad and magnificent generalizations, invest the productions of his pen with an irresistible charm, and entitle him to be heard on the themes which he has chosen.

At the same time we must frankly avow in the outset, that so far from regarding the 'basis' on which 'the whole subject is put' by the Professor as 'more satisfactory and unobjectionable,' we view it with the greatest apprehension. Creation, except by the orderly evolution of physical law, is denied; the transmutation of species is tacitly allowed; the possibility of miracles is completely ignored; the earlier portions of Genesis and part of the Decalogue are resolved into mere poetry; the Author of nature is not permitted to tell us a word as to how He made the world, lest He should be detected in error by inductive investigation. As to the subjects of 'the proper spiritual communication of Scripture, these are always to be applied subject to due discrimination of circumstances, times, parties, and dispensa-

tions.' All these and kindred questions of equal interest and importance are summarily settled, after this fashion, by the *dictum* of what is erroneously called 'inductive philosophy.' That we have neither misapprehended nor exaggerated Professor Powell's conclusions, will be apparent from a few brief quotations :—

'The prevalent theology is too deeply immersed in an indiscriminate and unthinking Bibliolatry.'—Page 463.

That language such as this should grace the rhetoric of Secularist lecturers, or should obtain ventilation through an infidel press, is nothing surprising; but surely the Book which, from time immemorial, has been hallowed by the consecrations of genius, of scholarship, of piety, and of martyrdom,—which supplied Milton with his immortal inspirations, and on which the great intellect of Newton reposed in the calm confidence of devotion,—is entitled to more reverent treatment at the hands of an Oxford Professor. Yet our author waxes bolder as he proceeds, not suspecting either the presumption or the profanation of his language.

'I have adverted,' says he, 'to the question of discrepancies between science and the language of Scripture generally, and have referred more especially to that notable instance of it,—the irreconcilable contradiction between the whole view opened to us by geology, and the narrative of the Creation in the Hebrew Scriptures, whether as briefly delivered from Sinai, or as expanded in Genesis. In the minds of *all competently informed persons* at the present day, the literal belief in the Judaical cosmogony, it may now be said, has died a natural death. Yet many are still haunted by its *phantom*, which perpetually disturbs their minds with apprehensions equally groundless, on collateral points. The belief in the recent date of man is usually adopted from the received Hebrew chronology, itself (as is well known) open to critical difficulties. But, indeed, to those who imagine the Bible authoritative in matters of philosophy or chronology, there is no limit to inferences of this kind.'—Pp. 488, 496.

We have made these quotations from the close of the *Essays*, and placed them in the front of our remarks, for a twofold purpose: first, that those who with us view the questions in debate from the Bible standing-point may have an early and distinct perception of the spirit and object of our author; and, secondly, that we may bespeak the patient and earnest attention of our readers, while we attempt to conduct them through those subtle and complicated processes of reasoning, by which a writer of eminent ability and established reputation endeavours to give plausibility to conclusions, which, in our judgment, are opposed to the clearest facts of science, to the deepest principles of philosophy, and to the most sacred verities of religion.

As is indicated in the title, this volume consists of three *Essays*: they were 'originally composed at different times, and

with separate objects.' The second *Essay* was called forth by the anonymous *Essay on the Plurality of Worlds*, and by Sir D. Brewster's reply to it, entitled, *More Worlds than One: the Creed of the Philosopher, and the Hope of the Christian*. Professor Powell regards the controversy as 'of comparatively little moment,' and says, 'It is rather for the sake of more general considerations involved, that I have been led to enter into the discussion, and, in some measure, to hold the balance between the two disputants.' It was scarcely possible for one of his peculiar philosophical temperament, with almost a perilous predilection for the discovery of analogies, with an amazing power of rapid, not to say hasty, generalization, and with a passionate delight in the unity of nature, to hold that balance with a steady hand; and hence we can discover at every stage of the discussion an unmistakeable leaning to the side of Sir D. Brewster. We shall not re-open a controversy which has been more than exhausted. We are, however, very much inclined to the opinion which Wesley advanced nearly a century back, and which Professor Powell has quoted. 'But the more I consider,' says Mr. Wesley, 'that supposition,' (the plurality of worlds,) 'the more I doubt it: insomuch that, if it were allowed by all the philosophers in Europe, still I could not allow it without stronger proof than I have met with yet.'*

The first *Essay* is devoted to *the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy*, and opens with an acute and able analysis of the inductive principle. We should have expected *in limine* an articulate development of the author's theory of knowledge; but while he admits the pernicious influence which extreme theories have exerted on the inductive philosophy, and while he indicates pretty strongly his dislike to the doctrine of ultimate principles of the mind, he leaves us in considerable uncertainty as to the school to which he himself belongs. But more of this anon. The first step in induction is the collection of facts; but it is not so much the *number* as the *kind* of instances which gives strength to a conclusion; and the classification of instances, as to kind, is based on *analogy*. When, however, we generalize our facts, when we adopt a universal principle from the examination of particular phenomena, it is clear that a new element is introduced into the process, and it is important to ascertain what that element is, and whence it is derived. Professor Powell says, that what is superadded to a mere collection of facts consists precisely in the assumption 'that all phenomena of the *kind* in question are similar to the few actually examined.' To this general explanation we have no objection; but we have emphasized the word '*kind*' to indicate the importance which we attach to it. A generalization based on the phenomena of inorganic matter

* Wesley's Works, vol. vii., p. 172.

can never be logically applied to explain the phenomena of organic matter; a generalization based on the phenomena of organic matter can never be logically applied to explain the phenomena of the intellectual and spiritual nature of man: in other words, every department of nature has its own peculiar and established laws; and to confound the laws of one department with those of another is to induce confusion rather than to exhibit harmony. This explanation, however, does not touch the core of the problem; and Professor Powell asks again, 'How does the mind come to make this universal assumption, and to be so firmly convinced of its truth?' His answer, in substance, is, that the mind rests on 'the presumed uniformity of phenomena.' This brings us to a point of vital moment: 'What is the ground of our belief in the uniformity of phenomena?' Is it traceable to an *à priori* law of our intelligence, or is it derived from observation and experience? Is it from without or from within, or the product of both?

It is precisely at this stage of Professor Powell's argument, that we feel the great inconvenience of the omission to which we have adverted in respect to his theory of knowledge. In his 'Connexion' there are admissions which seem to imply that he then regarded this belief as having its root in the structure of our intelligence,—in the fundamental laws of reason. He says that a share of this belief is 'so universal, that some metaphysicians have been disposed to regard it as constituting one of the inherent principles of our nature;' that it is 'founded on the natural constitution of the human mind;' and he even calls it 'the intuitive belief in the permanence and uniformity of physical laws.*' But in these *Essays* we are told that the theory of intuitive or internal principles 'appeals powerfully to the imagination;' that 'nothing seems more plausible than to refer everything to ultimate principles originating in the mind;' that 'it saves the labour of further analysis;' that it is 'a species of occult philosophy;' that it is 'a retrograde movement;' and that it is 'a revival of scholastic mysticism.' It is obvious from these and similar expressions, that the Essayist has no sympathy with that school of philosophy with which the names of Reid, Stewart, Kant, and Sir W. Hamilton are connected; and with what school to associate him we are at some loss.† That he is

* 'Connexion of Natural and Divine Truth,' pp. 19, 20, 73.

† In the Appendix Professor Powell attempts to show that his views are sanctioned by Kant. We have read that analysis of the Königsberg philosophy with some attention; and we venture to affirm, that no proficient in that school will ever be able to trace the leading characteristics of the Kantian doctrine in the Professor's exposition. An author who derives both his *materials* of thought and his *forms* of thought from an empirical source, abandons at once the central truth of Kant's system. Again: to confound cognitions, or pure judgments *à priori*, which are always indicated by necessity and universality, with the necessary laws of logic, is an error which can produce nothing but perplexity. Kant's cognitions *à priori* are anterior to all logic, and, in fact, underlie

an intense sensationalist there can be little doubt. His solution of the point immediately before us sustains us in this opinion.

'The primary assumption involved in all induction is the *presumed* uniformity of phenomena, or the conformity of other facts of the same class with that under examination to the same law or type. It is, then, perfectly true, that no inductive process can advance without the assumption of this generalizing principle, which is, nevertheless, antecedent to the particular class of experimental testimonies *in that instance* appealed to. But what I would particularly dwell upon is, that it is not antecedent to *all* experience; it is some principle already established in the mind by previous abstractions, remotely derived from previous experience, and specially extended by *analogy* beyond the precise limits of actual observation in this instance.'—Page 15.

This empirical explanation of our belief in the uniformity of phenomena is, in our judgment, most unsatisfactory; it involves a *regressus ad infinitum*, which is an absurdity. There must be some ultimate and unresolvable principles, beyond which philosophical analysis cannot penetrate, and which we are compelled to take as our starting-point in inductive inquiry: those principles are the laws of our mental constitution, and to one of those laws we trace our belief in the uniformity of phenomena. For ourselves we are convinced, that this belief is a phase of the internal principle of causation;—that principle which affirms of every effect that it is caused, which discerns in a cause an intelligent agent, and which recognises in the operations of universal nature the *Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither the shadow of turning*.

The discussion of the unity of the sciences, which is the next step in the *Essays*, while it is characterized by breadth of view and beauty of illustration, is strongly marked by those tastes and tendencies of the author's mind which, we suspect, have precipitated him into those sweeping and destructive conclusions to which we have already adverted. It is, no doubt, one of the most valuable uses of science, that it is daily simplifying the laws of nature, placing them on the basis of a higher generalization, and disclosing the harmony by which they are pervaded; but our intellectual powers are too feeble and contracted, and the universe is too vast and complex, to leave any reasonable hope that it will ever be within our reach to advance scientific analysis to its last degree of perfection. Besides, it is of importance to remember that the very unity which science exhibits, co-exists with diversity. If the phenomena of nature were identical, there would be no scope for generalization: the peculiarities which the inductionist eliminates, have as real an existence as the analogies

the premises which are the basis of all deduction. 'Consciousness,' says Professor Powell, 'is, I conceive, nothing else than an abstraction from continual universal experience.' Just as much so as the eye is an abstraction from continual universal seeing!

which he classifies. For these reasons we cannot subscribe to the following remarks:—

‘It is a reversal of the order of inductive advance to endeavour to isolate each department of science, and to place it on a separate base, by a theory which would assign to each branch certain real differences of principle and peculiar fundamental ideas essentially characterizing it. If such a distinction were made out, it could be but a temporary and provisional ground of classification, in time to be superseded by a reduction to a higher common principle.’—Page 45.

According to our notion of ‘inductive advance,’ we proceed from facts to theories, and not from theories to facts; and if in the phenomena of the inorganic, organic, animal, and intellectual creation, we discover real differences, which cannot be reduced to any comprehensive law, it is folly to make nature bend to our hypothesis, for the sake of what, after all, is nothing more or better than an ideal and fictitious unity.

Professor Powell finds no difficulty in making the origin of life harmonize with his theory of ‘unity,’ and in resolving it into a physical cause. He censures the eager and loud triumph of those who conceived they had refuted the alleged results of Messrs. Crosse and Weekes, in their attempts to evolve insect-life by galvanism; and he says, that the truly inductive inquirer can never doubt that there really exists as complete and continuous a relation and connexion of *some kind* between the manifestations of life and the simplest mechanical or chemical laws, evinced in the varied actions of the body in which it resides, as there is between the action of any machine and the laws of motion and equilibrium. The most stubborn fact, however, with which he has to contend is MAN. We have been hitherto accustomed to regard man as the offspring of the immediate and especial creative power of God; as exhibiting in the wonderful structure and complicated mechanism of his physical frame an undoubted pre-eminence among the visible works of creation; as possessing in inseparable connexion with a living body an intelligent, responsible, and immortal soul; as the favoured creature for whose occupancy the cycles and changes of the great geological periods had been preparing this glorious world; as a unique being, no trace of whose ancestors can be found in the silent catacombs of the mighty past, and from whom, as the federal head of his race, have sprung the countless progeny who shall people the awful future. These views, however, partake too much of ‘an indiscriminate and unthinking Bibliolatry,’ and must fade away before the rising sun of inductive science. We must afford Professor Powell space to exhibit his own views of man; and to those views we would bespeak the earnest attention of our readers, as they will be the subject of further animadversions in the progress of our inquiries.

'But the most difficult, and at the same time the most important, question in any theory of this kind, has been raised on the ground of its relation to the nature of MAN. It will, however, hardly be denied that man, considered in his animal nature alone, is very little superior to brutes, and in some respects inferior. In the scale of mere animal organization, the difference between the lowest human form and the highest monkey, is not greater than between one class of monkey and another. The question of an intellectual principle, in so far as it is of a *metaphysical* kind, can in no way affect the continuity of man's *physical* nature with the rest of the material order of things. But the more important question refers to the further assertion of a distinct moral and spiritual nature or principle existing in man, and all the higher relations consequent upon it, which place the nature of man in this respect in a category altogether different from that of inferior animals. Now, on this most important point, I would only observe one thing in reference to our present subject: the assertion in its very nature and essence refers wholly to a different order of things, apart from, and transcending, any material ideas whatsoever; hence it cannot be affected by any considerations or conclusions belonging to the laws of matter or of nature.'—Pp. 76, 78.

We must make a single extract on the origin of man:—

'If we admit that the earth, being still hot internally, must have cooled at its surface, and that this cooling must, in its progress, have caused contortions, dislocations, upheavals of strata; and again, that the waters charged with matter must have deposited it; and that the various crystallized bodies and metallic veins must have been formed during certain stages of these operations,—it is only by parity of reason affirmed that the rudiments of all organic as well as inorganic products and structures must have been evolved in like manner, as they were alike included and contained in the once fused, and therefore once vaporized or nebulous, mass. In that mass all kinds of physical agents, or the elements of them, thermotic, electric, chemical, molecular, gravitational, luminiferous, and by consequence not less all organic and vital forces, must have been included. Out of it in some way, by equally regular laws in the one case as in the other, must have been evolved all forms of inorganic and equally of organic existence,—whether amorphous masses, crystals, cells, monads, plants, zoophytes, animals, or man,—the *animal* man; the *spiritual* man belonging to another order of things, a *spiritual* creation.'—Page 82.

The author of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation* attempted to reduce the phenomena of universal nature to a magnificent unity, by adopting the idea of development in one simple series, from the lowest to the highest forms of existence; but the attempt, although not conceived, as some have thought, in an atheistic spirit, was a complete failure, both as to the logical consistency of its arguments and the accuracy of its scientific details. Professor Powell, while he commends, perhaps extravagantly, the tone of the book, which, he says, in 'every page, is replete with expressions of the most devout homage to the Divine power, wisdom, and goodness,' frankly admits that

the hypothesis which it upholds is 'clearly untenable.' Still, in the above extracts, he contends for some regular evolution, beginning with the unconsolidated fogs of fire, and ascending upwards to the *animal* man. We cannot, however, accept this modified theory of development: it is as incoherent in its structure, and as pernicious in its tendency as that of the *Vestiges*. Indeed, the lengthened paragraphs which we have just quoted, are marked by such a want of discrimination, and such a rashness of generalization, as we should hardly have expected in so profound a thinker, and so vigorous a writer. To assume that 'all organic and vital forces' must have been 'included in the once vaporized and nebulous mass,' and that therefore they must have been evolved out of it, is simply to beg the whole question. A new material form may have been evolved out of pre-existing matter; but it does not follow that therefore life may be evolved out of matter. We are more than amazed at the manner in which man is disposed of in connexion with this discussion. To divide him into two parts, is a very convenient way of escaping the materialism of the *Vestiges*; it is, at the same time, an awkward and ominous example to be set by an inductionist. 'The question of an intellectual principle, in so far as it is of a metaphysical kind, can in no way affect the continuity of man's physical nature with the rest of the material order of things.' But the 'intellectual principle,' in relation to the present argument, is not of a metaphysical kind at all. No doubt the intellect may be employed on metaphysical questions; but that is quite another matter. Mind is a part of man's nature, is as much an existing phenomenon as the rainbow in the heavens, and is as fairly open to inductive analysis and classification as the laws of gravitation, or the changes of the tide: why, therefore, it should be quietly relegated to the regions of metaphysics, we are at some loss to divine. We suspect, however, the explanation is, that the Essayist found the existence of mind in man to be a fact which would not adjust itself to the hypothesis of orderly evolution; and that, notwithstanding his horror of the metaphysicians, he was glad to bequeath it to them, to be treasured up among the mysteries of their occult science. We are grateful to the Professor for one admission; the spiritual man belongs to another order of things, 'a spiritual creation.' If an inductionist cannot account for the existence of intellect in man without acknowledging a spiritual creation, it is possible that he may meet with other facts which will have to be explained on the same principle; and that he will arrive at the conclusion, that successive and multiplied creations are not at variance either with sound philosophy, or with revealed truth.

'The harmony of creation is such, that small things constitute a faithful type of great things.' This profound and suggestive philosophical apophthegm is taken from the fragments of Jeremiah

Horrocks, and is made the text of a valuable dissertation on the uniformity of nature. Considering the vital importance of this question in the unfolding of Professor Powell's argument, we are not surprised that he should bestow upon it such a masterly discussion. We are glad also to be able to acquiesce in most of his views.

As the discovery of real analogies is the highway to science, so the adoption of false analogies is prolific of error. To the latter, no doubt, are attributable many of those apparent anomalies which have seemed to interfere with the uniformity of nature: such anomalies, however, in the early stage of induction, should be always noted as provisional, with the hope that they may hereafter be included in some more comprehensive generalization. The uniformity of nature has been sometimes obscured by mistaking the hypotheses of great leaders for absolute *dicta*. In every induction there is implied a certain amount of hypothesis; but no sober inductionist will ever cling to that hypothesis, if it be contradicted by unquestionable facts. Laplace's nebular theory of the origin of the planetary system is a conception worthy of the highest philosophical genius; but it does not harmonize with some of the discoveries of astronomical science. The satellites of Uranus and Neptune move from east to west, and are highly inclined, the planes of those of Uranus being nearly perpendicular to the ecliptic. The author of the *Vestiges* suggested, that what we call the north pole of Uranus is in reality the south, the axis having passed across the plane of the orbit, so that the planet may be said to be in that small measure upside down.* Professor Powell knows full well, that such a disturbance could not occur from the action of any existing planetary attraction; and he adds, 'But, in the state of nebulosity, it is far from impossible to conceive some action of the kind among the multitude of conflicting forces then acting.' In the Appendix to his *Essays*, he estimates that, as the satellites of Neptune correspond with those of Uranus, 'the anomaly is likely to cease to be one, and to become a part of some greater law affecting in this manner the outer planets of our system.†' We like the spirit of this admission; it accords fully with our notions of legitimate induction; it does not attempt to make all the facts of nature bend to one common and stereotyped generalization; but it takes such facts as are provisionally anomalous for the basis of new and more comprehensive generalizations. All this confirms what we have said

* 'Vestiges,' p. 279.

† 'These anomalous peculiarities, which seem to occur at the extreme limits of our system, as if to prepare us for further departure from all its analogies in other systems which may yet be disclosed to us, have hitherto rested on the sole testimony of their discoverers, who alone had ever attained a view of them. I am happy to be able, from my own observations from 1828 to the present time, to confirm in the amplest manner my father's results.'—Sir J. F. W. Herschel's *Astronomy*, p. 299.

before, that the grandest unity will be found embosomed in the greatest diversity.

Before we pass from the subject immediately under consideration, we are anxious to advertise our readers of the precise meaning which Professor Powell attaches to the term 'uniformity:' it is not so much opposed to *change* as to *chance*. With him, every event which cannot be traced to a physical law is the offspring of chance, a violation of uniformity. We find him frequently borrowing an illustration from a chain. He says, 'There is no period, however remote, at which we can legitimately imagine the chain of physical causation to be broken, and to give place to disconnected influences of a wholly different kind.' But the controversy is not about *broken* chains, but about *separate* chains: surely we may imagine the latter without involving the former, and also that each separate chain must have had a first link. Again, he says, 'It is an unwarrantable presumption to assert, that at a mere point of difficulty or obscurity we have reached the boundary of the dominion of physical law, and must suppose all beyond to be arbitrary and inscrutable to our faculties. It is the mere refuge of ignorance and indolence to imagine special interruptions, and to abandon reason for mysticism.' Now, unless we hold the eternity of matter, we must reach the boundary of physical law: whatever may be said about subsequent creations, we are compelled to believe in a first creation, though no induction can ever demonstrate it; and that creation, whether of fogs of fire, or of *the first man, Adam*, was neither the offspring of physical law on the one hand, nor of chance on the other, but of that God who *spake and it was done, who commanded and it stood fast*.

In the preface to these *Essays*, the author remarks: 'The theory of causation has, long since, appeared to me to be involved in much confusion of thought, which has, as I think, been rather increased than diminished by some recent discussions, from which we might have hoped for greater enlightenment.' After this statement, we were almost impatient to arrive at the section of the *Essays* in which this theory is discussed. We may confess, indeed, that we were curiously anxious to see how a stern inductionist like Professor Powell, who excludes from his argument the intellectual principle in man, 'in so far as it is of a metaphysical kind,' and who betrays an unmistakable leaning towards a type of Sensationalism almost as extreme as that of Gassendi and Hobbes, would dispose of a question which has its foundation in the deepest principles of speculative philosophy, and on which some of the most illustrious metaphysicians of modern times have put forth all their resources of dialectical acumen and learning. We mean no disrespect to the author when we say that we cannot promise our readers much 'enlightenment' from his contribution to this subject. In phy-

sical science he is a master, and it is always refreshing to listen to his expositions; but in metaphysics he is not equally at home. We would not have made this remark, had he restricted his conclusions to purely physical questions; but when he presses those conclusions into direct antagonism with the bulwarks of revealed religion, and especially the evidences of miracles, we must not allow him stealthily to assume the principles which he takes as the basis of his attack. His very first sentence on the question of causation is highly suggestive. 'Among our various intellectual propensities, there is none,' says he, 'more powerful or more seductive than the desire to penetrate into the causes of things.' 'Intellectual propensities' is a sort of vague and indeterminate phraseology, which is somewhat unsuited to the requirements of a philosophical treatise: when evacuated of the mysticism by which it is enveloped, there may possibly emerge those very intuitions, laws of thought, principles of common sense, or fundamental conditions of belief, which our Essayist is so eager to reprobate. At any rate, 'propensities' so deep, constant, and universal, must have a meaning, and should be interpreted;—they should be passed under the scalpel of the mental analyst, to ascertain what is their real content and value. We admit, at once, that Hume, in his essay on *Necessary Connexion*, showed that of the existence of energetic power or coercive efficiency in causes we have no *perception*; and, on his theory of knowledge, it was fair to infer the non-existence of such power and efficiency; and also to resolve causation into simply the invariable sequence of the one event called 'the effect,' after the other called 'the cause.' But, as we do not accept his theory of knowledge, so we do not concur in his theory of causation. Although the *nexus* of the antecedent and consequent in causation cannot be empirically apprehended, we are necessitated, by a law of our intelligence, to believe in its objective reality. Professor Powell is himself evidently dissatisfied with the phenomenal sequence view in reference to this particular point, and proposes to supplement it with a *logical* explanation. If, on the appearance of any particular phenomenon, we can refer it to a general law, he thinks we have sufficiently exhibited the real causal connexion. But this is precisely to convert an objective reality into a subjective necessity. If there is nothing more in causation than the reference of a species to its genus, it is clear that we can never arrive at a cause in the sense of an originating power; and therefore never reach a First and Personal Cause: we can never, in a word, escape from the region of physical law. Our author would get rid of all 'fanciful notions' of efficient causes by the following distinction between physical causation and moral causation: physical causation is 'the action of matter on matter;' and moral causation is 'the action of mind on matter.' We must be very fanciful indeed;

for we confess that the only causation of which we can form any definite conception, is *efficient* causation; or, to adopt the above definition, 'the action of mind on matter.' We can easily understand why the Savilian Professor of Geometry should use the phrase 'moral causation,' but we cannot but regard the term as an unfortunate interloper in a metaphysical discussion. It has an ethical value and significance of which it is difficult to denude it in its present application. Again: to call the action of matter on matter 'physical causation,' appears to us to be a flagrant misnomer: physical law it may be; but a physical cause, in the philosophical sense of that word, it cannot be. We should like, moreover, to ask Professor Powell, how he reconciles this theory of the action of matter on matter, and of mind on matter, with Hume's denial of the reality of objective connexion; and also, how he gains his knowledge of the action of matter on matter, and of mind on matter. Let us examine his illustration:—

'To take the simplest example: I throw a stone which brings down a bird; my volition is said to be the cause of the stone's flight; the impact of the stone, the cause of the bird's fall. The word "cause" is here used in two totally different senses; in the first instance signifying moral, in the latter physical, causation.'—Page 118.

In this example all that can be *perceived* is the man, the stone, and the bird. As to the 'impact of the stone,' which is called a 'cause,' this is a mere adjustment of matter to produce a given result; it is a physical law, and nothing more. But as to the 'volition,' which is 'the cause of the stone's flight,' how does Professor Powell get at the knowledge of this? That it is not perceived, he must admit; that it is fairly inferred, we at once grant. It follows, however, as a consequence, that our highest notion of causation is not empirical, but intuitional,—not derived from without, but from within. We believe, indeed, that, apart from a consciousness of volitional activity, we never could form any true idea of a cause; and that, therefore, to invest matter with such an attribute, is to lay the foundation of endless perplexity, and of everlasting confusion. Professor Powell does not shrink from the consequences of his theory:—

'The view of the question which I have followed,' says he, 'and the rejection of the idea of cause in the sense of power, as founded on any strict inductive principles, is also important in its consequences, as also removing from inductive philosophy all notion of cause in the sense of *origin*. The celebrated dogma, "Nothing can exist without a cause," according to this view, is wholly unmeaning, and destitute equally of foundation and of application. The only intelligible sense of such a proposition is, that everything is traceable (actually or probably) to some higher principle; in which sense, of course, I fully recognise it.'—Pp. 134, 135.

It is far more grateful to us to commend, than to complain: we are glad, therefore, to be able to concur, for the most part, in Professor Powell's admirable chapter on 'Final Causes.' We agree with him that the term is somewhat inexact and unhappy. It is quite probable that Bacon's criticism and caution were neither superfluous nor useless, and that the study of 'final causes' has sometimes diverted the attention of students from the examination of physical laws: certainly the more natural way is to argue from physical induction to 'final causes,' and not from 'final causes' to physical induction. Still, when we remember that in every induction there is a certain amount of hypothesis, it is not at all impossible that minds of the highest philosophical range—such as Cuvier's—should gather some of their noblest inspirations from the investigation of final causes.

In relation to Natural Theology, we mean substantially, by 'final causes,' those proofs of the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, which are furnished by the arrangements and adaptations of the material world, and which awaken a prompt and emphatic response in the intuitions and beliefs of our moral nature. This argument has, undoubtedly, been damaged by too exclusive a restriction of it to the idea of end, purpose, and result; and by overlooking the inexhaustible evidences of design which are traceable in the plan, symmetry, and unity of universal nature. Recent scientific researches, especially with regard to the homologies of organic life, have shown that these occasionally exist even in contrast with the presence of organs whose functions and use are abortive and unfulfilled. The controversy between the illustrious Cuvier and his distinguished rival Geoffroy St. Hilaire,—which, about a quarter of a century ago, had attained such a height, that Goethe regarded it with more concern than the French Revolution of that time,—might have been brought to a speedy adjustment, if Cuvier had only seen that his doctrine of special teleology was perfectly compatible with the theory of typical forms; and if Geoffroy had only seen that his doctrine of general homology was perfectly compatible with the theory of final causes: that, in fact, when viewed in the light of a more profound and comprehensive generalization, both doctrines are based on an identity of principle, and equally subserve the cause of Natural Theology. A truce happily exists between the two schools; and, under the leadership of Professor Owen, Messrs. McCosh and Dickie, the theological student may harvest ample materials for the construction and embellishment of his *à posteriori* demonstration.

The relevance and the conclusiveness of the design argument have often been impugned. Hume tested it by his theory of causation, especially in reference to the productions of human skill, say, for instance, a watch; and contended, that as we have

had no such experience of the relation of the world-maker and world as we have had of the watch-maker and watch, so we cannot, for the want of a broader basis, ascend from the creation to the Creator, from a physical to a moral cause. On the empirical theory of causation, we see no escape from this dilemma; but on that deeper and more exact theory, which traces the root of the causal law to the structure of our reason, we are compelled, on discovering design in an effect, to refer it to the existence of intelligence in the cause; and thus to reverse the canon of Hume by regarding mind as a singular cause, instead of the world as a 'singular effect.' Sterling observes, 'Physical results prove nothing but a physical cause.' Professor Powell says, in reply, 'The notion of a *moral* cause, to which I refer, is nothing else than what arises necessarily out of the conception of the vast assemblage and orderly combination of physical causes.' We accept this explanation; it enables us to see how the 'stone's flight,' in a former illustration, may be connected with 'volition;' but, at the same time, it is a very important modification of the author's theory of causation, and a tacit admission of the doctrine of intuitive beliefs. But we can forgive this slight inconsistency in consideration of the acute and masterly exposure which he has made of the rash criticism and incoherent speculations, on the subject of 'Final Causes,' of that wonderful but erratic genius, Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

It is due to our readers that the present paper should be confined within moderate limits; and so we hasten on. Yet we may venture to hope that some of the principles which we have endeavoured to elucidate and maintain, will assist them in accompanying us in a brief examination of the third of our author's *Essays*, which is devoted to the *Philosophy of Creation*. After his empirical solution of the law of causation, and after his frequent admissions as to the essential limits of inductive science, it is scarcely necessary to say that the word 'creation' is used by him in a very novel and somewhat catachrestic sense: perhaps, indeed, we should hardly say 'novel,' for the word has substantially the same meaning in the title of the book to which we have occasionally referred, *The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*. Of a creation, in the common acceptance of that term, there can neither be a 'natural history' nor a 'natural philosophy.' Professor Powell tells us that the word 'creation' may be understood to denote two things: in the higher sense, 'the first origination of the material universe, and of all physical causes;' and in the secondary and more accessible meaning, 'the earliest history of the cosmical arrangements of stellar or planetary systems, and more particularly of our own globe, of its physical revolution, and of the successive introduction of new forms of organized life on its surface.' Dr. Pusey is cited in support of the assertion, that

'the word which in Genesis and elsewhere is rendered "create," is only a stronger or more intensive form of expression of the idea of making or fashioning.' The Regius Professor of Hebrew is no doubt a learned man; but he is not infallible either in philology or theology; and it would not be difficult to place in contrast with his opinion that of a large array of Oriental scholars, who testify that the primary import of the word rendered 'created' in the first verse of Genesis, denotes strictly *origination*; that, indeed, it is this peculiarity which limits the use of the word exclusively to God. This, however, is a question of minor importance: there must have been a beginning, designate it how we will; and in any book which professes to expound the 'Philosophy of Creation,' we expect some attempt, at least, to solve the great problem, What is the connexion of God with His works? or, in other words, what is the connexion between moral and physical causation? And yet we are told, that if the term 'creation,' in a philosophical sense, be employed, 'we can regard it as no more than an expression of our ignorance as to the *mode* of the first origination of the material world.' This, then, should have been the title of the third Essay: 'The Philosophy of our Ignorance as to the *Mode* of the first Origination of the material World.' We mean no disrespect when we say that such a title would have hit the pith and gist of the whole book.

The cosmogonies of the ancient Greek physiologists (*φυσιο-λόγοι*) were almost endless; but modern theories of creation may be ranged under the following classification. Some have contended for a simultaneous and universal creation of everything which either has existed or still exists; and they think that when the catacombs of the past shall have been fully explored, fossil representatives of the living creation will be found, and that these added to those of extinct creations will exhibit one coeval and complete family. Such seems to be the general view of De Blainville. Some, again, have maintained the doctrine of the development of species out of the primordial elements of matter, and by the action of some mysterious normal forces, in one ascending series from the zoophyte up to man. Such, in substance, is the doctrine of the *Vestiges*. Some, again, hold that species are the immediate results of Divine power, and that there have been successive acts of creation; not, however, denying that there has been an orderly progress, beginning with inanimate matter, and advancing through the successive stages of vegetable, animal, intellectual, and spiritual life. Such a gradation is traceable in the Mosaic cosmogony. It is no exaggeration to say that the leading palæontologists of the age are in favour substantially of this last theory. Of course, their stronghold is the immutability or permanence of species; and this is assailed at every point and in every form by Professor

Powell. Our space will not permit us to exhibit the process of reasoning by which he attempts to invalidate the evidence in favour of the real existence of species in nature. He does not defend the doctrine of transmutation so much by the facts of science as by the rules of logic; he admits that if it really did take place, 'we could never expect to have any experience of it;' he frankly grants that it is not 'a demonstrated theory;' and he concludes the most elaborate and consecutive argument we have ever seen presented in support of it, by telling us that it is 'a mere philosophical conjecture.'

We do not pretend to any such acquaintance with palæontology as would entitle us to discuss the question with so able an opponent as the author of these *Essays*; but we shall avail ourselves of the opinion of some who have an established reputation in the scientific world. Cuvier says, that 'though we have' (in the Egyptian mummies) 'skeletons of the dog as it existed three thousand years ago, the relation of the bones to each other remains essentially the same; and with all the varieties of their shape and size, there are characters which resist all the influences both of external nature, of human intercourse, and of time.*' Mr. Hugh Miller says, 'In tracing the history of the existing organisms, which has been pursued upwards far beyond the human period, not a change appears in any of them from the passing time till we lose them amid the hoar antiquity of the past. Cuvier showed that the birds and beasts embalmed in the catacombs were identical in every respect with the animals of the same kind that live now, and framed an argument for the fixity of species on the fact. "But what," it was asked, "was a brief period of three thousand years, compared with the geological ages? or how could any real argument be founded on a basis so little extended?" We now know that species have undergone no change from the time of the middle tertiary downward. The native trees of our country, such as the oak, beech, and Scotch fir, have been traced up beyond the times of the boulder clay, when the great northern elephant pressed its way through their branches, and the great British tiger harboured in their thickets. And yet, during a period of such immense extent that all human history is compressed into its nearer corner, none of those woods altered in a single fibre.' Our author says, in reference to such testimonies as these, 'Without pretending to impugn their science, I venture to call in question their logic.' By what feat of logic the facts ascertained by Cuvier and Miller can be pressed into the service of the transmutation theory, we are at a loss to guess. Professor Whewell, than whom no man living understands better the logical analysis of induction, says, after a careful examination

* *Ossém. Foss. Disc. Prél.*, p. 61.

of the discoveries of Sir C. Lyell, Dr. Pritchard, Lawrence, and others, 'Indefinite divergence from the original type is not possible; and the extreme limit of possible variation may usually be reached in a short period of time: in short, species have a real existence in nature, and a transmutation from one to another does not exist.'* We think this judgment of the Master of Trinity may be excusably preferred to the conclusion of the Savilian Professor.

Further on we read as follows:—

'It has been shown that such an event as the extermination of one species, and the substitution of a new one in its place, must be an event of so rare a character, that no noticeable instance of it could be expected to take place within the range of our observation. This argument is independent of the supposed *mode* of the introduction of the new species. Hence it is to be observed, that it applies equally to the case of transmutation as to any other supposed mode of origination; and the consideration arising is clearly this,—that if transmutation did really take place, we could never expect to have any experimental evidence of it.'—Pp. 438, 439.

There is a wide and essential difference between the application of the want-of-experience argument in the former and in the latter part of this quotation. So far as experience goes,—and it extends to the time of the middle tertiary,—it points to the immutability and, therefore, creation of species; and the objection that we have never seen them created is neutralized by the calculation, 'that no noticeable instance could be expected to take place within the range of our observation.' But the transmutation theory has *no* support from experience; and if we can never expect any, it must be what Professor Sedgwick calls it, 'no better than a frenzied dream.'† We agree with our author, when he says, 'One thing is perfectly clear, the introduction of new species was a regular, not a casual, phenomenon.' But while we hold this principle as tenaciously as he does, we hold it on very different grounds. A phenomenon may be perfectly regular, although the laws which govern it may defy the efforts of inductive investigation. If we admit, as we are compelled to do, the fact of a first creation, we must also believe that it was a regular and not a casual phenomenon; not that the regularity arose from its accordance with physical laws, but from its harmony with the laws of that infinite Intelligence, who is the God of order, and not of confusion. We would ask, Was the creation of man a casual phenomenon? We put the question in reference to the whole man,—body and mind. A body in human form is not a man. Mind is the great characteristic of the species. It is very convenient for an inductionist to tell us that mind must be viewed as an anomaly with which philosophy has nothing to

* 'Indications of a Creator,' p. 56.

† 'Discourse,' p. 27.

do. Mind, as we have already seen, is as susceptible of inductive analysis as matter. When, therefore, after the lapse of inconceivable ages in the old geological world, we see a being rise up before us endowed with mind, we are entitled to ask, Whence came he? The answer is not from science, but from revelation: *God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them.* Nor was this 'a casual phenomenon:' for God said, *Let Us make man in Our image after Our likeness.*

'To recapitulate and conclude: as in the existing condition of the material world, in those phenomena which are best understood and most perfectly investigated in all their laws and relations, it is that we have the highest and most indisputable evidences of the Supreme Moral Cause; so in regard to the past in the same way, where we can best trace the steps and processes by which the changes have gone on, there we recognise the true evidences of creation. Yet it is the very reverse of this view which a certain class of writers would seem to uphold.'—Page 508.

But surely the 'laws and relations' of phenomena are not exactly synonymous with 'the steps and processes by which changes have gone on.' We contend that an inductionist, whether investigating the present or the past, has to do with products and not with processes, with created objects and not with creative acts; and, if he should attempt more, he will give us a history of physical evolutions under the pompous misnomer of a *Philosophy of Creation*. It is by some such oversight as this that Professor Powell has been led to speak disparagingly of the *Footprints of the Creator*. The illustration by which he caricatures the argument of that book is equally inapposite and ungenerous. The illiterate simpleton, who refuses to recognise in the tranquillity and prosperity of a State marks of a wise and vigorous government, and who rather points to social disorganization and wretchedness as the proof of such government, has no sort of fellowship with the vigorous intellect and finer genius of the late Hugh Miller. To place him in such company, even by way of illustration, is an insult—alas! that we should have to say—to his memory. But this is one of Professor Powell's favourite methods of dispensing his satire. If we attempt to account for any phenomenon without tracing it to a physical cause, we are taunted with believing in chaos, hiatuses, sudden interruptions, the breaking of chains, discontinuities, and sundry catastrophes of that sort. To all this, and much more of the same type, it is sufficient to reply, that such phantoms can have no place in the creed of those who hold the real connexion of God with His works. We still regard Mr. Miller's position as unassailable. The author of the *Vestiges* had affirmed that the earliest forms of life were small as to their size, and imperfect as to their organization; and on this

assumption mainly had based his theory of development. It was a natural inference from that assumption, that the further we went back in the scale of existence, and the nearer we approached the primordial elements, the more faint would the indications of creative skill and power become. No doubt an amorphous rock contains evidences of a God, but not such evidences as are furnished by the human cerebrum. Mr. Miller finds a specimen of the *asterolepis* in the lower old red sandstone, just where the Lamarckian said that God had scarcely been, or that He had trod with so light a step as hardly to leave a trace of His presence; and Mr. Miller does with the *asterolepis* what Professor Powell does with man,—attributes it to a distinct creative act of God, and says, 'I see in that early and gigantic ganoid the Footprints of the Creator.'

We know, from numerous admissions and avowals in these *Essays*, that the gifted author is a devout believer in a 'personal God; a moral Governor of the world; the Divine will and power originating material things, and calling forth intellectual and spiritual life;' but so far as the reasonings and conclusions of this volume are concerned, we regret to have to add that the last triumph of the inductive philosophy is to give us a creation without a Creator,—the orderly evolution of physical law, instead of the immediate agency of an ever-present God. It is well for the Christian believer that he is not condemned to walk by sight only, and thus alternately stumble and stand still. His highest source of confidence is that which reaches him in fullest measure; and he can afford to wait till lagging human science brings up its scattered witnesses, and all the host of them fall into step with the sacred testimony. *Through FAITH we understand, that the worlds were framed by the word of God.*

ART. X.—*Memoirs of James Hutton; comprising the Annals of his Life, and Connexion with the United Brethren.* By DANIEL BENHAM. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1856.

MOST Christian people are conscious of a certain fascination in the name of the Moravian Brethren; but there are not many who can give a good account of that fascination to themselves. It does not spring from the affectionate title which they assume: for there have been other Brethren in ecclesiastical history, whose memory has nothing savoury in it; and there are 'Brethren' moving about in our own land, renouncing as unworthy the communion of all other Churches, yet themselves perverting and wresting plain Scriptures, and bringing into exaggerated prominence Scriptures which are not plain; and these certainly exert no general fascination. It is not to be

ascribed to the term *Moravian*; for the interest which is attached to that indefinite word is not the cause, but the effect, of the character of the people who bear it. The ideal of this community in the public mind is more indistinct and shadowy than that of almost any other existing among us. It is that of a people few in number, living in dim seclusion, but diffusing their influence to the ends of the earth; having no national home, but free among almost all nations; separated from the world more effectually than most other Christian people, but doing great good noiselessly in it; a people who strive, and strive successfully, to re-produce the combined simplicity and rigour of early Christianity. Whatever unreality and whatever truth there may be in this, the cause of the mystery in which they and their doings are folded is easily to be explained. It may be traced to the stillness which reigns over all their proceedings; to their unaggressive character at home, in strange contrast with indefatigable missionary labours abroad; but chiefly to the scarcity and unpopular character of their literature.

The work whose title we have given above, may be regarded as the history of the United Brethren in England, from the commencement of their existence among us in 1735 to the end of the century. It is an exceedingly important contribution to our knowledge of the character and struggles of this community. As such, it will serve to disenchant the Brethren of much of the mystery in which they have been shrouded; it will dissipate many illusions, and show that they have been and are flesh and blood like others. But on the whole it will raise rather than depress their character, in the eyes of their fellow-Christians; though many a page will require to be read in the spirit of kindness to their memory, and in the spirit of forgiveness toward the writer.

James Hutton very fairly deserved to be the central personage of a history of the *Unitas Fratrum* in England; but, as a biography, this work is exceedingly ponderous, and will, we fear, defeat its purpose by its extreme diffuseness. It has been compiled with extraordinary industry and patience. From its well conceived Introduction to its model of an Index, it is elaborately finished. Year after year gives up its treasures of minute information, and thus the whole presents an exhaustive account of the man and his deeds. If the plan of the book had been different, the history of the body and not that of the man regulating the chronology, and the whole condensed into two-thirds of its present bulk, it would certainly have been very extensively read. We shall take it for granted that our readers, at least, will make themselves acquainted with it, and shall therefore merely glance at the general course of the life of this remarkable man. He was born in London in 1715, the son of a clergyman; served his apprenticeship to a printer and bookseller; and, when a very young

man, derived much benefit from the religious societies then meeting in different parts of London. He was awakened to religious earnestness by the preaching of John Wesley, and was prevented only by his engagement with his master from going with him on that voyage to Georgia in which the Moravian Brethren first appear. Peter Böhler was the instrument of his full salvation; and having united himself with the Moravians, whom he visited at Herrnhut, he continued faithful to their cause through good and evil report to the end of his long life. He became a devoted disciple and servant of Count Zinzendorf, the *Papa*, or Holy Father, of the Brethren; under whose direction while he lived, and under that of the Elders' Conference which took the Count's place when he died, he devoted all his time and energy to the Unity in England. It is impossible to recapitulate his unwearied labours in its cause. His counsel and aid were afforded to it in all its earlier complicated plans of government and projects of usefulness; he held, as years rolled on, every lay-office in it, and preached and ministered as a Deacon; he was the soul of its missionary labours as a Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel; he defended it in its distresses, helped it by his energy and skill through all its heavy financial embarrassments; travelled for it over Europe; and, toward the close of his life, became as it were its representative to the Court and people of England. His piety was deep and earnest; his energy indomitable; and when he died in 1795, at the age of eighty, he left behind him a character as unspotted, and the memorial of a life as unwearied in good works, as almost any man of the century which he adorned and served.

Leaving Hutton, however, and returning to the Christian community to which he devoted his life, we would inquire into its history, and the claims which it has to the respect and thoughtful study of all Christian men. These claims have a threefold source: first, the remarkable derivation of the Society, historically considered; secondly, its own peculiarities as a religious system; and, thirdly, its connexion with the history of the revival of religion in England during the last century.

The United Brethren are connected with the past by a most wonderful chain of history. Exaggerations apart, they do well to be proud of their antecedents. Their archives at Herrnhut deserve the high estimation in which they are held, and the jealous care with which they are preserved. If they superadd to these, and lay undue stress upon, other imaginary archives, no one who understands their motives will be in haste to condemn them. Nothing but good comes of the honest pride with which every body of modern Christians cherishes the records of its religious derivation. This is a pride of ancestry which no law of God condemns, which all the instincts of our

spiritual nature approve. Not a little of this enthusiasm glows in the holy Apostle's recital of his people's fathers' sufferings and deeds: whence but from this the generous apostrophe, *Of whom the world was not worthy?* The Brethren share this feeling to the full, and have good reason for it. They are the inheritors of strange and glorious traditions; and a few pages devoted to them in Mr. Benham's book would have been quite as instructive, certainly more to the point, and generally more interesting, than his brief summary of the religious history of England.

As a modern representative of an ancient Christianity, the Church of the Moravian Brethren exhibits a fourfold derivation, each of which may be studied with deep interest. The first takes us back to the year 1722, when Christian David and a few other refugees of the persecuted remnant of the Bohemian Brethren found refuge at Berthelsdorf, an estate of Count Nicolas Lewis von Zinzendorf in Upper Lusatia. On the 17th of June Herrnhut was founded, (the 'Watch of the Lord,') an establishment in which these pious men aimed to renew and carry out the regulations of their forefathers, formed on the model of those of the first Christians. This was the origin of the *renewed Church of the Brethren*; but the original *Unitas Fratrum*, whose lineal spiritual descendants established the community over which Count Zinzendorf subsequently presided, carries us back through three centuries of persecution and hardship to the remnant of the Hussites, who about 1450 assumed that name. But the distinctive character, though not the name, of these Bohemian or Moravian Christians, must be traced back through six hundred years more of struggle and fidelity to the missionary labours of Methodius and Cyrillus, the apostles of the Slavonic races from the Greek Church. Another and a fourth line which the Brethren love to trace, and which has been an influential element in their modern history, is their episcopal succession of orders through the Waldenses from the earliest times.

It is probable that, during the temporary subjection of the Slavonian nation of the Moravians to Charlemagne's Frankish Empire, the Christianity of the Roman See had been introduced. But this had proved ineffectual to any general reformation; and Cyrillus and Methodius may be regarded as the founders of Moravian Christianity. They were most remarkable men, the best Missionaries of that age; and the scantiness of our knowledge of them is very much to be regretted. There can be no doubt that the character which was stamped upon the protesting religion of these two countries for the next four centuries, which found its expression in Huss, and which was transmitted to the Bohemian Brethren, may be ascribed to the peculiar influence of these their great progenitors. They rose above the common

prejudice which disdained the rude languages of these tribes as unworthy of the Divine service; they made themselves masters of the Slavonian tongue, invented for it an alphabet, translated into it the Scriptures, used it for liturgical purposes, and thus made their converts the intelligent disciples of a creed which they understood, and worshippers who worshipped in spirit and in truth. When a change in political relations brought the Moravians into closer connexion with the German Empire and the Western Church, contentions arose concerning the use of the Latin language, the celibacy of the priesthood, and the denial of the cup, which were never healed. These ancestors of the Bohemian Brethren never yielded, but kept up a steady opposition which had no parallel before the Reformation.

The Waldenses, during the twelfth century, found their last asylum in Bohemia, and greatly assisted the development of the germ of Protestantism. English Lollards, and the writings of Wyclif in the fourteenth century, still further prepared the way; until, at length, Huss and Jerome gave final expression to the deep national feeling,—which had already so vigorously spoken in Conrad Stiekna, Johann Milicz, Matthias von Janow, and other equally memorable Moravian precursors of the Reformation. The half century which followed the martyrdom of Huss was filled with horrors such as can hardly be equalled in the history of Christianity. Huss left no definite system of doctrine around which his followers might rally. The furious crusade against the Hussites was responded to by them in a spirit most unworthy the name they bore. After sixteen years of exterminating warfare, the more moderate party of the Hussites, called Calixtines, from the chalice to which they limited their demands, submitted to the concessions of the Council of Basle in 1433. The extreme and fanatical Taborites, so called from the mountain which they fortified, were all but destroyed. The true and faithful remnant of both these parties emerged from this chaos of violence and war as the Bohemian Brethren; holding fast the great principles of their protest, but denouncing and avoiding all violence in maintaining them.

'Brethren of the Law of Christ,' was the first name that they gave themselves; but this was soon changed, to avoid all misconception, into *Unitas Fratrum*, 'Unity of the Brethren,' simply. Their earliest refuge was Liticz, on the borders of Moravia, where—under the pastoral care of Michael von Bradacz and some other Ministers who had joined them—they held Divine service for a while undisturbed, and laid the foundation of their ecclesiastical polity. But as they increased, they attracted the attention of the Romish party, who instigated their rulers to suppress them by force. The old persecution began anew. Worship, without Catholic ceremonies, was forbidden under pain of death; and the assemblies of the Brethren were hunted down.

Imprisonment and banishment were made the penalty, after it had been found that death only kindled the zeal of these confessors. They then took refuge in the mountains, hiding themselves in holes and pits; whence their name *Grubenheimer* ('Burrowers'). In the day-time they dared not kindle a fire, lest the smoke should betray them; but during the night they could undisturbedly study the holy word. That their traces might not be perceived in the snow, they all trod in the same line; the last of the party obliterating their footsteps with the branch of a tree, to give their track the appearance as if a peasant had dragged a bush behind him. Under these circumstances they passed many years, exercising themselves unto godliness, sustaining each other's faith, and waiting for better times.

A few extracts from one of their own writings at this period will give some idea of the spirit which animated these Bohemian reformers:—'Before all things we have agreed among ourselves, that we will preserve the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ in purity, and confirm it by righteousness which is of God; abiding together in love, and putting our trust in the living God. This we determine faithfully to manifest in word and deed. Each will assist the other, in all holy fidelity and love, to lead a blameless life; and all will exercise themselves in humility, submission, meekness, continence, and patience, in order to prove thereby that we have a true faith, real love, and sure hope, which is laid up for us. We have also agreed together that we will unanimously observe a willing and perfect obedience, strictly according to the Scriptures given us of God. Each shall receive of the other instruction, warning, exhortation, and correction in brotherly benevolence; that we may all keep the covenant which we have made with God through our Lord Jesus Christ in the spirit. We agree willingly to do and undertake everything which shall be judged conducive to edification; especially to observe Christian obedience, to stand by one another in want and poverty, to be humbled and in subjection, to keep the fear of God always before our eyes, to acknowledge our offences to God and one another. But if one be found not to abide in all these, refusing to keep the covenant made with God and with Christian brethren, we declare with sorrow that we cannot insure such an one his salvation, but must withdraw from him, and exclude him from our communion in Divine service. And if one be taken in grievous sin, or decided heresy, we cannot readmit him till he has entirely purged himself, and plainly amended his life. The priests and teachers, in particular, are to set a good example; and in word and deed so to behave toward others, that,' &c. With regard to their theology, the confessions of faith which they sent in repeatedly to King Wladislaus, many years before the Reformation commenced, evidently show that they maintained, though with some errors, most of the funda-

mental doctrines of the Gospel. In particular, the sacrifice of the mass, transubstantiation, purgatory, prayers for the dead, adoration of images, and the supremacy of the Pope, were utterly renounced. The Confession of Zittau, sent in to Ferdinand I. thirty years afterward, in 1535, and which was made by Count Zinzendorf the basis of the renewed community, may be regarded as exhibiting traces of the influence of the German Reformation. The declarations of doctrine, however, which they made many years before the Confession of Augsburg, are sufficient to vindicate for the Bohemian Brethren the very highest place among the precursors of Luther. It is doubtful whether in any corner of Europe there were to be found, at the opening of the sixteenth century, men holding articles of faith which approached so nearly to purity as these comparatively unknown confessors of Bohemia and Moravia. Certainly none suffered more for it than they. And in this they have the pre-eminence over all the other heralds of the Reformation, that they were hereditary reformers. They patiently carried on a conflict which their fathers had only too fiercely contended in. The Waldenses had come among them, and found a faith purer than their own, and a discipline still more rigid. The writings of Wyclif did not introduce any new truth: they merely fell in with the views and convictions which had been struggling in the national mind for centuries; indeed, from the very commencement of their Christianity. The formation of the *Unitas Fratrum*, in the middle of the fifteenth century, was a wonderful proof of the depth and intensity of the Protestant feeling of this entire branch of the Slavonic race. An exterminating crusade, on the one hand, waged against these Hussites, and, on the other, their almost equally anti-Christian violence of resistance, continued in that small territory for so many years, failed to extinguish the true religious life of the nation. The violence and lawlessness of their unhallowed zeal passed away; and the Brethren emerged from the general confusion, the true representatives of Bohemian and Moravian Christianity, with a creed fast approaching to purity, which they maintained and defended for centuries afterward with no weapons but patient endurance.

The extracts given above will have shown the tendency of these Brethren to enforce a rigorous discipline, and their determination to bring back that watchful mutual supervision which they regarded as essential to the purity of the Church. But this specific characteristic of the community, which has clung to it through all subsequent time, was not the result or the cause of any indifference to ecclesiastical order in the Church. One of their first anxieties, while they were still worshipping God under proscription in dens and caves, was the provision for a continuation of episcopal government. This was another element which distinguished them from all the other reformers of that age in

Christendom, and in which they differed from the entire body of German Reformed Churches. No Bishop had attached himself to their party; only a few Calixtine priests. They therefore assembled a Synod at Lhota, in Bohemia, composed of about seventy of their most eminent men; and, after much prayer, selected three of the number *by lot*, whom they solemnly designated to the ministerial office.* They then turned their eyes in every direction for episcopal ordination, and among the Waldenses, on the borders of Bohemia, found what they wanted. They sent three of their priests to Stephen, the last Bishop of that persecuted community, and they received episcopal ordination. The designated elders were then canonically ordained, and thus the Brethren rejoiced in the prospect of transmitting such orders in the community as no existing Church could ever impugn. This act of theirs was prompted by no exclusive devotion to the episcopal institute, but by a deep sense of its preferableness, on the whole, to any other form of Church government. Humanly speaking, the modern Brethren owe, as will be seen, their existence to this provident care of their fathers.

The appearance of Luther was nowhere hailed with more delight than in Bohemia. He was there regarded as a second Huss, raised up to complete the work of their own reformer. Luther, suspicious of them at first, and resenting many things in their doctrine and discipline which deviated from his own, at length heartily accepted them as coadjutors, and entered into strict relations with their community. The Brethren, who never arrogated to themselves any superiority over the other Churches of the Reformation, modified many of the doctrinal points of their Confession; but held firmly those distinctive features of ecclesiastical government and internal discipline which have marked them out from the greater part of the Christian world in all times since. A few particulars of their constitution, as it was finally developed in the sixteenth century, may not be out of place here, as exhibiting the system which was revived with so much energy and success at Herrnhut in 1722.

There were four grades of the clergy,—Bishops, Ministers (or Presbyters), Deacons, and Acolytes. The Brethren decided at a Synod, in 1500, to avoid the evils of a primacy, by the election of four Bishops. These Bishops had equal prerogatives; but one of them had the priority assigned to him in the general Synods

* Of course, this was not the first instance of the use of the lot in the history of the Church; but it stands alone, taking all its circumstances into account, as the act of a Church in time of trouble placing itself on a level with the disciples who, during the *interregnum* between the Lord's departure and the descent of the Holy Ghost, elected Matthias by lot. Twenty of the best of the community were chosen; out of these nine were selected; and on three slips of paper the word *Est* was written. If none of the papers thus inscribed were drawn, that would be regarded as the Lord's will that no such orders were to be continued. After much prayer, the three inscribed papers were drawn.

of the Unity, and in the conferences of the Bishops. They had the general care of the Churches, and were intrusted with the common supervision of all the internal and external interests of the Unity as such. Each of them was responsible for the yearly inspection of all the Churches in his district, took charge of the call and ordination of the pastorate, watched over his own clergy, and summoned and conducted the Synods. Each had appointed to him several co-Bishops, who were chosen from the Ministers, and from whom the Bishops were elected by lot. Their office as coadjutors was manifold. The Ministers were in all respects the Pastors of individual churches: but their function was very solemn and strict. They were required diligently to visit every house, and to exercise the most vigilant oversight over the family religion and the personal religion of their entire flock. They were the general referees on all other questions not directly religious: at feasts they were seldom seen, and, when present, retired after pronouncing their benediction. Their income was derived mainly from free-will offerings and collections in the congregation. They generally practised some handicraft in connexion with their ministerial office. They were mostly unmarried, though celibacy by this time had been renounced. Young men were intrusted to them who were devoted to a spiritual calling; and over whose studies, religious life, devotional engagements, and employments generally, they exercised control. The most rigorous discipline was observed as to the times of prayer, recreation, meals, and labour. These dwellings of the ministry were always celebrated for their simplicity and Christian hospitality to all. The *Deacons* were the helpers of the ministry in all their duties, especially in their preaching: they went in all directions, far and near, preaching the Gospel, under the direction of the Minister, to whom in all things they were responsible. The *Acolytes*, from whose ranks the Deacons were chosen, were the lowest class of official persons. Those of the young men who conducted themselves well in the houses of the Ministers, were appointed, about the age of twenty, by the Synods, to the office of Acolytes, receiving then a new scriptural name. They had the charge of many more external matters, waited on the Minister, and accompanied him in his journeys as his servants in the work. They, in common with the Deacons, washed the feet of the guests who came to the Minister's house. The elder Acolytes were practised in reading the Scriptures, and giving short comments, in the family worship of the Minister. The most promising among them were selected by the Bishops for further academical instruction; and thus provision was made for a succession of learned men in the Unity. 'But it must be confessed,' says one of these writers, 'that the Brethren laid more stress upon illiterate piety than upon literature scant of piety; and paid more regard to good morals springing from a

knowledge of the Divine will than to exquisite knowledge of the liberal arts.' The *Synods* were twofold: the General Synods, which the exigencies of the Unity rendered necessary in the course of years; and the District Synods, held annually in different parts. In the latter the several orders of the ministry were ordained, and only to their more public sittings were the Deacons and Acolytes admitted.

The *people* were divided generally into three classes. First, the *incipientes*, beginners, or catechumens, comprising their own children, and converts from the old system of Roman Catholicism. When these testified their desire to be admitted into the fellowship of the Church, after a strict and careful instruction in the fundamentals of the faith, especially the doctrines of the law, sin, and repentance, they were received into the class of *proficientes*, *recepti ad verbum Dei*, proficientes. These were admitted to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, only after a solemn instruction upon the essential principles of the covenant of salvation, and the way of acceptance with God through the atoning merits of Christ. The third class comprised those who were *ad perfectionem tendentes*, going on to perfection in the obedience of the Gospel, or *milites Dei vincentes*, rejoicing in conscious deliverance from sin, and victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil. Out of this last class were chosen by the people, and appointed by the Bishop in full assembly, certain *male and female elders*, in numbers varying according to the size of the community, to whom was delegated a peculiar supervision over its relations to the civil power, its internal temporal affairs, its sick members, and many other matters which fell not directly under the function of the ministry, or could not be attended to by them alone.

Their discipline was very strict, and in this they aimed at reviving the spirit of the early Church; one of their heaviest charges against the corrupt Church from which they separated, being its laxity of manners. Their rigour in this respect gave great offence to the evangelical Churches around them, and prevented many from submitting to their yoke. But the more closely the details of their system of ecclesiastical discipline are studied, the more fully will it commend itself to all thoughtful minds as a faithful reproduction of early Christianity on the one hand, and on the other as an example to the relaxed usages of the Churches of our own day. The more concealed sins were rebuked in secret, or, without mentioning names, in the public preaching. Public sins were charged upon the delinquent in full assembly, and either confessed with promise of amendment, or visited with more extreme punishment. Exclusion from the Lord's Supper was the first stage; excommunication from all fellowship the next and the last. The excommunicated person was taken by one of the elders or deacons, and led solemnly out of the assembly; the congregation, after being addressed in

exhortation, uniting in fervent prayer for the rejected member. The Bishop and the Synod alone dealt with the offences of the ministerial functionaries. It was permitted to the excommunicated to hear the preaching without the door of the church; and, after public confession and manifest signs and proofs of full repentance, they might be re-admitted. It cannot be doubted that to the rigorous fidelity with which this discipline was administered during those ages of trial, may be ascribed in great measure the preservation of their faith and their name.

The economy of their worship blended with the severity and the joys of religion. They kept up the ancient system of fasting with considerable rigour; observing not merely the vigils of the festivals, but setting apart days of abstinence and prayer before the ordination of their Ministers, and on all special emergencies of their Society. The prayers of the Minister in public were followed by solemn silence, all remaining upon their knees until the Minister rose. They delighted in hymns, sung by the whole congregation in the vernacular tongue, without any accompaniment of music. The solemnization of the Lord's Supper was their central ordinance; it was announced some weeks previously to the celebration, preceded by private confession when desired, and the elements, after a liturgical service of great simplicity, were received by the communicants kneeling. The invisible presence of the Lord Jesus in all the assemblies of His people, sealing His own promises and directing all their affairs, became very early a principle of vital importance in the history of the United Brethren. It gave life to their simple ceremonial; it made the Church a brotherhood, and every assembling of its members an act of real communion with Christ. It impressed a character of primitive simplicity upon their complicated system; it elevated every individual to a position of honour and dignity in relation to the Head of the Church; and greatly tended to promote that spirit of unworldliness which in all its best ages distinguished the *Unitas Fratrum*.

Such is a brief sketch of the constitution and character of the community from which the modern Moravian Brethren sprung, and of which their present system is, with some modifications, a reproduction. It was not the formation of one mind, or the embodiment of the reforms of one age. It was the result of the influences of several centuries, moulded by the predominant spirit of one peculiar race of men. During all its earlier history this form of Christianity was entirely confined to the Slavonic race. It flourished wherever it was driven by persecution among the scattered branches of that race. The almost extinguished embers which the Brethren of modern times have kindled into life were found in Moravia; proving with what tenacity the roots of the old faith clung through ages of oppression to the soil which first received the seed. It is a striking and a painful

circumstance that the revived Church of the Brethren has no other connexion with its ancient consecrated seats than that title gives them. The name of 'Moravian Brethren' was never assumed by themselves; nor have their labours ever aimed to repay the debt they owe to their fathers' ancient race.*

It is foreign to our purpose to trace the varying fortunes of the *Unitas Fratrum* down to the time of their vanishing from history. A few words will be sufficient to show the link which unites them with their modern representatives. They flourished in comparative peace until the year 1546; and during this interval translated the Scriptures into the Bohemian tongue, this being the first translation after Wyclif's into a European language. They kept three presses at work in printing copies, and, before the Reformation, had published three editions of the entire Scriptures. During this interval they also sent emissaries over the whole of Southern Europe, to trace out the remnants of ancient uncorrupted Churches with whom they might take counsel: but they returned with the tidings that none were anywhere to be found. This period of their flourishing activity was the deepest night of Europe. In consequence of their refusal to take up arms, at the command of Ferdinand I., against the Protestants of the Empire, they were subjected to bitter persecution. Decree after decree was fulminated against them, and at length they were commanded to quit the country within forty-two days. Many of them found refuge in Prussia; others fled into Poland, where they founded a Church, which after some years was united, though without losing its independence, with the Lutheran and Reformed bodies, by the *Compact of Sendomir*. Under Maximilian II. they regained some measure of freedom,

* The following observations of the late Count Valerian Krasinski, in his very valuable 'Sketch of the Religious History of the Slavonic Nations,' have a peculiar interest:—'I must express my astonishment at a circumstance which I confess my inability to understand. The Moravians embrace in their labours of Christian love the whole world, except the race from which they have sprung themselves,—the race which produced John Huss, and which he so ardently loved. It seems, indeed, that they have more at heart the welfare of the Greenlanders, Negroes, and Hottentots, than that of the Slavonians. They could do much good, without compassing land and sea, in a circle lying in the immediate vicinity of their most flourishing establishments. They certainly could not undertake the evangelization of those Slavonians who live under the dominion of Russia; but there are hundreds of thousands of them in Silesia, where the Moravians have several prosperous settlements. These present a most fertile field for the Christian labours of the Moravians; but although many of their Ministers are undoubtedly very proficient Hindoo, Hottentot, and Esquimaux scholars, I wonder if there are amongst them such as are masters even of one dialect of that tongue in which Huss proclaimed the pure Word of God?... They assume the name of the Slavonic country where the first national Church was established, and claim to be descended from the most perfect disciples of the great Slavonic Reformer, and yet they have estranged themselves from his race! Should this essay be fortunate enough to attract their attention, I would most earnestly request them to consider that their community is a branch severed from the great Slavonic tree, and therefore its many offsets, transplanted, have only produced small though verdant groves. Let it be re-grafted on the parent stock, and it will rapidly grow to a mighty forest.'

and in 1575 the four evangelical parties existing in Bohemia united in a general *Bohemian Confession*; but the Brethren, whose principal seat was at Fulneck in Moravia, preserved their independence, and flourished externally for a while, though at the expense of some degree of their internal purity. The Thirty Years' War, which broke out in 1618, was the signal for the utter ruin of their community. They fled in all directions, but nowhere again established themselves. A few still lingered in the old fastnesses, reserved for revival a century afterward. In Poland alone were the Brethren found in distinct organization. These were at the Synod of Ostrog united with the Reformed Church of the country, and the *Unitas Fratrum* lost its place in history.

In this miserable and hopeless Exodus, John Amos Comenius, the last Bishop of the Bohemian Brethren, found an asylum in Poland. He was at that time Minister of Fulneck, and a man of distinguished learning. After beholding the destruction of his library, and all the pleasant things of his Church laid waste, he fled with a vast number of the persecuted remnant,—numbered at 30,000,—to Liissa in Poland. In 1632 he received the episcopate; not so much for active service, the Brethren being by that time absorbed into the Reformed Church, as to continue the episcopal succession for better days. He wrote a History of his people, the extinction of whose Church he bewailed as its last Bishop and ruler, but ascribed it to the just judgment of God. Describing the days when Maximilian granted them tolerance, he says, 'Thus flourished pure religion, after false Hussitism had been gradually abolished, until not one in a hundred in the land was without a knowledge of the Gospel. But, alas! with the freedom of religion came in, as usual, the freedom of the flesh. Discipline was relaxed, and all evil consequences ensued, until the times of Ferdinand made good the Prophet's words, *In pace amaritudo mea amarissima*.' But with all his lamentations he cherished throughout his long life of wanderings an inextinguishable faith in the future revival of his community. The History which he published in 1649, after he had been in England, was dedicated to the English Church, as his last will and testament, that by her it might be preserved for the future Brethren. Though he spoke of himself as closing the gate of his congregation behind him, he addressed the few who remained in strains to which the events of a century afterward give almost the dignity of prophecy. Such was his faith in the future resurrection to corporate life and activity of his almost extinguished Church, that he formally committed, at an humble Synod in 1662, the episcopal consecration to the Bohemian Jablonsky. He ordained a Polish Bishop; but his son, Daniel Ernest Jablonsky, received this precious heritage at another Synod in 1699, specially in trust for the dispersed of the flock. By him it was committed

in 1735 to David Nitschmann of Herrnhut, the first Bishop of the renewed Church, and in 1737 to Count Zinzendorf.

The revival of the *Unitas Fratrum*, however, was not brought about by the hand or policy of man. Neither Jablonsky nor Zinzendorf has the honour of being the patriarch of the new community. They were prepared to take their part in this work of God; but the new life was breathed into the old brotherhood far away in a Moravian village, where Christian David and a few other godly men were waiting upon God, and preserving their piety in secret. The impulse which drove these men from their own land was not actual persecution, but the longing to escape from the presence of a power which suppressed all their yearnings after Christian fellowship. Christian David had been in former years a Papist: convinced of his error, he wandered from his own land, abominating Popery and dissatisfied with Lutheranism. Having found rest to his soul, he returned to his native place, and joined a few simple Moravians in the secret service of God. In one of his journeys into Saxony, his name became known to Count Zinzendorf, who caused it to be intimated to him that he would receive any refugees from Moravia on his own domain. The first settler was Christian David himself. The first tree for the settlement was felled by his hands on the 17th of June, 1722, near the Hutberg, on the Count's estate of Berthelsdorf. The name of this mountain suggested at once the symbolical name of the first seat of the renewed Church, Herrnhut, 'the Watch of the Lord.*' For a few years nothing more was intended by these simple settlers under God's protection, than to dwell together as much as possible after the traditions of their ancient Church. Many families joined them from their old country; and many came from other Churches and settled with them, bringing their own views of doctrine and discipline, which nothing but the overpowering fervour of zeal and love prevented from occasioning discord in the little community. It soon became absolutely necessary to commit their affairs into the hands of a visible as well as an invisible direction; and everything conspired to mark out Count Zinzendorf for that office. He had hitherto been only the manager of their temporal concerns; in his religious capacity a private man only, the Berthelsdorf Pastor being their officiating Minister. Under the Count's guidance certain articles of agreement were drawn up in 1727, which conformed as nearly as possible, save in the point of the ministry, to the constitution of the ancient *Unitas Fratrum*; and on a certain memorable day, which is still looked back upon as a second Pentecost, the day of the new foundation of their Church, the entire brotherhood received together, in

* 'This place shall not only be under the protection of the Lord; but shall daily stand on the Lord's watch-tower, keeping silence neither day nor night.'

Berthelsdorf church, the Holy Communion, amid such sacred manifestations of the presence of their Lord as healed all differences, and moulded them for the first time into one body. The three hitherto distinct *tropuses* of the Lutheran, Reformed, and Moravian doctrine, were blended into one, and in due time the *Augsburg Confession* became, as far as any form could be, the standard of their faith. Their professed acceptance of this creed was afterward the condition of their toleration; and they still commemorate that Confession on the 25th of June.

Within a few years the community secured to itself an independent order of ministry. Count Zinzendorf himself, anxious to avoid the appearance of separation from the Lutheran Church, and conscious that he could not effectually serve the interests of his charge without it, obtained ordination to the presbytery from the Theological Faculty of Tübingen. In the next year David Nitschmann was consecrated by Jablonsky, then Court Chaplain in Berlin, as the first Bishop of the New Church of the Brethren; in 1737, Count Zinzendorf himself received the episcopal consecration; and the other orders of the ministry strictly dependent upon the episcopal office, those of Presbyters, Deacons, and Acolytes, followed. But while he lived, the Count was the presiding spirit of the entire Unity. He stamped his own character on every part of it; and gave it under God that mighty missionary impulse which has been its highest glory.

Nicolas Lewis, Count Zinzendorf, was born at Dresden in 1700. He was brought up in the house of a pious grandmother, the Countess Gersdorf, in Lusatia, where he came under the influence of Spener; and in very early youth became the subject of that deep mystical passion toward the person of our Lord Jesus Christ which moulded his entire subsequent career.* At ten years of age, he was placed in the Pietist school of Francke, in Halle, and distinguished himself there by the eccentricity of his precocious devotion. The spirit of the future ruler manifested itself, in his sixteenth year, in the formation of a spiritual fellowship, which he named '*the Seed-corn.*' In 1716, he went to the University of Wittenberg, where the sole subject of his thoughts was the desolation of the Church, and the hope of its recovery. At the jubilee of the Reformation, in 1717, he excluded himself, and kept the commemoration with fasting and

* 'I heard,' he said, in one of his addresses to children, at the close of life, 'that He who created me, became a man. That moved my soul. I thought to myself, If the dear Lord should be honoured by no one else, He shall have my whole heart, I will live and die with Him. Thus, for many years have I held intercourse with Him as a little child, have talked with Him hour after hour, as a friend converses with a friend. In talking with Him, I felt myself happy and thankful for all the good He had wrought out for me by becoming man. In due time, I learned better to understand this; saw more and more my misery and weakness; but this only the more firmly united me to His passion. I have always felt Him with me; and now, having more than fifty years gone in and out with Jesus, I can say that every day finds me happier.'

tears, mourning the decline of religion, and the hopeless condition of the Churches of the land. In 1719, he began his career of indefatigable travelling; passing through Holland, France, and Switzerland, conversing with all the pious whom he met with, about the revival of religion and the means of blending all the variations of creed into a living unity of practical devotion to Christ. On his return to Dresden, he was appointed to an eminent official position; but the time drew near when the deep wish of his life should be gratified. The visions which he had been cherishing of a vital union of Christians on a large scale, he had now the opportunity of testing on a small scale.

The same Spirit who was forming His instruments in Oxford, and overshadowing the almost extinguished religious societies of England, was preparing also, in Germany, agents for another branch of the great revival. It was the most joyful day of Zinzendorf's life when he received the refugees on the land which God had given him; and from that day he devoted his whole soul, and mind, and time, and substance, to the great project which had been the dream of his childhood, and which God had thus strangely given him the means of turning into reality. His own spirit was enthusiastic and restless: and so was, from the beginning, the spirit of his community. This manifested itself in the internal constitution of the Church, by the fertility of its expedients for a thorough and pervasive organization of government and mutual supervision: externally, it showed itself in the ardour with which the community sought to multiply its centres throughout Europe, and prosecute the missionary work among the heathen.

The first constitution of the Church, as it was laid before the Würtemberg Consistory in 1733, has been subsequently much modified: it was then adapted to a community living entirely separate, governed by its own laws, but desirous to be adopted by the Lutheran Church. The fundamental elements of the system, however, were then established for ever; and, amid all the variations of the Brethren's polity in various lands, have been carefully preserved. The rulers of the Church at that time were Elders, Teachers, and Deacons; the Count being the Senior, or chief Elder. The people were divided into several classes; the husbands, the wives, the widows, the young women, the young men, the boys, the girls, the little children, forming severally distinct choirs, which were daily visited by an Elder of each choir. These larger classes were again subdivided into nearly ninety smaller classes or *bands*, over each of which a *Leader* presided, appointed with respect to his superior experience. These bands met twice a week, at least, for the purposes of mutual confession, exhortation, and prayer. Thus was reproduced, with modifications, the triple gradation of the ancient Brethren. Deacons were also appointed to take care of

the interest of the orphan-house and educational department, —the poor, the rich, and the strangers; two of them being intrusted with the public stock and its accounts. Another formidable institution was that of the censors and monitors. The former kept watch over the conduct of all, down to the smallest things, and reported to the Deacons: the latter were appointed to admonish all, even the rulers of the Church, in the love of Christ,—some of them being known as such, others secretly appointed. In the orphan-house, an elaborate and exact system of education was conducted, religion, of course, being a pervading element, but no branches of sound knowledge being neglected. The ancient Acolytes re-appeared as helpers and schoolmasters. Besides these there were Almoners, attenders on the sick, and servants or Deacons of the lowest order. All these functionaries met weekly in conference about the affairs of their several departments. The rulers of the Church also had one weekly conference concerning the general prosperity, and another concerning the education of the youth, besides one every day concerning outward things relating to the Church, in which they considered the reports from all the departments. A weekly conference, also, of great importance was held for the strangers, whose questions and doubts were then resolved.

The public worship of the community was all-pervasive, but at the same time most systematic in its order. Every morning and every evening, at eight, they met to sing and pray together and hear the Scriptures read; part of the time in the evening being allotted to mental or silent prayer and exposition, concluding with the kiss of peace. The services of Sunday began at six; in those days they attended public worship in the church of Berthelsdorf at nine; at one, the Senior gave a short time of exhortation to the entire Church, divided for that purpose into fourteen classes; at four, the evening service at the church began, which was closed by a conference of the rulers; at eight, the usual daily service; after which the young men sang hymns round the settlement, and the long day ended. The Lord's Supper was administered at first once, and afterwards twice, in the month, each communicant being first conversed with in private. After a general confession, the general absolution was pronounced, and sometimes confirmed to each person by the imposition of hands. The Saturday was devoted to this solemnity, and it occupied the whole day: the washing of each other's feet preceded the administration, which was conducted in solemn silence, without ceremony: the seniors received first, and the rest followed in order, no regard being had to worldly dignity. They separated afterwards into bands for the renewal of their covenant with God, and so ended the day. Early in the history of Herrnhut, a system of daily and hourly intercession was voluntarily undertaken by the several choirs, which was so

ordered that the voice of intercession for themselves and the whole Church never ceased day or night. One Saturday in the month was set apart for general intercession and thanksgiving.

Five hours were allowed for sleep; and thus all this complicated organization of religious observance was attended to without interfering with the labours of any day. Two men kept guard in the street all night; two women in the women's apartment, pouring out their souls for those who slept, and by their hymns raising the hearts of any who might wake to God. Thus was Herrnhut *the Lord's Watch*. The love-feasts were occasional meetings of the faithful, in which they partook of slight refreshment, bore witness to God's dealings with them, and rejoiced in their never-failing hymns. Reviving the ancient practices of their fathers in all things, they adopted the use of the lot in critical emergencies, but with such guards as obviated all danger of presumption in the act; and their discipline, in the case of offenders, was conformed likewise to the ancient rule in every respect.

Such was the primitive model of the revived Church of the Brethren:—an *ecclesiola*, or Church within a Church, the most perfect example of Protestant monastic life. That such an ideal should have been realized at all is wonderful; it would have been still more wonderful if corruption and abuse did not enter it. A refined Antinomian licence, and a refined Pharisaic self-exaltation, were its dangers. To both it more or less yielded, to the former more especially. But he who studies the history of the Brethren as a whole, and down to the present day, without prejudice, will be constrained to admit that the *religious life* which uttered itself in this complicated expression, has been too strong to be overcome by any transitory abuses. It is still as efficient as ever; a system which has for its one great ruling principle the care of individual piety, and united activity for the kingdom of God.

The aggressive vigour of the new community showed itself with its first life. From the year 1727, they began to establish their settlements in various parts of Germany; and, before the century ended, had settlements in Holland, England, Ireland, Denmark, Sweden, and the Russian Empire. Among these Count Zinzendorf moved as the Bishop, or Ordinary of the Brethren, until his death in 1760. But the missionary work of the community is its highest glory. Labourers in the Gospel offered themselves in Herrnhut in 1732, to carry out the Count's desire to send the Gospel to the Negroes of the West Indies. Then followed, in quick succession, missions to the several islands of the West Indies, North, and South, and Central America, South Africa, Greenland, Labrador; most of which were in successful operation before the death of the Count, and have been maintained and enlarged to the present

day. There are now employed nearly 300 Missionaries, who have above 80,000 converted heathen under their charge; the number of communicants under the presidency of the Elders' Conference at home and in North America, being no more than about 18,000.

A few words as to the present constitution of the *Unitas Fratrum* will complete this sketch, and serve as an introduction to the book which is now before us. The reader will find Count Zinzendorf addressed as the *Papa*, the Bishop, the Ordinary of the Brethren. These and other titles serve to represent the supremacy which was intrusted to him during his life, but which he was sagacious enough to moderate long before his death. He died in 1760: his character and later history will be found affectionately and honestly given by Mr. Hutton. On his death, 'the Elders' Conference of the Unity' became the central governing board; having its seat finally fixed in Berthelsdorf. It consists of thirteen members, dividing its work into three departments; one regulating the internal spiritual affairs of the Unity, the other superintending its external affairs, and the third its missions. The appointment of all Ministers and officers rests with this Directory; excepting in the case of England and America, the local boards of which have their own appointment. This Directory, however, is itself responsible to a Synod, which represents the whole Unity; which is elected by vote of the lower Synods, at intervals of three to ten years. This great Synod continues often several months; it publishes extracts of its *Minutes* for the community; and, before breaking up, chooses a new Directory, or 'Elders' Conference of the Unity.' This Conference, among its other duties, provides by *weekly leaves*, and yearly reports, for the universally diffusing among the people knowledge of all that transpires in every region of the Society's operations; and issues every year, for the guidance of individual devotion, daily texts, *Losungen*, which the reader will find frequently mentioned in the *Life of Hutton*.

It will be obvious, after what has been said, that the ministerial order, as such, has but little to do with the government of the Church. The ruling and the teaching Elders are throughout distinguished. While the Bishop alone has authority to ordain Ministers, they have no special authority to govern the Church beyond what they derive from some other function. The women are brought into great prominence in matters pertaining to their own sex; they are made Elders, though they are not ordained, nor have they any vote in deliberation.

These brief notices of the earlier and later *origines* of the Moravian Brethren, may serve as an introduction to a few remarks upon their relations to our own country, and to this book, which contains the best account of the Brethren in England which has yet been published.

The ancient Unity of the Bohemian Brethren had, at various periods, been represented in England by persecuted outcasts, and had invariably met with great respect and sympathy. Comenius, who had a European reputation as a promoter of education, visited this country during the Commonwealth, for the purpose of inspecting and reforming the system of education; but the troubles of the times hastened his departure. His writings, however, made the character and claims of the Bohemian Church familiar to English divines. The Polish branch of the Unity, as represented by Jablonski, was more than once officially recognised as a legitimate Episcopal Church, and as such assisted with help. Their missions in the British Colonies brought the Moravian Brethren into connexion with the British Government and the ecclesiastical authorities; the result being the full recognition of the Church of the Brethren as an Apostolical and Episcopal Church. Count Zinzendorf, on his consecration to the episcopate, communicated the fact to Archbishop Potter, and received in reply a congratulation from the Archbishop, which paid full honour to the 'Moravian Chair,' and admitted the strict bond of doctrine and discipline which united the English and Moravian Churches. This early recognition was never afterward retracted. Indeed, the Brethren found it expedient to obtrude themselves upon public attention much more than might have been expected from their simplicity and unworldliness. Between the years 1745 and 1749, their religious system was put on its defence, not only in England, but throughout Protestant Germany. This period is still referred to as 'the great sifting.' In addition to the obloquy which many internal errors and extravagances brought upon them, they became about this time the objects of much baseless suspicion, as a secret, disaffected, and dangerous society. They proved themselves quite equal to the emergency, submitted their case to Parliament, laying open to inquiry every particular of their history, doctrines, practices, and demanding the full protection of the laws. This they obtained, and more than they ever expected. A Bill passed both Houses of Parliament, with the almost unanimous assent of the bench of Bishops, or at least without their opposition, which acknowledged the *Unitas Fratrum* to be 'an ancient Protestant Episcopal Church, which had been countenanced and relieved by the Kings of England, His Majesty's predecessors;' declared their doctrine to differ in no essential article of faith from that of the Church of England, as set forth in the Thirty-nine Articles; 'permitted to those members of their Church who had scruples touching the form of an oath, the use of a simple affirmation; granted them a dispensation from serving as jurymen in criminal cases; and exempted them, under certain conditions, from actual military service. The advocate of their Church in England was to treat with

Government, whenever required, concerning their affairs, and notify the names and residences of their Bishops. A certificate from one of these must be presented by any one claiming the benefit of the Act.'

The Brethren did not rest here, but soon afterwards confided to Bishop Wilson the presidency of what they termed the British *Tropus*, an office which gave him an important relation to everything which concerned the English interests of the Brethren. During the remainder of the century, the Unity enjoyed the respect and good opinion of the Church of England. Its missionary affairs brought it very frequently before the notice of the Government; and Hutton, in particular, became very familiar with the Court in the latter part of his life.

Much of the volume is occupied with the complications which were created by the stately assumptions of the Church of the Brethren. They declined to be reckoned among Dissenters; they demurred to the name of a Society; preserved all the dignity with which *anatolic* descent, untarnished episcopal lineage, the hereditary traditions of faithful ancestry, and lofty aims of their own, could invest them. One hardly knows whether to smile at or reverence the Oriental prodigality of hierarchical honours with which this late-born daughter of the East and West is clothed. The ecclesiastical phenomenon, simply considered as such, is a wonderful one. A handful of the simplest children of Christ, driven from their homes by persecution, within thirty years revives and enlarges a spiritual organization which had been almost extinct for a hundred years; asserts claims to represent the oldest of all Protestant Churches, and have those claims everywhere admitted; secures for itself the recognition of the unepiscopal Churches of Europe on the ground of the Augsburg Confession, and at the same time enforces the acquiescence of the high episcopal Church of England in its assertion of apostolic and episcopal succession; and, to crown and ennoble all this, proves its true evangelical succession in the face of all true Christian Churches, by leading the way in the great missionary enterprises of modern Christendom.

But we must return to the early days of the Moravian Brethren in Great Britain, and to their remarkable influence upon the great revival of the last century. Mr. Benham's book is exceedingly valuable for the information which it gives on this point. Every contribution to the religious history of that memorable period is interesting. As time rolls on, and confirms the immeasurable importance of the spiritual movements of that day, all documents which shed any light upon the process by which the Holy Spirit prepared His instruments, become invested with increasing value. The relation of the Moravian Brethren to that revival is specially interesting to all the multitudes who now share its benefits. Myriads of Methodists who

never heard of the name of James Hutton, would need no other recommendation than to be told that he was a companion of the Wesleys, Ingham, Gambold, and others, when they were seeking salvation, and branded with the name of 'Methodists.' But the book, while it instructs, will grieve them.

The Brethren did not visit England with any missionary designs on this land. London was only the centre of their operations upon the North American colonies, and the Indian tribes on their borders. Augustus Gottlieb Spangenberg, whose soul was set upon a missionary life, and whose name is now scarcely second to that of Zinzendorf in the history of the Brethren, was the first who visited London in 1735. He proceeded to Georgia, and was followed by that memorable company of Missionaries who had for their fellow-voyagers the future founders of Methodism. Two years afterward, Count Zinzendorf settled a small Society of Germans in London; ten names were subscribed to an agreement of holy fellowship, which pledged them to look simply at these three things,—to be saved by the blood of Christ, to be sanctified by the blood of Christ, to love one another heartily. Zinzendorf's first act after his consecration to the bishopric was to ordain Peter Böhler to the ministry of the Mission in South Carolina. This occasioned Böhler's visit also to London; he there met the Wesleys, who had returned from Georgia, James Hutton, Viney, and several other eminent young men, who both in London and in Oxford had been already striving for some years with 'legal zeal' to save their souls. The little religious societies which had been praying and exhorting one another, waiting for redemption, all sat at the feet of this apostle of a present salvation and the witness of the Spirit. In broken English he uttered an experience which shed new light upon the New Testament; and his experience, confirmed by that of many others, first made these young men conscious of the meaning of *salvation by faith*. 'This was something so very new to us all, so universal, so penetrating; for most of us had earnestly striven against sin without benefit or effect, and the preaching from pulpits in the churches regarded not the eternal redemption wrought out by the incarnation and sufferings of Christ as the most essential matter; Pelagianism was the issue of the pulpit. We tried to help ourselves; we dreamed not, we heard not, and knew not, that our eternal welfare lay solely in Christ. Here, therefore, the evangelical period commenced in England.' O no; justification by faith—the great truth which this unhappy word *solely* ought to mean—was taught in England, and rejoiced in by multitudes, long before Böhler preached it. But the eyes of these young men were blinded, and they did not yet see it. This man of God was the instrument of the second touch which made them see *all things clearly*.

This we are disposed to regard as the sole obligation of Methodism to the Moravian Brethren; and to this we would limit the direct influence of the latter upon the religious revival which has filled a century with its fruits. A vast obligation, indeed, it is; and one that has been most gratefully acknowledged in a thousand documents, and by tens of thousands of souls rejoicing in Christian liberty, the harvest of that gracious seed-time. The references which we find in this book to the advent of Böhler among the zealous but unenlightened young Methodists, appear sufficiently enthusiastic; but they are cold in comparison of the glowing narratives contained in the writings of the Methodists themselves. His name is a household word to myriads who remember his first testimony to the indwelling of Christ by His Spirit in the congregation of His people, and in the hearts of believers. He was indeed an instrument of immeasurable good at a most critical time. He was sent to a people prepared of the Lord, to announce one blessed doctrine, which would solve all their doubts, satisfy all their longings, and give life to their earnest but unsatisfied religion. No subsequent error of his people has ever availed to take from him this honour.

But the society which he established in Fetter Lane was not the original of the Methodist Societies. That was only the German and exaggerated form of societies already existing in London, and to which all its English members already belonged. The Methodists were already in being, and Hutton himself was one of them. The articles which were agreed to on May 1st, 1735, 'in obedience to the command of God by St. James, and by the advice of Peter Böhler,' have very little in common with the 'Rules of the Methodist Societies,' besides those fundamental principles of weekly fellowship and mutual supervision, with which the Methodists so called were already very familiar, and which have been the refuge of God's protesting and earnest witnesses in every age of the Church. In fact, God had already laid the foundation of the Methodist community, and marked out in His counsel the men who were to turn the English Christian world upside down, and give the languid religion of our empire a new impulse. But He showed throughout the whole of this revival how entirely His instruments were His own creation; and by nothing more emphatically than this, that the sagacious, earnest, disciplined, and thoroughly accomplished minds of the future leaders of this great work were constrained to receive the very first elements of experimental Christianity from simple foreigners, whom the Lord had been secretly instructing in a far distant corner of His fold.

The history of the description of the Fetter Lane Society, and the final severance of the Wesleys from the Brethren, with the life-long controversy which ensued between the two religious parties, is given in this work with a spirit of ill-disguised and

needless animosity. After the departure of Peter Böhler, the Wesleys had, when in London, the guidance of the society, simply because their pre-eminence in every respect entitled them to it. But meanwhile other Moravian teachers, such as Molther, had come in among them, bringing strange doctrines with them, and introducing the germs of the worst errors of Mysticism and Antinomianism. Having protested against these in vain, Mr. Wesley retired, with the few who adhered to the simplicity of the *faith which is according to godliness*, to the Foundery, and his subsequent relation to the Brethren was simply that of an affectionate and faithful looker-on, who prayed for them, and waited for their amendment. It is an ungracious thing to disinter in the nineteenth century the forgotten disputes of the eighteenth; but we are compelled, by the tone of our author's remarks, and still more by the suppressions in his book, to make a few observations on this subject.

Mr. Benham attributes evil motives to Mr. Wesley; represents him as having been disappointed at not having been sufficiently honoured on his visit to Germany, as well as in England; as having been ready to receive slanderous reports of the Brethren from Professor Francke, of Halle, in the faith of which he endeavoured to wean Hutton and his associates from them; and as having probably conceived the idea of being the head of a party, cherishing all manner of schemes for a mechanical discipline and aggression of Christian effort. All this is mere allegation, though stated broadly, and may be passed by. The extravagancies of Methodist field-preaching, and the excesses of their misguided zeal, are strange charges at this day: between them and the Brethren's *stillness* let the great sequel decide. But Mr. Wesley's explicit reasons for his conduct; his offence at 'the easy way of salvation taught by the Brethren,' and at their sacrifice of the law and zeal for sanctification to the exclusive doctrine of faith; required something more than the ideal and disdainful allusion which Hutton and his biographer have thought sufficient. If the hard sayings in Hutton's report to his 'most beloved Bishop and brother,' the Count, were thought worthy to be perpetuated, surely decency required that they should be supported by such facts as would show them to be more than the rash assertions of an embittered young rival.

The fact is, and it is admitted by the historians of the community in a spirit which does them honour, that at this period the Brethren were drifting into such excesses of doctrine and practice as awakened the remonstrances of all who knew them. At the original foundation of the community in Herrnhut, all objective doctrinal standards were in a great measure superseded by the practical bond of unity which a common faith in the death of the Redeemer created. But it soon became evident, that the most glorious doctrine of the Christian faith may be too

exclusively held. The atoning death of Christ is not a solitary, but a central, doctrine. Slowly, but certainly, the fruits of an exclusive concentration of all thought and feeling upon the one article of faith in the atoning blood showed themselves in the German and English Churches of the Unity. The most learned and most holy of the Lutheran divines took up their protest. We had marked, for reference, some passages from the writings of Fresenius and Bengel, two unexceptionable witnesses; but must be content to give only a few sentences. Bengel says, after praising the Count, the excellences of his community, and its missionary enterprises, 'But it offends me that the baptized in these places so frequently omit in their letters the name of the Father, as our Creator and God. Nor can his introduction of so much novel phraseology in religion be right. The human heart is so variously corrupt, that it requires special instruction, not merely in one or two, but in all points of Christian truth, that men may become delivered effectually out of their miserable condition, and be led every way right. To the essential and primary doctrine of the atonement by Christ's precious blood, my own heart most fully assents and accords; indeed, every true Christian, from Luther's time downward, has been distinguished by deep attachment to it. But when any one aims, like Count Zinzendorf, at what is either novel or exclusive, it is clear that he is led aside by imaginations of his own, as if he thought no part of a clock so useful as the dial-hand; or no food, the whole year round, so wholesome as the richest marrow. The Apostles surely knew the worth of Christ's satisfaction and merits as well as we can do; and yet, in all their addresses and epistles, we see how beautifully they apply doctrine to every variety of practical inference.'

These characteristic remarks of Bengel touch the heart of the matter. The protest which he here gently utters in a letter to a friend, was expanded in a *Sketch of the Moravian Brethren*, which he afterward wrote. John Wesley in England uttered his in terms still more terse and pointed, perhaps more vehement; but he did no more than what all the sound Divines of Germany were doing. 'The Church of the Brethren owed its fixed character, its growth and fruits, to the provident and zealous activity of its founder, who, down to the time of his death, consecrated to it, in the love of Christ Jesus, all he had and was; but it was also indebted to him for those obvious excrescences which deformed it in its first decennium, and those deficiencies which cramped its doctrine and practice. His Church became the reflection of his own personality. Hence the peculiar personal inwardness of Zinzendorf's feeling toward Christ was grafted upon the community; it was, and was to be, a Church composed of the quickened alone, guided and ruled by Jesus Christ more eminently and directly than all others. Hence there was much

which was destitute of reason in the constitution and worship of the Church (however perfectly organized and articulated); hence the view taken of religion as a matter, if not of feeling alone, yet predominantly of feeling; hence not merely the subordination, but the sacrifice, of many important dogmas to an unqualified maintenance of the great fundamental doctrine of the Cross,—an indifference to the comprehensive entireness of truth, which paved the way for many heresies; hence the almost Antinomian unwarring rest of the members of the Church in grace, and in many cases the mere *feeling* of grace, (which in immature Christians easily degenerated into undisciplined carnal security,) &c., &c.*

It was in great measure through the influence of a man whom we must regard as the second founder of the Brethren's Church, Spangenberg, that their theological errors were exposed to themselves and corrected. He published in 1778 his *Idea Fidei Fratrum*, or, *Abstract of Christian Doctrine as taught in the Congregations of the Brethren*; and the faith of the community has not since swerved from the line which unites in Christian doctrine faith and good works. The historians of the *Unitas Fratrum* acknowledge with honourable candour and Christian humility the necessity that existed for a return to Christian simplicity; and devoutly thank God for the chastisements which He administered through the writings of their critics. Mr. Benham should have imitated their example; and then he would have recognised in the stern rebuke of John Wesley the counsel of God.

But besides the doctrinal errors into which the Brethren were falling through the looseness of their dogmatic theology, there were other evils of a more venial nature which pervaded their whole system of worship. Count Zinzendorf's predominant feeling of personal love to the Incarnate Redeemer led him to the use of expressions in his theological writings and hymns from which the rightly disciplined Christian mind must revolt; and the unbounded influence which he exerted upon the devotional habits and language of the earlier Brethren soon transferred all his peculiarities to them. But when reproduced in men less thoughtful and sanctified than himself, they degenerated into the most revolting prurience of phraseology; and when translated into English, these timid utterances of an irreverent unchastened devotion assumed a form still more overstrained and offensive. It is not to be wondered at that the masculine and reverent spirit of John Wesley shrunk from the style of bold familiarity with the person and wounds and sacred names of the Son of

* Abridged from *Guericke's Handbuch der Kirchengeschichte*. A translation of this manual of ecclesiastical history would be of far more practical use to students than some of the more diffuse works of the same kind which have been translated.

God; and we may readily suppose that he would not spare those who thus mingled their strange fire with the fire of the Holy Ghost. But this is a subject painful to dwell upon. Suffice it to say, that these excesses of the renewed youth of the Moravian Brethren in due time passed away. It is true that they more or less pervade the whole of this volume; but it is manifest that the tone of feeling and the style of the language improve as we go on. The Brethren have purged their simple services from these stains, without losing that essential principle of direct communion with Christ which they had overstrained into the appearance and reality of evil. They have given back to the word of God allusions and references which were never intended to be taken out of it for the Church's use and expansion; and they have learned to think and speak less of a *Christ after the flesh*, and to pay more honour to the Holy Spirit, through whom alone the glorified Redeemer is present with His people. Count Zinzendorf himself deplored, several years before he died, the excesses which might be traced to his own teaching and example. Better writings than his, and the Divine blessing upon their humble endeavours to amend, have long since set the Brethren right with the Christian world.

It will be pleasant to turn from these painful subjects, and pursue the thread of events which mark the history of the Brethren in England from the year 1740. Before two years transpired, a Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel had been organized, and Fetter Lane had been settled into a congregation, licensed for the worship of 'Moravian Brethren, formerly of the communion of the Church of England.' Hutton was appointed to the highest lay offices in this congregation; but its foundation was laid by the experienced Spangenberg, who was for a time father of the Pilgrim-house in London. The list of 'the Congregation of the Lamb, with its officers and servants, as settled in London, October 30th, 1742, (old style,)' is preserved still, and may be seen in this book; the number of the names in all the choirs being seventy-two. The first act of the 'Congregation of the Lamb' was to send a filial letter to the Pilgrim Congregation,—that is, the spiritual company who surrounded Count Zinzendorf in his banishment from his native land. The Count returned in the next year to England from America; and the head quarters of the society were for a time transferred with him to Yorkshire, where the labours of Mr. Ingham had opened the way for them.

In 1744 the Brethren's peace was disturbed, and they passed through a very critical season. The unscriptural use of the lot, arbitrary government, Zinzendorf's more than papal domination, and so forth, were grievances which a man called Viney persuaded many to oppose. The ringleader was expelled, and afterwards troubled the Methodists. Meanwhile, a manifesto

from the Count fell upon the Brethren in England like a clap of thunder :—

‘ I HEREBY declare that I will have nothing more to do with those English Brethren who have been mixed up in Viney’s rebellion ; for He who knows my heart, also knows that I have no spirit of intolerance towards the Brethren ; I disapprove of the absolution which is given to such Corah spirits, who, after all, have only the eyes of a deceiver ; I laugh at the English national self-righteousness in matters relating to our intention. If the English Brethren can and will do without us, let them do so as well as they will and can. When the English Brethren have become entire servants of God, which at present they are not, then we shall find England again. Such are my thoughts, and I desire to be erased from the list of English labourers, and not to be named among them, until all the accomplices in the late revolt make an acknowledgment in writing of their having been deceived by Satan.

‘ The well known little fool and poor sinner,

‘ LUDWIG.’

The English congregation sent its most humble submission, cleared itself, and peace was restored. In the next year, the rumoured invasion by the Pretender had brought the Brethren to the direct notice of royalty ; for they were among the first to present a loyal address. This was signed in the name of ‘ The United Brethren of England, in union with the ancient Protestant, Episcopal, Bohemian, and Moravian Church ;’ and informed his Majesty that this was ‘ one of the earliest witnesses against, and sufferers by, the Papists ; a sister of the Church of England, their doctrines also in the fundamental points being the same.’ The Count on the Continent once more strove to check the ostentation of his people in England, and suggested a less assuming title,—‘ Lutheran Protestants ;’ but the term *Moravian Brethren* seems even then to have become dear to their minds, and the innovation found no favour.

Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, in his attack upon a certain sect called Methodists, included the Moravians in his episcopal strictures. The ever watchful Count entered the lists as ‘ Louis Emeritus, Bishop of the Churches of the Unity of the Brethren, Advocate of the Tropus for life,’ varied by ‘ Louis, Moravian Advocate for life of the Waldensian Churches.’ Certain passages in one of his letters to his brother Bishop may be interesting, as showing the spirit of the Count, and the shifts of his policy as between the Church of England and the Methodists.

‘ 1. The Moravian Church and the English Church are not two different Churches, but two branches of the same Church.

‘ 2. That the English Church having, these two hundred years, reckoned the Moravians to be a Protestant Episcopal Church, and everywhere, without distinction, admitted our Ministers to every act whatever of the holy ministry, it is not in the power of any particular

person to deprive them of that privilege. But I think it not needful to enlarge more on this subject, finding the full assent of your Lordship, in the above-mentioned letter your Lordship was pleased to send to Mr. Hutton.

'3. That the author of the aforesaid writing is plainly mistaken, confounding Moravians with Methodists; the Methodists themselves being far from allowing it, and it being very difficult to decide whether the Moravians have a greater dislike to the Methodists' plan of salvation, or the Methodists to that of the Moravians; Methodism, as we comprehend it, being a pure means of re-introducing through another door, though more refined, the old *opus operatum*, and *Sad-duceism* become *Phariseism*, and now transmuted into an enlarged *Essenism*.'—Page 165.

The Brethren had to defend their character also in America, where unjust and malignant suspicions had been raised against them; and a severe act was passed against all vagrant preachers, whether Moravians, Papists, or others, who should teach the Indians without taking certain oaths and obtaining licence. 'This is the work,' wrote Hutton to 'his Lordship' Count Zinzendorf, 'of Presbyterian firebrands, of the same stamp as those who, a hundred years ago, disturbed all England.' Private negotiation was recommended and succeeded. Meanwhile the Brethren were in peace at home, and as a consequence already beginning to take precautions against the laxity of morals which was creeping in. The negotiations with Parliament, which ended so triumphantly for their cause, and which we have had occasion to mention before, occurred in 1749. About the same time Peter Böhler was again among them, and a great impetus was given to their operations. The discourses of Zinzendorf were translated, the Litany, liturgies, and prayers of the German Brethren introduced, and the choirs and regulations connected with them more systematically arranged. Cennick laboured with great success in Ireland and Wales. The Brethren were quickened to emulate the labours of the Methodists. The beginning of the celebrated Fulneck dates at this time, the first name of the establishment being Grace Hall, on Lamb's Hill. The services held at the laying of the foundation stone were conducted in the most elaborate style of the Brethren's worship, and may be read with interest, as giving a better view than any description could do of their peculiarities. The document which now lies in the foundation stone, is peculiarly interesting. It sets out with a history of the revival of the Unity, its struggles and successes down to that day, and closes with the following paragraph, which gives an official illustration of their peculiarities of theological language, in its excellencies and in its vices:—

'These are the names of the brethren and sisters which are received as members of the congregation, beside several hundred souls formed in societies like little congregations, and are taken care of according

to their state and circumstances; but yet are not admitted and received as members of the congregation, but have entirely given themselves over unto the care of the Brethren. And that souls may be better cared for, it is that we, in the name of the Holy Blessed Trinity and in the name of our bleeding Lamb and Head, for His congregations and pilgrims, and also for the good of His work and kingdom in general, that we do build this house, which house is to be called the Congregation House. May the dear Lamb of God adorn and fill it with love and unity, with thousands of Lamb's blood-besprinkled hearts; and may every one that goes in and out there feed and hide in the Lamb's blood and wounds; yea, may He be and abide the whole congregation's only Shepherd, High Priest, and Saviour! May He preserve her teachers and messengers in purity of doctrine and holiness of life! May He preserve amongst her the word of His patience and sufferings until the end of days, and may He manifest unto His flock His wounds and merits by His Spirit daily! May He keep us in love and unity with all His congregations, and in everlasting fellowship with the Church triumphant! May He bless our Sovereign Lord King George the Second, under whose mild government we have and do enjoy many privileges and liberties in preaching the Gospel! May the blessed Lamb of God be gracious to us all, and to all our posterity and offspring, and His blessing on us pour! and may His countenance most dear shine on us evermore, that we may know what is His will, what glorifies His name, and that all people soon may feel salvation in the Lamb, and be brought home to Him! Amen! Amen! Amen!—Page 233.

This official document is from beginning to end of great interest, particularly as recognising the obligation of the Brethren to preach the Gospel to every creature, and act in all places as a missionary institution. Its doctrinal statements, though partaking of the ineffaceable stamp of the Brethren's exclusive theology, are more distinct than in many of their other records. The offensive expressions which are elsewhere applied to the outer congregation are wanting here: the *poor sinnership* is not made prominent, and there is altogether a more healthy tone of feeling as to the relation between the garden enclosed and the external world.

This was a memorable day in the annals of the English Moravians. We must quote the account of Zinzendorf's visit to Fulneck, partly out of respect to the place and its associations, and partly as illustrative of the manners of the people.

'He was much pleased with the beautiful house, round which a congregation settlement was beginning to be established, numerous connexions having been formed in the neighbourhood. Every Sunday, preachings were held in seven licensed places of worship, and band-meetings were kept in eleven places. The number of those who usually attended the various preachings was about 3,000. The congregation at Lamb's Hill consisted of 170 members. They welcomed their visitors at a general congregation love-feast on July 11th, after which choir love-feasts were held in the different choir-houses, on

which occasions the table was spread with cloths of the choir colour, presented by the Brethren employed in the cloth manufactory. It is evident from this fact, and from the manner of ornamenting the walls with pictures, representing scenes of our Saviour's life, that the spirit then prevailing in the German congregations was diffusing itself throughout the English. Zinzendorf ventured here, for the first time, to deliver an address in English, which greatly rejoiced the Brethren. He was much pleased with the congregations in Yorkshire.'—Page 234.

It is not our purpose to pursue in detail the history of the Brethren in England. The reader will, however, we trust, be stimulated to pursue it for himself in the pages of Mr. Benham; and they perhaps will dispose him to acquaint himself with the writings of their standard historians. We had intended to close these miscellaneous notices by a few extracts representing some features of the Brethren's ecclesiastical economy, which cannot but be looked upon with much interest. But we must suppress them all, with the following brief exception, which affords the reader a glimpse of the affecting scene that is witnessed in all Moravian settlements on the morning of the Lord's resurrection:—

'On Easter Sunday, April the 7th, early in the morning, the brethren and sisters went in procession, their customary manner, to the burial-ground in Sharon (Chelsea). "The Saviour held His hand over them this time also, so that they met with no disturbance, and the whole observance was conducted with proper decorum and blessing. Upon entering the hall, Brother Brodersen commenced by singing; after which the brethren and sisters, forming a circle round the burial-ground, and their friends and strangers standing behind them, the noble Easter Morning Litany was recited with reverential awe by Brother Brodersen, who then remembered by name the servants and handmaids of our Saviour, also the three little girls, who had been called home during the last year, out of the London congregation. Then followed the Agape, at which, after reading the history of our Saviour's resurrection out of the Evangelists, interspersed with suitable verses, the brethren Brodersen and Hutton explained the meaning and intent of the Easter Morning Litany; and, finally, the former spoke on the daily texts, and closed this lovely and happy solemnity with the *Te Agnum*.'"—Page 386.

Some of the best exhibitions of Moravian piety have been seen from the beginning in their deportment at the graves of their departed. *God's ground*, as it is called at Herrnhut, has ever been in their estimation holy ground, from which all unseemly sorrow should be banished. A very interesting example of this occurs in a record of 'the departure of Brother Peter Böhler, the first witness of the renewed Church of the Brethren to this nation;' but our limits forbid us to transcribe it, and we refer the reader to Mr. Benham's volume.

We have abstained in this paper from any direct allusion to

the style which pervades the devotions of the Brethren, and which has its most peculiar and extravagant expression in their hymns. A history of their hymnology will soon be given by themselves to the world; and until that appears, it would be impossible to do justice to the subject. It may suffice to say, that if the keynote and strain of most of them is taken from the Scriptures, the variations played upon them are often altogether unscriptural. The presence of the Head of the Church in all their assemblies is a truth which they hold fast with affectionate tenacity. But His presence is not viewed under its scriptural aspect. As *the Lamb*,—and this is His central name in this book,—He does not represent Himself as present in His visible Church; but as its ascended and glorified Lord, manifesting, confirming, and sealing His presence by the Holy Spirit. There is another state in which He who bears the name of *the Lamb* is followed whithersoever He goeth; but neither the congregations of the Brethren, nor any other assemblies of His people, are yet in that state. Faith has a different, and in some respects a higher, object to contemplate than the wounds of the Lamb. Expressions like these, varied in ten thousand ways, produce upon our minds the impression of a Christian feeling and expression robbed of its highest glory, and seem to us to reduce the glorified God-Man to a *Christ after the flesh*. Yet there is not a page in this book, nor a page in the active history of the *Unitas Fratrum*, which does not prove that they are true servants of Him who is exalted into a higher region than Golgotha, with its blood, and wounds, and mortal agony. Well, therefore, would it be, if their hymns, and prayers, and the testimonies of their *Agapæ*, were purged of their sensuous element, and conformed to the higher strain of their own sublime *Easter Morning Litany*.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

The Miscellaneous Works in Prose and Verse of Sir Thomas Overbury, Knight. Now first collected. Edited, with Notes and a Biographical Account of the Author, by E. F. Rimbault, LL.D. London: J. Russell Smith. 1856.

THE works collected in this handsome volume have rather the rime of age than the dew of youth for their distinction; but the one is only a crystallization of the other. The characteristic beauty of these pieces, preserved to us and enshrined by the kindly frost of two centuries and a half, proves that they originally sparkled with the freshest hues of genius. There are many reasons which induce us to welcome publications of this class. They afford a grateful relief from the tumultuous strife of modern thought. They enable us to preserve that finer relish of the mind which is so much endangered by the excitements of literary novelties. Their age imparts a slightly archaic tinge to our now hacknied language; their long obscurity insures a novel interest in the reader; and their real merit inspires a sudden and unexpected sense of originality and power. There is also this advantage in the perusal of our elder authors,—that compositions which have survived so many rivals, and earned a re-production in our busy, boastful age, furnish thereby some proof of their superior merit, and have a certain claim to the guidance of our taste. Of course this remark supposes that the revivals promoted by our editors and publishers are generally approved by those best qualified to judge of their moral and literary worth. If age is not necessarily an evidence of superior wisdom in the individual, still less does the mere antiquity of a book establish its claim to immortality. The antiquarian who resorts to the dust-bin will often load himself with rubbish; and there are many of our poets,—Elizabethan as well as Caroline,—whose utmost desert is to be utterly forgotten, whose genius pleaded against their faults can claim only an act of oblivion for them both, and for whom the annihilating verdict of justice is coincident with the merciful dictate of charity. Under this sentence the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, so unduly praised, ought certainly to come; and we have nothing to say in commendation of the reverend editor who recently assisted to delay the righteous

judgment. But on the whole the reprints of the last twenty years are creditable alike to the taste and enterprise of British publishers; who are no longer content to pander to the popular taste, while it is in their power so largely to improve it. We hope shortly to fulfil a long-cherished purpose, and invite our readers to visit with us some of these pure refreshing springs of English literature; and in the meantime the work before us will afford a favourable illustration of these remarks.

The tragical fate of Sir Thomas Overbury has engrossed so large a share of the interest attaching to his name, that his literary claims have long been overlooked; and some of our readers may now learn for the first time that he was the most popular humourist and poet of his day. Yet his poem of *The Wife*, and the *Characters* which form his most considerable prose production, seem to have merited the popularity which they attained with the readers of the reign of James the First, and the admiration which they inspired in his literary contemporaries; and what these amounted to may be judged from the numerous editions through which the compositions passed, and the flattering 'commendatory verses' by which they are preceded. There is one of our author's *Characters*, which is known to most of the lovers of English literature: it is a description of 'A fair and happy Milk-mayd.' This beautiful prose pastoral is equal in merit to *The Shepherd* of Christopher Marlowe, quoted at length in Walton's *Angler*, and beginning, 'Come, live with me.' Most of the others are rather curious than diverting to modern taste; written with point and wit, and displaying a keen observation of class features and peculiarities, but seldom glancing below the surface of character. In *The Wife* there is something of deeper truth and more permanent excellence. We extract a few verses of this poem, which even at this distance of time may justify to some extent the enthusiasm of our ancestors.

'Give me next good, an understanding wife,
By nature wise, not learned by much art,
Some knowledge on her side will all my life
More scope of conversation impart:
Besides her inborne vertue fortifie.
They are most firmly good, that best know why.

'A passive understanding to conceive,
And judgment to discern, I wish to finde:
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leave;
Learning and pregnant wit in woman-kinde,
What it finds malleable, makes fraile,
And doth not add more ballast, but more saile.

'Domesticke charge doth best that sex besit,
Contiguous businesse; so to fixe the mind
That *leisure* space for fancies not admit;
Their *leisure* 'tis corrupteth woman-kind:
Else, being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to heav'n a shorter cut then we.

* * * * *

'All these good parts a perfect woman make:
Adde love to me, they make a perfect wife:
Without her love her beauty should I take
As that of pictures; dead; that gives it life.
Till then her beauty like the sun doth shine
Alike to all; that makes it, only mine.

' And of that *love* let *reason* father be
 And *passion* mother ; let it from the one
 His *being* take, the other his *degree* ;
 Self-love (which second loves are built upon)
 Will make *me* (if not *her*) her love respect ;
 No man but favours his own works effect.

' As *good* and *wise* ; so be she *fit* for me,
 That is, *to will*, and *not to will*, the same :
 My *wife* is my *adopted self*, and she
 As me, so what I love to love must frame :
 For when by marriage both in one concur,
 Woman converts to man, not man to her.'

In transcribing these verses we have retained the punctuation and spelling of the present reprint, which in these particulars follows the old copies, and especially the ninth edition issued in the year 1616; the typographical emphases are also preserved. With some of these features we are disposed to quarrel as useless or misleading. There can be little merit or significance in a system of spelling which is in no respect consistent,—which gives on the same page *leisure* and *leysure*, *woman-kind* and *woman-kinde*. The use of Italic letters is also more frequent than satisfactory. We cannot help thinking that the penultimate line of the penultimate verse would more faithfully convey the author's meaning if printed thus:—

' Will make me, if not *her*, her *love* respect.'

For the poet would affirm that man's self-esteem will lead him to appreciate the love which his wife may bear to him, even if she possessed no other title to his regard. In the third line of the last stanza we should prefer to read 'adapted' for 'adopted,' as more consonant with the prevailing thought; but this, we admit, is a conjectural emendation that would need to be justified by the testimony of some at least of the early copies.

Though carefully edited as a whole, we meet in some other parts of this volume with a doubtful or disputed reading. Thus of the 'Fair and happy Milk-mayd' it is said, 'She doth not, with lying long abed, spoile both her *complexion* and *conditions* ; nature hath taught her, too *immoderate sleepe is rust to the soule* : she rises therefore with *chaunticleare*, her dames cock, and at night makes the *lamb* her *courfew*.' In this passage it is certain that 'her dames cock' is a very needless synonyme of 'chaunticleare;' but if we read 'her dames *clock*,' we have a phrase of considerable point and beauty, and one to which the 'courfew' of the following clause very prettily responds.

We have no space to pursue these observations into further detail, though publications of the present class especially invite such petty criticism. It gives us pleasure to repeat that Dr. Rimbault has performed his duty in the main with judgment and ability. The 'Life' of Overbury affords the reader a sufficient glimpse into the author's character and fortunes; into the gray promise of his youth and the dreadful mystery of his fate; and thus all that claims to be remembered of a gifted and unfortunate man is comprised in the limits of a cheap, and handsome, and convenient volume.

Seven Lectures on Shakspeare and Milton. By the late S. T. Coleridge. A List of all the MS. Emendations in Mr. Collier's Folio, 1632; and an Introductory Preface by J. Payne Collier, Esq. Chapman and Hall. 1856.

ANOTHER fragment of Coleridge, and another illustration of Shakspeare!—Once more the sage is upon the wizard's track:—once more the curious, tireless, but still uncertain critic follows, with keen eyes, but lazy, shambling gait, in a sinuous course, but with a settled purpose, the wilful and never-resting Puck of poetry, seen for a moment and then bounding far out of sight, as he runs to 'put a girdle round the world.'

The appearance of this volume is both interesting and suggestive in many points; and one of these relates to the philosophical critic whose name it bears. The endless productiveness of genius is even more characteristic than its perfect operation, and nowhere is this fecundity more strikingly displayed than in the literary career of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The way in which every topic became multiplied and extended in his hands is almost of the nature of a miracle; and although it is more than twenty years since he retired from the feast of life,—and to those around him, to his hearers as well as to his readers, it was a continual feast of imagination and reason,—his disciples and friends have not yet ceased from taking up the fragments which remain. Many volumes, compiled from table-talk, letters, and reminiscences,—of marginalia gathered from all sorts of books, and of articles collected out of daily papers and other ephemera of the press,—have been set before the readers of the present day; and perhaps another generation must pass before the accumulation of materials is complete which will form the basis of that final estimate which awaits him in the future of this world. In the meantime we may briefly indicate the nature of the present contribution.

The central portion of this book—for it consists of three almost equal parts—consists of a few broken fragments of a course of lectures delivered by Mr. Coleridge in the years 1811-12, on Poetry in general, and the genius of Shakspeare and Milton in particular. The editor, who was present, was then a very young man, and his notes were naturally imperfect even at the first; for Coleridge was a rapid and uncertain speaker, and one unaccustomed to his manner both of speech and thought would be likely to misapprehend and misreport him. But this is not all. Mr. Collier's notes, written in short-hand, were transcribed in a number of manuscript books, and only a part of them have been recovered from the misplacement and obscurity of forty years. The original series extended to fifteen lectures; but only seven are now placed before the reader, and these in a more or less imperfect state. Every allowance must be made for a publication issued under such unfavourable circumstances. We must not bring these fragments to a standard of perfection. The lecturer, indeed, was probably in his intellectual prime; but the reporter was young and inexperienced, his notes were necessarily brief and hurried, and even these are further marred by many breaks and interruptions. Yet the relics merited the careful preservation which is now secured to them. The first two lectures are, perhaps, the least important; they contain nothing more valu-

able than a definition of poetry, which appears to us very unsatisfactory, and an explanation of the definition, which ought to have needed none. The next three are less desultory in form, and intrinsically better. The genius of Shakspeare becomes a fertile theme to the lecturer. He defends the poet's frequent use of conceits, partly as true to individual character, and partly as justified by the prevalent habit of language and thought in a pedantic age. He favourably compares the mere verbal coarseness of Shakspeare with the prurient and inherent vice of contemporary writings. Many fine remarks occur in the course of his analysis of *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Tempest*. Betwixt wit and fancy he discerns the following just distinction: 'When the whole pleasure is derived from surprise at an unexpected turn of expression, then I call it wit; but when the pleasure is produced not only by surprise, but also by an image that remains with us, and gratifies for its own sake, then I call it fancy.' The last two lectures presented to us are the ninth and twelfth. Both are full of admirable criticism, and the latter affords fresh insight into the great historic play of *Richard II.*, and the marvellous tragedy of *Hamlet*. We have only a few incidental observations on Milton, the lectures expressly relating to him being lost; and perhaps the editor would have done well to have omitted that name from his title-page.

The opening and concluding portions of the volume belong to the lower walk of verbal criticism. In his elaborate preface, Mr. Collier gives a detailed history of the hearing, copying, loss, and partial recovery of the Coleridgean Lectures, adding some fragments of conversation taken about the same time from the lips of that great logomach. From this point the editor launches upon his favourite topic, and shows how the typographical errors of our early dramatists have very naturally occurred, but most unreasonably maintained themselves. This preface is highly interesting; but the last portion of the present volume is still more curious and valuable. It consists of a list of all the 'Notes and Emendations' found in Mr. Collier's annotated copy of the folio Shakspeare of 1632. Many of our readers will know something of the controversy which followed upon that discovery. We think its importance has not been overrated. Whatever external authority the MS. may lack is more than counterbalanced, in our opinion, by the intrinsic and irresistible evidence of its new readings. If a word or a letter dropt out by a compositor may be legitimately restored, why may not the obvious fault of a dull hearer or a heedless transcriber be repaired? The annotator of this old folio has replaced the nonsense of tradition by some lines and phrases of almost startling excellence: he has done this in more than a hundred instances: and since no other commentator has had a tithe of his success by the force of mere conjectural skill, it is only fair to conclude that he derived most of his corrections from a certain or authentic source.

The English of Shakspeare, illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his Julius Cæsar. By George L. Craik. London: Chapman and Hall.

THE subject of this work is closely related to the foregoing. Yet it is of much less interest and value, and belongs, indeed, to a class of very questionable merit. Shakspeare's editors, annotators, commentators, and

critics are hardly to be counted. He is the idol of England's literature; and, whenever an author of acknowledged ability presents us with the results of his Shakspearean studies, we are only too prone to take for granted that an intellectual feast awaits us. Mr. Craik is well known and deservedly respected in the literary world; and his book on the English of Shakspeare contains a great deal of good material on the structure and changes of the language in which the immortal dramatist has handed down to us his imperishable productions. At the same time, we do not well see on what grounds the general reader will have a better comprehension of Shakspeare as a writer, or how he is to acquire much additional insight into the nature and genius of the English tongue, supposing him to have an ordinary acquaintance with its philology. In fact, it does not exactly appear that any study of Shakspeare, in his character as an *English* author, is so valuable as may generally be supposed. Had he been the only writer of his age, the case would have been somewhat different; but the English of Shakspeare is the English of the great men who flourished in his own age, and therefore cannot, on purely philological grounds, be regarded as having any peculiar interest. Our chief concern is to get as nearly as we can the veritable words he used,—the purest readings; and this subject occupies some considerable part of Mr. Craik's volume, though the professed object of the work would hardly call for it. Then as to the kind of English which Shakspeare employed, Mr. Craik has given us a great deal of information for which we can scarcely thank him. We are told, for instance, that 'What trade art thou?' is equivalent to 'What tradesman art thou?' (p. 69;) that 'a proper man' means 'a man such as he should be;' (p. 70;) that in the phrase, 'Weep your tears,' the word *weep* has a meaning quite different from what it bears in the expression, 'Those that weep this lamentable divorce;' (p. 73;) that the 'gentleness as I was wont to have' means 'the gentleness that I was wont to have;' (p. 79;) and that 'to scandal them' signifies 'to scandalize them.' (P. 85.) Now let any one turn to the paragraphs (our previous references are to the pages) numbered 53, 54, 57, 65, 69, 130, 139, 187, 229, 246,—we could point out a host of others,—and he will deem it no great compliment to his critical sagacity, that the author should think it necessary to illuminate him on such matters. There are also some points of criticism, in which we fail to discover that correctness which might not unreasonably be looked for in a work of this character. In the expression, 'What should be in that, Cæsar,' we do not regard 'should be' as a form of speech now *gone out*, (not a very elegant phrase,) though it is generally supplanted by 'may be.' We doubt very much that 'brook,' in the sense of 'endure,' is 'one of those old words which every one still understands, but no one uses.' In poetry especially it is a word which few regard as antique, and we hope it has a long life yet before it. Again, in the expression, 'No mightier than thyself, or me,' Mr. Craik says, 'Of course, in strict grammar it should be *than I*;' but the personal pronouns must be held in some measure emancipated from the dominion or tyranny of syntax. Who could rectify even Shelley's bold,

"Lest there be
No solace left for *thou* and me?"—Page 117.

With all deference, we could rectify it ourselves. If grammar has its laws, they should be obeyed; and we are no more to submit to Shelley's violation of syntax, than to Mr. Landor's violations of orthography. Suppose the second line of this couplet to be, 'No solace left for thou,' what would be thought of it? But Mr. Craik considers that the euphony produced by the two succeeding words, 'and me,' is sufficient apology for the grammatical outrage. Admit the axiom that poetic licence may take such liberties with grammar, and we see no particular reason to object to the following epitaph, which we have always regarded as a fine specimen of freedom from the 'tyranny' of syntax:—

'Her can no more come to we,
But us must go to she.'

We should rather attribute the expressions Mr. Craik has quoted, to carelessness on the part of the authors, just as we see grammar in some points continually violated by the best speakers and writers. But their practice is no apology. There is not an educated person in the kingdom who would not be shocked at hearing the verb 'to need' thus conjugated: *I need, thou needest, he need*; and yet no one thinks of quarrelling with the phrase, 'He need not do so,' because it is common and euphonic. But if such language is to be deliberately sanctioned, every man may set up for his own grammarian.

Two Years ago. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, F.S.A., F.L.S., &c. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1857.

To say that this is a work of power and beauty, is no more than to say that Mr. Kingsley wrote it. As compared with his previous fictions (of which the reader will find an extended review in our opening pages) it presents some important features of improvement. Its plot possesses unity and completeness; the interest is well sustained to the end; and—saving the mystery which still hangs about those creatures and playthings of the author's fancy, Claude Mellot and Sabina, whom Mr. Kingsley brings over, without introduction, from *Yeast* into this story—the end of the book is the end of the tale. Then, and not before, its moral is worked out, and its interest exhausted. The only exception to this is, that the introductory chapter (no part of the tale proper, and evidently written last) throws out a few hints as to the personal history of one or two of the characters which are never fully explained. The incidents, too, are generally sufficiently probable, though Tom Thurnall's adventures and escapes are surely somewhat too many and too strange even for these days of wild roving and daring enterprise. We find, also, less of passionate rant and extravagance than in some of Mr. Kingsley's former writings. But, with all this improvement in the management of his subject, his readers will not, we think, be of opinion that *Two Years Ago* is the finest of his productions. There are exquisite scenes and powerful passages in *Yeast* not to be equalled in these volumes; while there is no approach to the over-mastering power of some of the chapters in *Alton Locke*. Mr. Kingsley, moreover, has allowed his love of natural scenery and of landscape word-painting to carry him away. There are many pages of very fine writing in these volumes which are altogether superfluous

and out of place. The landscape painted is often no appropriate background to the action of the novel. It neither accords nor contrasts, it in no way heightens or relieves. It neither affects the actors nor illustrates the action. We do not say that this is always, but it is very often, the case. The painting is merely a side-view, very beautiful indeed, but which we have no wish to dwell upon, because it hinders us from following the course of the story, in whose characters we have become interested. After all, there must be some limit to the liberty of authors who mix landscape-painting with story-telling, since there cannot but be a limit to the patience of readers.

The spirit of the work is characteristically noble and tender; but the lessons taught are strongly tinged by the author's peculiar theory of the Gospel. Universalism is very broadly uttered; and such doctrine as Mr. Kingsley himself puts into his *Village Sermons*, because he cannot preach plainly from his Bible to a simple congregation of unconverted peasants, without finding that it veils and traverses all the practical and hortatory teaching of the Sacred Book,—such doctrine he repeatedly sneers at as ‘the gospel of damnation.’ We have already (in the article referred to) examined this subject pretty fully, and exposed the gross injustice done by Mr. Kingsley in his other works, especially *Alton Locke*, to the theology of evangelical Calvinists. In this work, he seems to aim more especially at what he supposes to be the Methodist type of evangelical doctrine. But for his own credit, if not for conscience’ sake, it would become Mr. Kingsley to take some pains in making himself better acquainted with the history and tenets of those whom he desires to satirize or denounce. He assumes to know the West country thoroughly. He may know its geology and its natural history, but he seems to have little knowledge indeed of its religious condition. If he has (as we have) the pleasure of being acquainted with that persevering and able naturalist and surgeon, from whom one of those rare animalcules is named, which he represents Tom Thurnall as having given to Major Campbell, that gentleman would be able to enlighten his darkness on some of these points. What intelligent Cornishman would not smile at the mistake which can represent those whom Mr. Kingsley calls the ‘Brianites,’ as the principal Dissenters in a Cornish fishing-town of 1,500 inhabitants, the only others being, as it would seem, the ‘Teetotal Methodists?’ Again, although a Cornishman might allow that the *O’Brienites*, (as their current name should be written,) or the ‘Bible-Christians,’ (as they are pleased to call themselves,) are a sort of ‘Methodists;’ because O’Brien, their reputed founder, had been, we believe, a Methodist Local Preacher; and because they retain the institution of class-meetings, and profess to adhere, at least in general, to the Wesleyan type of Arminian theology; yet, what Cornishman would believe a writer to know much of the religious and social condition of his county who spoke of these as the ‘*soi-disant*’ followers of John Wesley?’ Before he undertakes to write another Cornish novel,—and if he is to publish any more novels at all, we, at least, shall be very glad for such a writer to become again the limner of scenes and manners in our favourite Western land,—Mr. Kingsley should know that Wesleyan Methodists are no more to be confounded with O’Brienites, than Scotch Free Churchmen with Cameronians,

or Moravians with Kilhamites; and that there is no town or village of any consideration in Cornwall where the Wesleyan Methodists are not the principal dissenting denomination. He should know, too, that itinerant Ministers are not called 'Local Preachers' either among the Wesleyans or the O'Brienites. We mention these points because they show how little Mr. Kingsley knows of the affairs of the denominations about which he has taken upon himself to write; and because even strangers to Methodism will be the better prepared, after this demonstration of Mr. Kingsley's ignorance, to refuse all credit to his calumnious insinuations, and to reject the odious caricature he has given of Wesleyan life and doctrine. If this is the method adopted by our latitudinarian author to propitiate orthodox Churchmen and to render Dissent odious, he has only succeeded in betraying an unworthy design which no literary skill has enabled him either to cover or effect. It is time that Mr. Kingsley unlearned his greatest faults as a writer on points of theology,—those of gross misrepresentation and of sarcasm, usually most bitter when most unjust.

*'Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,
Tempus eget.'*

The Wanderer. Fantasia and Vision. Etc. By The Smith of Smitheden. Edinburgh. 1857.

THE principal poem in this volume is written in the Spenserian stanza. We have some little pride in announcing this fact, as the discovery has cost us no small pains. It is partly because the number of lines is nine, the last being an Alexandrine of the awkward sort, but chiefly because there was nothing else for it, that we finally arrived at the conclusion that the stanza of *The Wanderer* was intended to coincide with that of *The Faery Queen*. We cannot say that the recurring rhymes much assisted us; for it happens that The Smith of Smitheden is quite original in this department of composition. If some fastidious reader should pronounce him no great master of rhyme, at least it must be admitted that he is no slave to it. He can either dispense with it altogether, when the foolish place demands it, or, what is nearly as good a joke, he can find a rhyme where duller men can only hear an echo. Thus *exhibit* is made to answer (as it does too faithfully) to *inhibit*, and *matin-gun* to *march begun*. We recommend the author to publish a rhyming dictionary on the novel principle which he seems to have adopted,—the wrong word in the right place; and in the event of his acting upon our suggestion he may transfer the following sample to his prospectus. It is faithfully compiled from his own production.

Morn —storm
Moan —home
Sphere—sceptre
She —flaunt
Sketch—touch
Clouds—sides!

Grandly —minstrelsy
Prophecy—energy
Repel —reconcile
Consider—trimmer
Luciform—chroniform
Energy —activity!

We have arranged these pairs under the notion that they were intended to be answering rhymes, for so their place imported; but on looking at them once more we have some misgivings of the author's

purpose. At all events, if a rhyming dictionary should happen not to be in present demand, we hope The Smith will slight our first suggestion and adopt our second. The pairs will answer just as well for a book of synonyms.

But perhaps we have dwelt too long upon a minor quality; and it is only right that we should rise to the consideration of higher beauties, and afford the reader some connected lines in illustration of our author's genius. We give therefore a brief but comprehensive specimen. It is the world in a water-drop—Homer in a nutshell—The Smith of Smitheden in a single stanza.

'It agitates the soul of every child : minds
Of aspiring power, thus, vanquish and upbound :
Thus the undaunted spirit seeks, and finds,
And burning clasps, in love and awe profound,
The golden fruit, forgetful of the ground,
And all its luxuries : its longing gaze,
And gifted ear, divines a mystic sound !
For ever and for ever peans of praise,
The brave, the beautiful, the good, victorious raise !'

The reader must take our word for it that we have transcribed this stanza with rigorous fidelity. Indeed, there is small praise to us for that,—since it is only by clinging madly to our author that we save ourselves from hopeless confusion : we feel utterly incompetent to supply a single comma. But perhaps we may point out the beauties which we dare not imitate. In respect to the abrupt commencement we may be asked what *It* refers to ; and we are compelled to answer, like the famous echo, Really we don't know. We have looked carefully through the preceding stanzas, but find no antecedent willing to claim this relative. We start, then, fair with our readers, and must only judge of *It* by *Its* effects. These appear to be of the tumultuous kind, disturbing the minds of children ; but the manner in which *It* has acted on our author is somewhat curious. It has caused him in his agitation to drop a word too much at the end of the first line, and from that point to go off in a style which quite defies our powers, whether of description or analysis. We only know that the poet seems to have wonderful freedom and success ; in the elation of his spirit he uses a grander word every time ; he runs from 'burning clasps' to 'golden fruit ;' and those who have stamped all fours under the influence of their favourite orator, may renew the sensation which overpowered them, when they come to the rapturous climax of this pattern stanza :—

'For ever and for ever peans of praise,
The brave, the beautiful, the good, victorious raise !'

Edinburgh Essays. By Members of the University. 1856.
Edinburgh : Adam and Charles Black. 1857.

THIS volume of *Essays* by members of the University of Edinburgh is a meritorious and successful attempt to emulate the example recently set by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The first *Essay* of the series—that upon *Plato* by Professor Blackie—is a very clever, readable, and eccentric production, in which Plato and Ben-muic-Dhui, St. Paul and Polemo, the Christian faith and the Platonic philo-

sophy, modern British society and Highland evictions, all flit across the scene in strange and whimsical combination. It contains an able sketch of the Greek philosophy before the time of Plato, and of the Sophists, his great opponents; but there is no complete or masterly summary of the Platonic system, such as might fairly have been expected from the author's position. Indeed, the whole *Essay* resembles the performance of an accomplished *littérateur*, rather than that of a deeply read Professor of Greek. Mr. Skelton's contribution, entitled, *Early English Life in the Drama*, is careful, learned, and picturesque, containing much curious information upon the old miracle-plays and moral-plays, and the early drama generally; as well as many animated and eloquent descriptions; among others, one of the physical aspect of England in the days of Henry VII., when the woods and marshes occupied half of the country, and when the city of Elie stood in the midst of a fen upwards of sixty miles in length, and was, like the ancient city of Mexico, approached by three great dykes thrown across the marshes. Dr. Gairdner's *Essay* upon *Homœopathy* is well reasoned and convincing; but is, perhaps, too exclusively professional for such a volume as that before us. The fourth *Essay*, by Mr. Andrew Wilson, has the somewhat affected title of *Infanti Perduti*. In it the author pleads the cause of unhappy and unfortunate genius, such as that of Chatterton, Burns, and Edgar Poe. He is rather confused and vague in his utterance, and does not clearly state the object he has in view; but, in some places, he appears to lay down the dangerous doctrine that the gift of genius is so god-like, that, for its sake, the world is bound to excuse the evil which its possessors may teach or commit. In Mr. James Sime's *Essay* on the *Progress of Britain in the Mechanical Arts*, an able *résumé* is furnished of our recent advances in the construction of machinery, the application of steam, the formation of iron tubular bridges, and a variety of similar arts. A deeply-rooted popular prejudice is thus alluded to, and disproved: 'Spinners, weavers, and many kind-hearted men, believed that machinery would deprive the poor of their bread, reduce an industrious population to beggary, and turn thickly peopled districts into waste, tenanted by steam-engines and spinning-jennies; but Lancashire, from being third in point of population among the English counties at the beginning of the century, is now more populous than Middlesex itself. The original thirteen States of the American Union have not increased at the same rate within that time, notwithstanding the multitude of strangers who pour into them from all parts of the world.'

The most brilliant of the *Essays*—although the opening paragraph is very bad—is that by Mr. Alexander Smith upon *Scottish Ballads*. The writer thoroughly comprehends and is inspired by his subject; and, in spite of the introduction of some personalities connected with the recent attack upon himself, has treated it admirably. Mr. Baynes has given us a most interesting account of the life and teaching of the late *Sir William Hamilton*, the prince of Scottish metaphysicians. He mentions some curious, and, we should imagine, not very generally known, facts with regard to the vast extent of Sir William's erudition. On going up for his degree at Oxford, he took into the schools with him, not only far more than the usual average books in poetry

and history, but also all the works of Greek and Roman philosophy extant. On fourteen of these books he was not questioned, as they were declared by the masters to be too abstrusely metaphysical for examination. But, in the department of science, he was examined for two days during six hours each day, and at the conclusion, besides the honours of the University, he received the thanks and public acknowledgment of the examiners, 'that he had never been surpassed either in the *minute* or the *comprehensive* knowledge of the systems on which he had been examined.' The last of the *Essays* is that on *Chemical Final Causes*, by Dr. George Wilson, Professor of Technology in the University of Edinburgh; and even those who may consider it of too technical a character for a popular Essay, cannot fail to be struck with the ease and beauty of style, and singular felicity of illustration, possessed by the learned author.

The Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici. By T. Adolphus Trollope. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

SINCE the time of Semiramis, the world has seen many an evil woman in high place and power; but none of them all did more to disgrace her sex, and afflict her race, than the wicked, accomplished, and unscrupulous Catherine de' Medici. Power was her idol; and to obtain and preserve it, she sacrificed every principle of justice and good faith; became hypocrite, poisoner, assassin, the curse of France, and the abhorrence of Europe. Strange to think that such a monster may have had an innocent, happy girlhood; that such a load of guilt should have been accumulated in the short space between maturity and death!

Mr. Trollope has succeeded in compiling an agreeable and entertaining volume; but we cannot help saying that we have seldom met with a more flagrant specimen of bookmaking. All that is told of the girlhood of Catherine might easily be included within the limits of a moderately long article in one of our Quarterlies; but, by the help of copious narratives drawn from the Florentine and Roman histories of the period, and the addition of lengthy appendixes, it is expanded into a volume of nearly four hundred pages. There are eighteen chapters in the book, in only six of which is Catherine mentioned; while the others are made up of elaborate and sometimes picturesque descriptions of the political and religious complications which spread like a network over the Italian states in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and of the almost universal profligacy which tainted the manners of the age, and especially disgraced the domestic life of the nobility.

Catherine de' Medici, the future Queen of France, was born within the walls of the magnificent Palazzo Ricciardi, in the Via Larga of Florence, on the 13th of April, 1519. Her father was Lorenzo de' Medici, nephew of Pope Leo X., and her mother Madeleine de la Tour d'Auvergne, of the blood royal of France. Two months after the birth of Catherine, both her father and mother had descended to the tomb; and she was conveyed by her relative the Cardinal de' Medici to Rome, and afterwards, when six years old, sent back to Florence, where, for two years, along with Cardinal Parserini and her cousin

Ippolito, she lived in tranquil obscurity in the Palazzo Ricciardi, now become her own property. She was in Florence during the terrible pestilence which swept off forty thousand of her citizens; and in December, 1527, she was removed to the Convent of the Murate, among the archives of which are still preserved six letters, superscribed, 'Letters of Queen Catherine of France, who was educated from childhood in our monastery, and who was a great benefactor to our Society, written to the Abbess, 1542-1598. Of which, one of 1573 entirely in her own hand.' Catherine remained in this monastery from nine until eleven and a half years old, and, during these thirty months, received the principal part of her education; and Mr. Trollope informs us that 'the educational specialties' in the convent would, in the sixteenth as in the nineteenth century, arrange themselves into the two categories of religion and polite behaviour. 'Implicit faith in the Church, and in the laws of demeanour,—a due knowledge of the Catechism and of crochet-work,—the acquirement of an orthodox creed and a graceful carriage,—these would be the constituent parts of the "education" to be held in the especially genteel convent in the Via Ghibellina.' In September, 1530, Catherine was removed from the Murate by order of Pope Clement, and conducted to Rome, where, in her thirteenth year, her personal appearance is described by Lorianò as being 'small and slender, thin and not pretty in the face, but with the large eyes peculiar to the family of the Medici.' Even at this early period of her life, negotiations for her marriage were going on with various Princes. The King of Scotland, the Dukes of Milan, Mantua, and Richmond, and the Count de Vaudemont, brother of the Duke of Lorraine, as well as Henry II., son of Francis I. of France, were all among her suitors. It was, however, finally arranged that she should be married to the last of these Princes; and in September, 1533, she left her native city for ever, after giving a farewell banquet to a large company of noble ladies, and set out for Marseilles, where, in the presence of the King, Queen, and great nobility of France, the marriage ceremony was performed by Pope Clement in person, on the 28th of October. At this period the bride was but fourteen years and six months old, and the bridegroom only a year older. There are still preserved among the state archives of Florence two drafts of the marriage contract between Henry and Catherine, written in Latin, and both interlined and corrected by the hand of the celebrated historian Francesco Guicciardini. By this contract the Pope became bound to pay to his youthful relative 130,000 golden crowns as her dowry; and besides this she had a magnificent *trousseau*, necklaces of pearl and caskets of crystal, which will be found described at length in the seventeenth chapter of the volume before us. And so ends the girlhood of Catherine de' Medici.

Ceylon: Past and Present. By Sir George Barrow, Bart.
London: J. Murray. 1857.

THE author's first object in undertaking this work was to give some notion of the curious narrative of Robert Knox's captivity in Ceylon, from the year 1659 till his escape in 1679. From

this design he was carried on to the present general sketch of Ceylon, in the hope that it would be found interesting and useful, 'as the information which it contains has been collected from authentic sources, and has been brought down to the latest period.' That the information which the author has thus conveyed to us is interesting, may be readily granted. It embodies the natural history of the Island, the general character of the natives, an account of the various European settlements established there, its most remarkable geographical features, its roads, imports and exports, languages, religion, schools and education, and its various missionary institutions. That all these are drawn from authentic sources, may be fairly allowed; and we may also grant that in order to write a good book about Ceylon, a man is under no absolute necessity of going there. He may carefully and diligently peruse what others have written on the subject, and, with the information thus obtained, may make up a very good book, which he may not unjustly claim to be his own production. But this is not done in the present instance; and, truth to say, the author—or rather compiler—makes small pretensions to originality, his book being rather a scrap-book, in which extracts from Knox, Dr. Davy, Sir W. Colebrooke, Mr. Pridham, Sir Emerson Tennent, and others, form the great bulk of the letter-press. The work, therefore, though not devoid of interest, is, as a specimen of authorship, about as poor a production as can well be imagined. We doubt if there were any particular necessity for reserving 'the right of translation.'

The Egyptians in the Time of the Pharaohs : being a Companion to the Crystal Palace Exhibition Collections. By Sir J. Gardiner Wilkinson, D.C.L., F.R.S. To which is added an Introduction to the Study of the Egyptian Hieroglyphics. By Samuel Birch. London : Bradbury and Evans. 1857.

THE title of this book is a sufficient key to its contents. As a hand-book for the Crystal Palace visitor, it makes small pretensions to literary merit, but does very well all that it professes to do. In small space it contains a great deal of carefully collected and well arranged information upon the various matters pertaining to that most remarkable people whose civil, social, and domestic life are here treated of. The work is profusely illustrated with engravings, plain but well executed; and Mr. Birch's treatise on the Hieroglyphics will be found a very curious and interesting department of the general subject.

The Desert of Sinai : Notes of a Spring Journey from Cairo to Beersheba. By Horatio Bonar, D.D. 8vo. Nisbet and Co.

ANOTHER volume about the Desert of Sinai! Surely we bid fair soon to be as familiar with Wady Mokatteb as with the Vale of Langollen, and with Jebel Mûsa (whose ancient rights Dr. Bonar has ably defended) as with Snowdon. Yet there is good reason. This region was the scene of events which merit and claim all the elucidation given to them by modern travellers. Over the crags and adown the ravines of Teman and Paran and Horeb, the glory of Jehovah was for six long days 'like devouring fire on the top of the mount in

the eyes of' the three millions of the children of Israel encamped in El Raha, and 'Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly.' From this throne of terrible majesty God 'gave forth a fiery law,' 'the word which He commanded to a thousand generations.' Moses and Paul, (for Howson, and Stanley, and Alford agree, that when the Apostle went to Arabia, he became familiar with the peaks of Sinai,) the law-giver and the fullest expositor of the true meaning and use of the law, meet on this mountain. 'They hold fellowship across a void of 1,500 years, the only intermediate link being Elijah, the awful reviver of the law, and at the same time the herald of Him who is 'the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth!' It is, therefore, just what we might have anticipated, to find Dr. Bonar traversing these realms of awful and exhaustless interest, and to receive a book from his pen describing them with his own wonted glow of hallowed fervour. He is perfectly at home in everything that pertains to the history and ritual of ancient Israel; and whilst we do not accord with certain views which he holds so fondly, it is refreshing to meet with such apt and varied illustrations of 'the oracles of God' as this volume affords.

The *Notes of a Spring Journey* were written under enviable circumstances. They were all taken on the spot, generally on the back of a camel, and extended afterwards. A little practice made it easy to write in that position; at least, when the animal was not moving at more than its common rate of two miles and a quarter in an hour. It was much more satisfactory to record every event as it occurred, and every scene as it came 'before the eye.' The author's description of the Pyramids was written under the shaggy locks of the Sphinx, with his back to the stony monster, whilst before him stood the mystic Cheops, and Cephrenes, and Mycerenus. He wrote letters concerning Horeb, dated, 'The top of Sinai,' and, upon the highest summit, where, 3,500 years before, the mountain 'fumed with fire,' he read the Ten Commandments in Hebrew on a large sheet which he had taken with him for the purpose.

The fertility and freshness of Scripture illustration are displayed in every part of the present volume, and in connexion with every circumstance of the journey. The pilot in the Alexandrian harbour, and Ezek. xxvii. 8; (p. 15;) the Nile, and Ezek. xxix. 3, 12; (p. 17;) Said Pasha, the monster, Yeh-like ruler of Egypt, and Isai. xix. 4; (p. 21;) modes of salutation, and 2 Kings iv. 29; (p. 38,) women bearing children on their shoulders; a man staying his journeying, that he may bow down upon his knees to drink, instead of lapping with his hand, and passing on as one in haste and in earnest; a shepherd carrying his sheep in his bosom; a runner, staff in hand, and with girded loins, running at full speed on some important errand; a vine with its branches running over the wall; and a hundred others which we cannot stay even to mention, lend great charm, though we confess that some of them are overwrought and tediously minute.

There are glowing hopes everywhere expressed concerning the future of these savage realms. *Egypt* is to be lifted up and blest; (p. 19;) desolate and solitary *Heliopolis* is to be one of the five cities

in the land of Egypt, which shall speak the language of Canaan; (p. 66;) *Elim's* scanty stream and shallow wells, now the resort of the eager Bedaween and the thirsty traveller, shall be as mere drops when God fulfils His old promise to the desert, 'I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys.' (P. 126.) *Wady-es-Sheikh* may overflow the yellow sands of El Raha, forming a lake for the shadows of Sinai to rest upon, on whose edge shall come up the cedar, the shittah tree, and the myrtle. (P. 244.) Indeed, the whole desert seems to stand waiting, with its hundreds of wadys, for the fulfilment of the prophetic blessing, 'In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.' (P. 264.)

This volume is a valuable supplement to the *Sinai and Palestine* of Mr. Stanley, to whose learning and research our author does all justice; but Dr. Bonar speaks out more strongly and decisively upon the miraculous passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, (p. 103,) and upon Israel's manna not being the desert tree-honey, an exudation from the *tarfu*, (though Lepsius so stoutly maintains that theory,) but a daily and splendid miracle. He, moreover, severely criticizes Stanley's laudation of the correctness of the botanical, scenic, and other allusions in the *Christian Year*, earnestly contends against him for Wady Ghurundel, as being the Elim where Israel encamped, (p. 181,) and gives a far fuller description of the mysterious inscriptions in the Written Valley. *A-propos* of Mokatteb, Dr. Bonar argues, that the inscriptions are of great age, not of Christian origin, nor the work of the Egyptian miners of Maghara, nor of the Israelites, but probably of Phœnician miners, because of the similarity to the Phœnician alphabet, the absence of Egyptian hieroglyphics, and the evidence of mining operations having been carried on in that neighbourhood. (P. 159, *et al.*; also Wilson's *Lands of the Bible*, vol. i., p. 181.)

Our author appears, moreover, as a discoverer. In these well explored realms one region seems to have been previously unvisited. It is the land of the patriarchs,—the home of Abraham, and Isaac, and Sarah, and Rebekah,—'the south country,' the district of the well Lahairoi, a region which has a sacred history of more than a century. It has no great features to have made it a fatherland round which their affections or their patriotism might entwine themselves. No Libanus rose from its plains; no palm or olive grove waved in its breezes; the vine and the fig-tree and the pomegranate were not there, for they chose a warmer clime and richer soil. It was a land of pasture, and nothing more,—suited only for shepherds,—a plain, unambitious territory, very much like the lowly men who occupied it. There they might, far away from Ur, out of whose idolatry they had been rescued, and within view of the hills of the land which was assigned to their posterity for 'an everlasting possession,' pass the 'few' days of their pilgrimage in unmolested calm, walking with God, while they walked with each other in these quiet vales. Wadys Ruhaibeh, and Khulasah, and Khunay, and El Murtubeh, and Es Seba have nothing striking. 'They are homely all over. Happy, yet solemn, associations of patriarchal faith and love are linked with all their scenes.' They are the lands of Abraham and Isaac,—lands of the tent and the flock,—lands seen by hardly any, described by

none before, and to which our only guide-book, hitherto, has been the Bible.

Dr. Bonar has furnished an index and an appendix of much value. These fifty pages are not mere references, but under some of the words we find condensed articles of considerable interest: *ex. gr.*, 'Alexandria,' 'Amalekites,' 'Beersheba,' 'Horeb,' 'Mokatteb,' 'Surabit-el-Khâdim,' 'Water,' &c.

The style of these *Notes* is marked by great beauty and vigour, and we are glad to learn that another volume of them is likely to appear. The *Spring Journey from Cairo to Beersheba* has proved to us very pleasant, as well as highly profitable; and we shall be happy to accompany our author northward to 'the good land and large' that was once 'the glory of all lands.'

The Acquirements and principal Obligations and Duties of the Parish Priest. Being a Course of Lectures delivered at the University of Cambridge to the Students in Divinity. By the Rev. J. J. Blunt, B.D., late Margaret Professor of Divinity. London: Murray. 1856.

THESE lectures of the late gifted Professor Blunt embrace topics of the deepest interest and importance; and although some of them are framed to meet the special case of the Established Clergy, yet as all true Ministers of Christ have one call, and substantially the same duties, the volume is of almost equal value to the general Church. The age of dry generalities and barren orthodoxy has happily gone past; an earnest ministry is everywhere demanded; and nothing else will succeed. And when it is remembered that all our families are to have their principles and tastes, in reference to the momentous subject of religion, formed more by the pulpit than all other direct influences, we may well be concerned that 'the principal obligations and duties' of the ministry may be truly discharged.

Professor Blunt's first Lecture is a consideration of the character of that model of Ministers, St. Paul. He only touches, however, upon three characteristics,—his knowledge, zeal, and discretion; and, although a valuable lecture, we think it very far inferior to the delineation to be found in the 'Portrait of St. Paul,' by Fletcher of Madeley. Although a posthumous publication, we hold that work to be one of the most spirited and valuable of the author's writings.

Mr. Blunt's lectures on *The Reading of the Parish Priest* furnish abundant evidence of the need of an acquaintance with the original languages of the sacred Scriptures, in order to their just and accurate exposition. His remarks on the necessity of an intimate acquaintance with the *entire* Scriptures, and the importance of reading them with a *special* object, are of great value. But, as the duty of a Minister of Christ is not only to be 'diligent in reading the Holy Scriptures,' but also 'in such studies as help to the knowledge of the same,' 'my object,' says our author, 'is to simplify the study of divinity; to relieve you from a profusion of guides; and to recommend *principles* of reading, which may supersede the necessity of struggling with whole libraries; and, at the same time, make you much sounder divines than if you did:—a most desirable attainment, truly! The third lecture on reading is full of interest pertaining to the Reformation, especially in

matters affecting the Liturgy and Articles of the Church of England. It derives great advantage from the care with which Mr. Blunt studied the genuine sources of knowledge; for 'our religious and ecclesiastical literature, from one end of it to the other, has for a long time been perceptibly infected by a want of reference to the *original authorities*.'

We are glad to find a distinct chapter on *Schools*,—a subject more than ever demanding the care of every Minister, especially in order to secure that which is essential to a real education, religious instruction. Mr. Blunt, like an honest man, urges the Clergy not only to strive to make the youth of their charge Bible Christians, but of the Reformed Church of England. 'You will, therefore,' says he, 'thoroughly drill them into a familiar acquaintance with the formularies of that Church.' And thus ought all Churches to do; for every Christian honestly believes his own Church to be the best; and he who is not brought up to prefer some Church, will most likely belong to none at all. On *Parochial Ministrations* and *Pastoral Conversations*, our author gives due prominence to the visitation of the sick; and the lecture contains some very valuable suggestions, mingled, however, with some sentiments that we may not endorse. We take occasion here to say, that we deem a valuable book to be greatly disfigured by sentiments like the following: 'If there is one thing more than another that fosters Dissent, it is this,—that, practically, men see no great difference between the preacher in the church and the preacher in the chapel. The bulk of the people are not as yet in a condition to appreciate the argument of the Apostolical Succession; to understand the commission of the Clergy; the power of binding and loosing conveyed to them; the influence which prerogative may have upon the soundness or unsoundness of the sacraments administered. They observe the two divines dressed in the same way, both wearing black coats; called both by the same name of "reverend," and sometimes with the same, or similar, symbolical letters attached to it; both apparently acquainted, and perhaps equally so, with the English Version of the Old and New Testaments, and with the Commentaries of Macknight, Doddridge, or Matthew Henry; both handling their sermons much after the same manner, suppressing, by common consent, all allusion to a Church, or to a schism from it; and, on the whole, not leading any hearer whatever to despair, either from the attainments he would have to acquire, or the barriers he would have to break through, of being a preacher himself, if other resources failed him. What wonder, then, that the church and the chapel should be confounded by vast numbers of the people; or what wonder that they should see a difference in their structure, steeple or no steeple, decorations, surplice or no surplice; and there stop?' And what *harm*, if any one should wander into a Nonconformist chapel with a steeple, and hear a faithful exhibition of the truth,—which, thanks to the Reformation which Mr. Blunt so rejoices in, is now accessible to the most unlearned for saving purposes,—and should become such a Christian as he would glory in, if a member of his own Church? If both are sent by the same Master, and declare the same truths, and have the same results, surely both are equally Ministers of Christ, and their differences are human and circumstantial only.

Our space fails, or we might follow our author into the question of Rituals, Rubrics, and Canons, his chapters on which are full of valuable information. We have greatly enjoyed his vigorous thinking and earnest teaching; and feel sure that the volume will be read with deep interest by every Minister who covets earnestly the best gifts, studies sound speech that cannot be condemned, and would warn every man, and teach every man, that he may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.

Light from the Cross. Sermons on the Passion of our Lord.

Translated from the German of Dr. A. Tholuck, of the University of Halle. Edinburgh: Clark. 1857.

THE evangelical writers of Germany are original, erudite, and eminently psychological, with a peculiar charm of style in tenderness and heart-pictures. Their mental habits lead them to pursue one idea through many forms; to be minute without being wearisome, and expansive without redundancy. Dr. Tholuck's ministry, as the preacher to the University of Halle, must have great attractions, judging by the specimen here presented in a selection from two volumes of his Sermons. They were addressed to a mixed congregation, but chiefly to thoughtful, inquiring young men. The first series are entitled, *The Cross a Revealer of the Hearts of Men*; and the second, *The Sufferings and Death of Christ*. In the former Sermons, an original and beautiful idea is well worked out,—*that the appearance of Christ is the test which tries and brings to light what is in the human heart*,—by examining the characteristic features of Caiaphas, Judas, Pilate, Peter, Mary, and Thomas. The measure of knowledge and intercourse with Christ enjoyed by these various characters, gives occasion to show what is in their hearts; and the influence of Divine grace is seen in its various phases and effects. The sacred narrative is, in the same sense, although not in the same degree, to us both a test and a training; and the good and evil characteristics of the types selected by Dr. Tholuck may be seen repeated in every age and in each society where Christianity is known. All the Lectures are marked by great vigour of thought, and discrimination of character. Indeed, the volume is pervaded by deep glances into the human heart. The second part has not equal interest as a composition; but the subject is equally profitable.

Liturgical Purity our rightful Inheritance. By John C. Fisher, M.A., of the Middle Temple. London. 1857.

THIS book is an attempt to show at once the necessity and feasibility of a revision of the Liturgy now used by the Church of England. Its author, considering that most of the publications on this subject have not exceeded the limits of a pamphlet, has written it 'with a view of supplying the apparent want of a more systematic and detailed inquiry.' We suppose that none but those most especially interested in this question will undertake the six hundred closely printed pages which the work contains. Starting from the position that the present Book of Common Prayer abounds 'in sacerdotal and sacramental tendencies,' and being deeply impressed with the evil effects which he attributes

to those tendencies, Mr. Fisher desires an ordinal 'more thoroughly and consistently Protestant,—more entirely in accordance with the teaching of Holy Scripture,—and more in harmony with the Thirty-nine Articles.' It is impossible to give in the space at our disposal even an outline of the arguments by which Mr. Fisher endeavours to maintain his position. One chapter unfolds and refutes the sacerdotal theory; another attempts to show that the baptismal service involves the sacramental construction of 'the Romanizing party,' and rejects the evangelical modes of interpretation as untenable. Then follow more than one hundred pages on the history of the baptismal views of the Reformers. The whole work should have been presented in a more condensed form. Mr. Fisher appears to have been at more pains to collect his information than to digest it; and we imagine that there are not many readers who will care to wade through so many sheets, which are occupied in proving that but one interpretation can be given to the Liturgy, whilst this interpretation they are called on to condemn. There remains, however, a second difficulty, which has not, we think, yet been solved. Amongst those who admit and deplore with Mr. Fisher the existence of exceptionable passages in the English Service, there are few, indeed, who believe its revision to be safe or practicable,—at any rate for the present. Meanwhile, we heartily sympathize with the concluding exhortation, to find in prayer the best resource in the midst of surrounding discouragements and the surest ground of hope for the most desirable end.

Reflections on Church Music; for the Consideration of Church-goers in general. By Carl Engel. London: Scheurman and Co. 1856.

THIS book relates to a subject which we should be glad at some time to take up in a more elaborate manner than our present hints will allow. We believe there are few things in connexion with public worship, the value of which is more overlooked by Ministers and people, than congregational singing. As one of the noblest aids to true devotion,—one of the greatest beautifiers of public worship,—the little systematic attention which it generally receives, is perfectly amazing; and we believe that when this matter is properly understood, every Minister will regard the cultivation of church music, not as a thing good enough in its way, but as an object of first-rate interest and importance. We are fully prepared to endorse the sentiment of Luther: 'I want to see the arts, especially that of music, in the service of Him who has given and created it: next unto theology, I give the place and highest honour unto music.' The volume of Mr. Engel is written on the whole with very good taste and judgment. It deals with the requisite knowledge of church music and its essential qualities; gives rules for singing, with the kind of music suitable for congregational use; expatiates upon organ-playing and choir-singing, and goes at great length into the requisite qualifications of an organist. This last topic—the qualifications of an organist—we would recommend as well worthy of being carefully pondered by all gentlemen who preside at that instrument. If they will only allow themselves to think that a word of advice may do them good, they may peruse it with great benefit. On some points we must beg leave to differ from the author. He recommends, for instance, that in all tunes there should be one note to

each syllable; which would therefore exclude such tunes as *Devizes*, *New Sabbath*, *Irish*, &c. We are sorry to find that this notion has become somewhat popular in various places, but we hope it will never be generally countenanced. A monotonous style of music is no more to be tolerated than monotony in anything else. Nor do we attach any importance to the doctrine that psalmody should have 'a simple and easy succession of notes,' though we are well aware that the other extreme has been too much the order of the day. The writer seems also to have a decided preference for singing in *unison* as distinguished from *harmony*; and this, we suppose, will not meet with very general concurrence. Neither can we consent to give up the use of those exquisitely beautiful melodies adapted from overtures by Mozart and others, merely on the ground that many of the congregation have heard them at the opera and theatre. With few exceptions, however, the book is full of practical good sense, and shows a writer well up with his subject.

A Manual of Marine Zoology for the British Isles. By Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. Two Vols. London: Van Voorst. 1856.
Life in its Lower, Intermediate, and Higher Forms: or, Manifestations of the Divine Wisdom in the Natural History of Animals. By P. H. Gosse. London. 1857.

TEN years ago, Marine Zoology was a branch of study almost universally neglected; now it is the most popular in the whole range of science. This is chiefly attributable to the writings of Mr. Gosse, which attracted the general reader by the simplicity and elegance of their style, and not only retained his interest, but imparted to him something of the author's enthusiastic spirit. Mr. Gosse has done for Marine Zoology what Hugh Miller did for Geology. The discovery of the simple principle by which organic life can be maintained in a healthy state, happily coincided with this newly awakened interest, which thus received an indefinite expansion, and the Marine Aquarium at once became the rage. On what scale this microcosm will ultimately be carried out, it is impossible to say; but we understand that an aquarium is now in preparation which will contain fifteen hundred gallons; and, for anything we know, the enterprising Baronet concerned in the experiment may already be contemplating a cod-fishery on his own account. Doubtless, much of the existing enthusiasm is fictitious, and may soon evaporate; but much of it is the result of a genuine and intelligent love of nature, and will be permanent.

For those who are disposed to take up the subject thoroughly, and who go down to the sea-side for the purpose of systematic study, no work will be so serviceable as the *Manual of Marine Zoology*. It may be termed a classified and descriptive catalogue of every known species of marine animal frequenting the British coasts. Each class is first described in general terms, as regards conformation, habits, locality, identification, &c. Then follow the characteristics of the several orders and families; then the general distinctions, with a list of the respective species. The terms employed throughout are more simple and intelligible than scientific writers are in the habit of using. But the distinguishing feature of the work, and that which constitutes its chief value to the young student, is the number of its illustrations. Each volume contains 340 outline drawings,—one of every genus named; so that with this treble guide,—the general description, the

particular definition, and the illustrated figure,—an intelligent collector cannot be far wrong, even at the outset. Of those who glance hastily through these two little volumes, few have any just idea of the immense amount of labour involved in their production: a definition of four lines comprises many pages of diffuse description; and only those who have attempted such definitions, can understand the difficulty of the task, or fully appreciate the final result.

The other work of Mr. Gosse's, whose title we have joined with the above, is of a more popular character. The greater part of it was published in different numbers of *Excelsior*. The author has, however, added several entire chapters, and revised the whole. The design is 'to present to general readers who have not time or inclination for the study of works more elaborately technical, a glance at the more interesting phenomena of animal life, and in particular the diversities of structure that the physiologist recognises as he travels up the complex scale, and the wondrous adaptation which exists between these and the various functions, habits, and instincts of living beings.' The design has been very well carried out; and though we are not prepared to say that Mr. Gosse's book contains much that may be called novel, it is a thoroughly good manual for the class of readers whom he has kept in view. It embodies some of the choicest results of scientific research, and the whole is pervaded by a spirit of devout homage to the goodness and wisdom of the great Creator.

The Education of Character; with Hints on Moral Training.
By Mrs. Ellis. London: Murray. 1856.

THE topics which Mrs. Ellis discusses in this volume are, What has to be Educated, Elements of Character, Simple or Primary Motives, Governing Motives, Woman's Influence, Principles of Moral Training, Conductors of Schools, Standard of Merit, Crime, &c., &c. Whether her observations under these various heads contain much of what may be distinguished from innumerable productions on the same subject, we presume not to say; for it would argue an amount of reading to which we can make no pretensions. The parent and the teacher will now find their whole time barely sufficient to read the instructions of various authors, as to how they should perform their duties. How much actual good has been achieved by those instructions, it were a difficult point to decide: much, we doubt not, but very little compared with the mass of what has been written and published. The very announcement of a new book on an educational subject starts the question, 'What next? are we to be theorizing and experimenting for ever, and are children to grow up into men and women before we can arrive at satisfactory conclusions respecting the principles on which they should be trained?' In general, a sound common sense, with a conscientious aim, has done its work with small assistance from books; and where these qualities are wanting, no manuals of instruction are worth anything. As a book, however, Mrs. Ellis's volume is every way admirable. It is pervaded by a strong masculine sense, a keen appreciation of the good and true as distinguished from all their plausible counterfeits, a thorough comprehension of what the *Education of Character* really embraces. The women of England, especially, for whom the labours of the author have mainly been undertaken, will find the sentiments embodied in this volume worthy of their highest regard.

MISCELLANEA.

The Imperial Atlas of Modern Geography. Parts I. to X. Blackie and Son. The maps of this excellent series are carefully compiled, and coloured on a plan which combines the advantages of beauty and distinctness. The publishers hope to complete the work in about thirty-two parts. We hope they will relax no effort, but sustain its character to a successful close.—*Natural Philosophy for Schools. By Dionysius Lardner, D.C.L. Walton and Maberly.* This is an abridgment of the work, in four volumes, published by the same distinguished author. It is profusely illustrated, and well adapted for junior students, and for use in ladies' schools.—*The Great Law of the Human Mind, and the Heavens and the Earth. London. 1856.* We learn from the hand-bill which accompanies it, that 'this work begins the Millennium.' When we see some plainer signs of that event, it may be proper to recur to this *unpretending* volume, and attempt to trace the relation of cause and effect.—*Hours of Sun and Shade; Reveries in Prose and Verse. By Percy Vernon Gordon de Montgomery. London and Edinburgh. 1856.* If Mr. Percy Vernon Gordon de Montgomery is not a poet of the highest rank, the fault does not rest with his godfathers and godmothers. They have done their part in giving him a name, which is a little poem in itself, and not by any means the least attractive in the present volume. Unfortunately there are limits to the virtue of a name; and since Nature withheld from our hero the gift of poetry at his birth, it was somewhat too late to repair the omission at his christening.—*The Arctic Queen.* This slender pamphlet consists of a poem dedicated to the late Dr. Elisha Kane; it is without title-page, preface, or author's name; but coming to us from the other side of the Atlantic, we are kindly disposed to announce its existence,—and the same consideration forbids us to add another word.—*The Schoolboy's Way of Eternal Life: his Religious Motives, Trials, and Duties. A Course of Twelve short Lectures. By the Rev. E. Huntingford, D.C.L. London. 1857.* This little volume will meet the want so generally felt by parents, 'who, however anxious to train their children to act on religious principles, find the majority of sermons, of whatever intrinsic merit, either too long, or beyond the comprehension, and far removed from the sympathies, of early boyhood.' It is full of good counsels, and in point of style has many better sentences than the one we have borrowed to explain its object.—*Consolator: or, Recollections of a departed Friend, the Rev. John Pearson. By the Rev. Alfred Barrett. London. 1856.* A beautiful memorial of private and ministerial excellence. We know not whether most to admire,—the rare elevation of the author's sentiment, or the lovely graces embodied in his subject; but those who knew Mr. Pearson best may be assured that the one is entirely worthy of the other.—*Inspiration a Reality: or, a Vindication of the Plenary Inspiration and Infallible Authority of Holy Scripture. By the Rev. Josiah Love, Incumbent of St. Jude's, Liverpool.* Our limits forbid us to do more than recommend this able little work. It consists of a number of categorical replies to the more elaborate treatise by Mr. Macnaught.